★ May 1, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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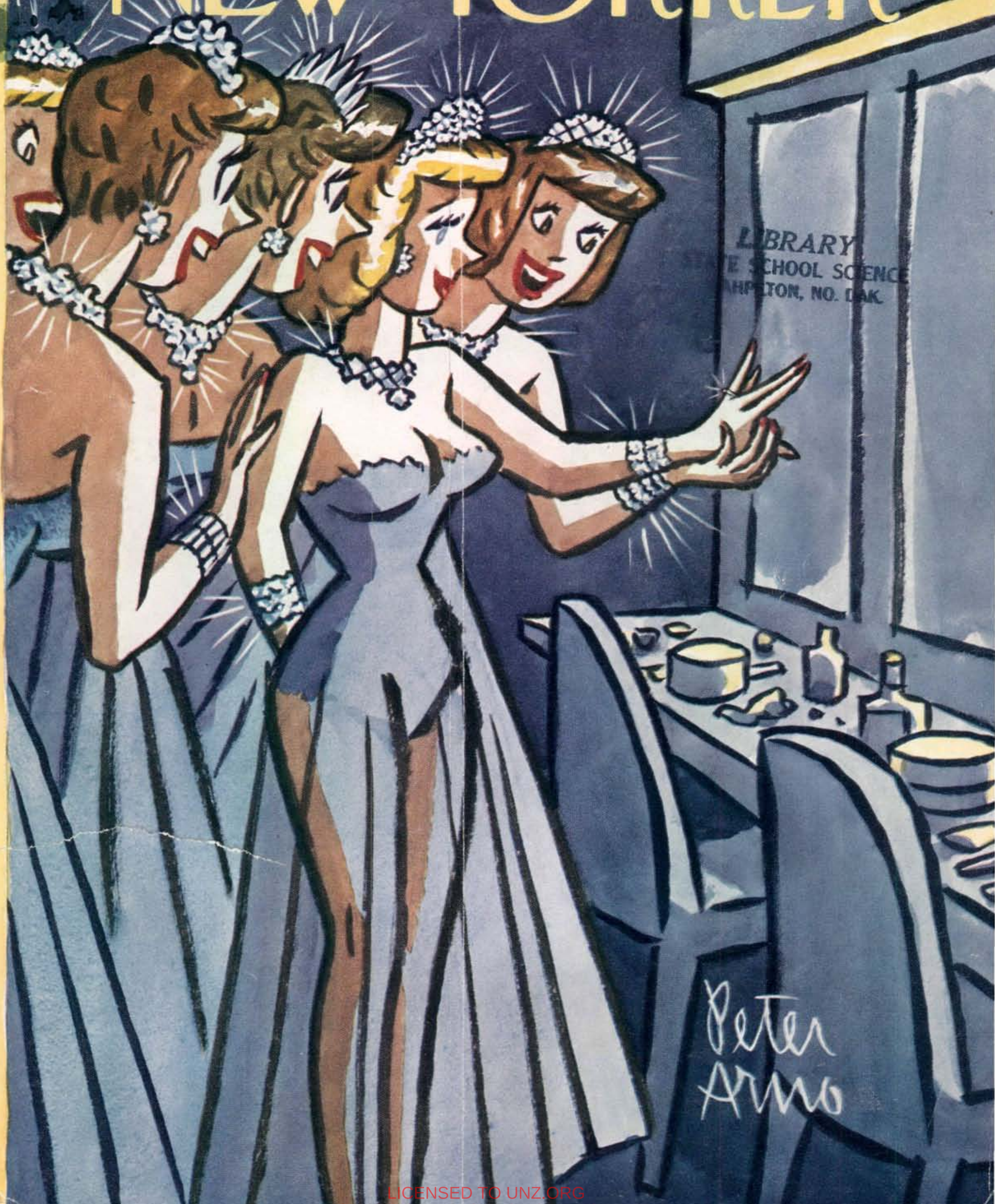
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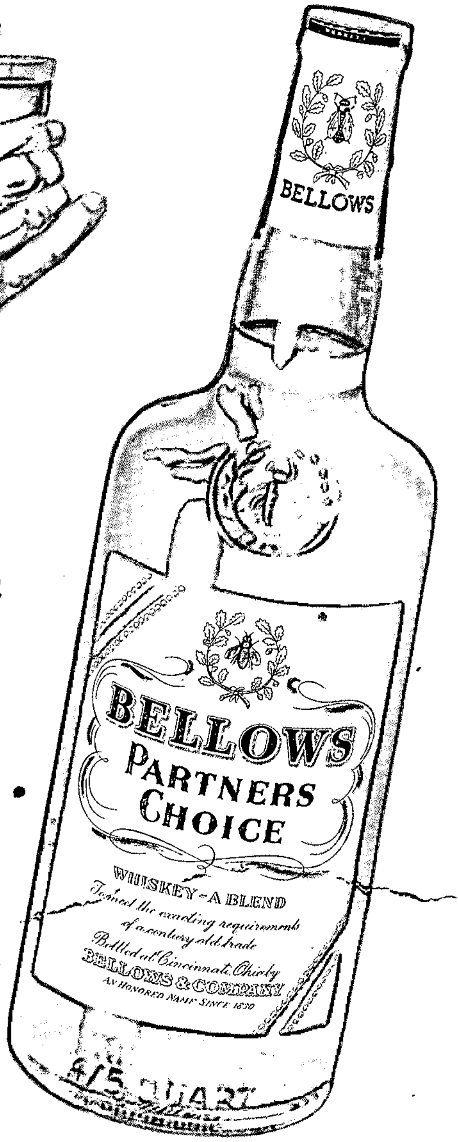
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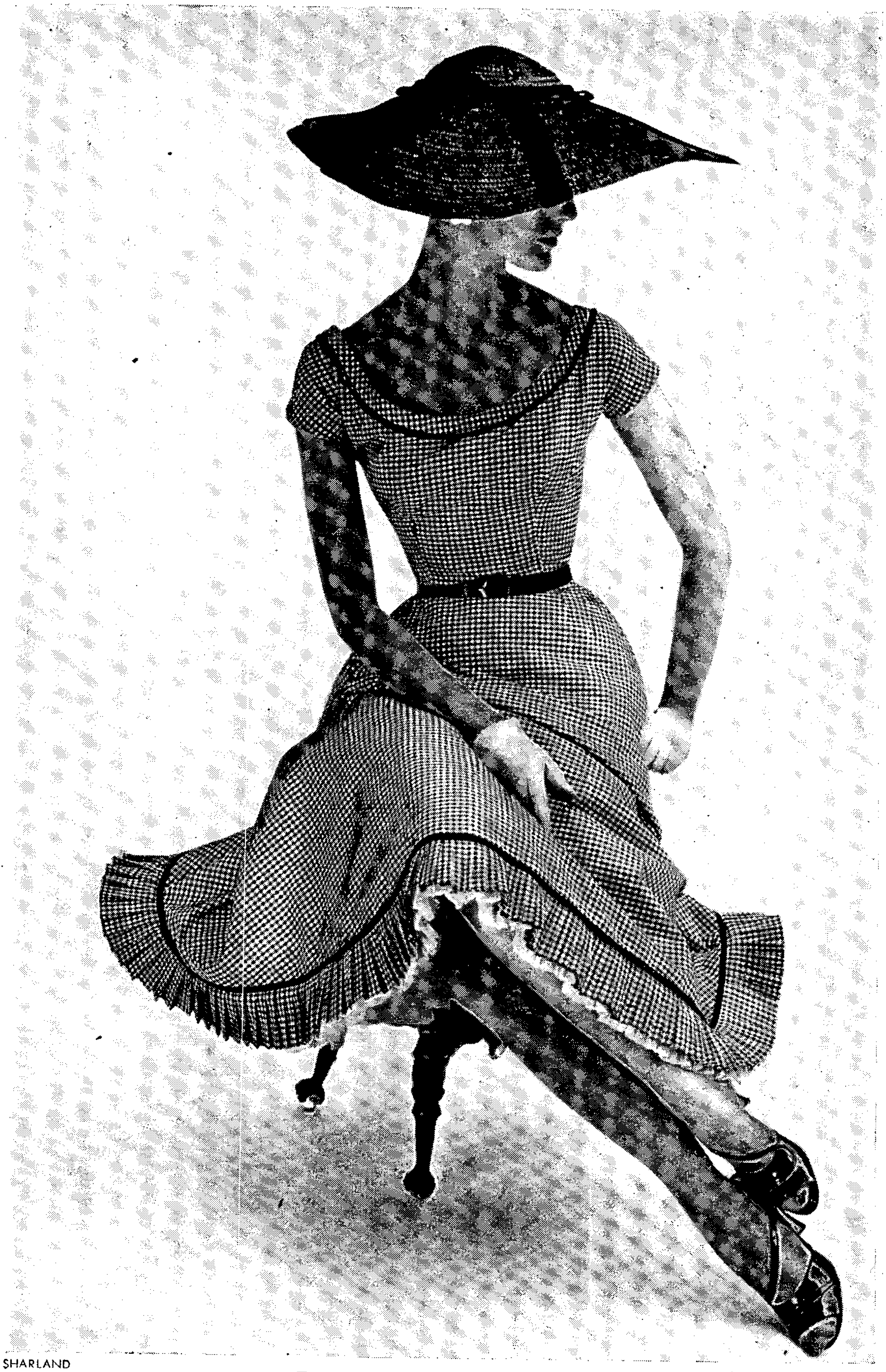
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple whose children discover that their parents lived together before getting married. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak and Henry Fonda are both very good indeed as the defendant and his attorney in this exciting dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, which also includes Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Confidential Clerk—A superlative cast, headed by Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood, helps enormously, but T. S. Eliot's curious wedding of farce and poetry may be a disappointment to some of his admirers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Girl on the Via Flaminia—This adaptation of Alfred Hayes' novel about an Italian girl who hates herself for loving one of her country's invaders, has some things to recommend it, but the central performance leaves a good deal to be desired. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Immoralist—Although Ruth and Augustus Goetz's adaptation of André Gide's novel dealing with the homosexual's dilemma in a normal society touches only the more obvious aspects of the case, it is not without its honest merit. Geraldine Page and Louis Jourdan are the couple whose tragic marriage is discussed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

King of Hearts—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is highly successful. Walter F. Kerr has directed a cast that is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Magic and the Loss—An attempt by Julian Funt to describe the difficulties women have adjusting themselves to men. A trifle old-fashioned, perhaps, but written with skill. Uta Hagen and Robert Preston are expert as the chief characters involved. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's funny account of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. Franchot Tone is the analyst, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly mixed up. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ondine—Audrey Hepburn's lovely and glowing performance often brings the necessary magic to Maurice Valency's adaptation of Giraudoux's cloudy romance about a sea nymph and a mortal man. Mel Ferrer is co-starred, Alfred Lunt is the director, and Virgil Thomson has contributed some suitable incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—A comedy by Liam O'Brien about a man who lives a terribly complicated double life. One of the season's most cheerful adornments. Burgess Meredith, Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager have leading roles. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—The ups and downs of a millionaire and a chauffeur's daughter who find themselves in love. Margaret Sullavan is quite pyrotechnic as the lass, and Joseph Cotten makes an attractive magnate. Samuel Taylor is the author. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who is probably everybody's best girl, in a very funny comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith is at the top of a fine supporting cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—This play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school has the advantage of compelling performances by John Kerr, who plays the youth in question, and Deborah Kerr, who plays a sympathetic older woman. However, the drama, which was written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan, is not too long on plausibility. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great deftness and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are well seconded by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Menasha Skulnik is the mainstay of this comedy about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—The chief virtue of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's songs are hardly memorable. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Girl in Pink Tights—Jeanmaire, who dances beautifully and sings and acts entertainingly enough when she is obliged to, is practically all there is to this affair about a ballet troupe in Old New York. The score is by the late Sigmund Romberg, the lyrics by Leo Robin, the book by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, and the choreography by Agnes de Mille. Charles Goldner is co-starred. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, May 2.)

The Golden Apple—The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," transplanted to nineteenth-century America. It doesn't quite belong in the first rank, but it is still agreeable enough. John Latouche wrote the book, Jerome Moross furnished the music, Hanya Holm staged the dances, and in the cast are Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, and Stephen Douglass. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—This revue is about equally divided between the good, the indifferent, and the tedious. The best ingredients are the sketches that feature the comic talents of Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe, and there is also some agreeable singing and dancing by Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—A big, handsome show derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911. With music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin, dances arranged by Jack Cole, and sumptuous sets by Lemuel Ayers, the piece goes along with plenty of verve. Alfred Drake is fine as a vagabond poet, and Doretta Morrow is most appealing as his lovely daughter. They have the help of Joan Diener, Richard Oneto, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin, among many others. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th

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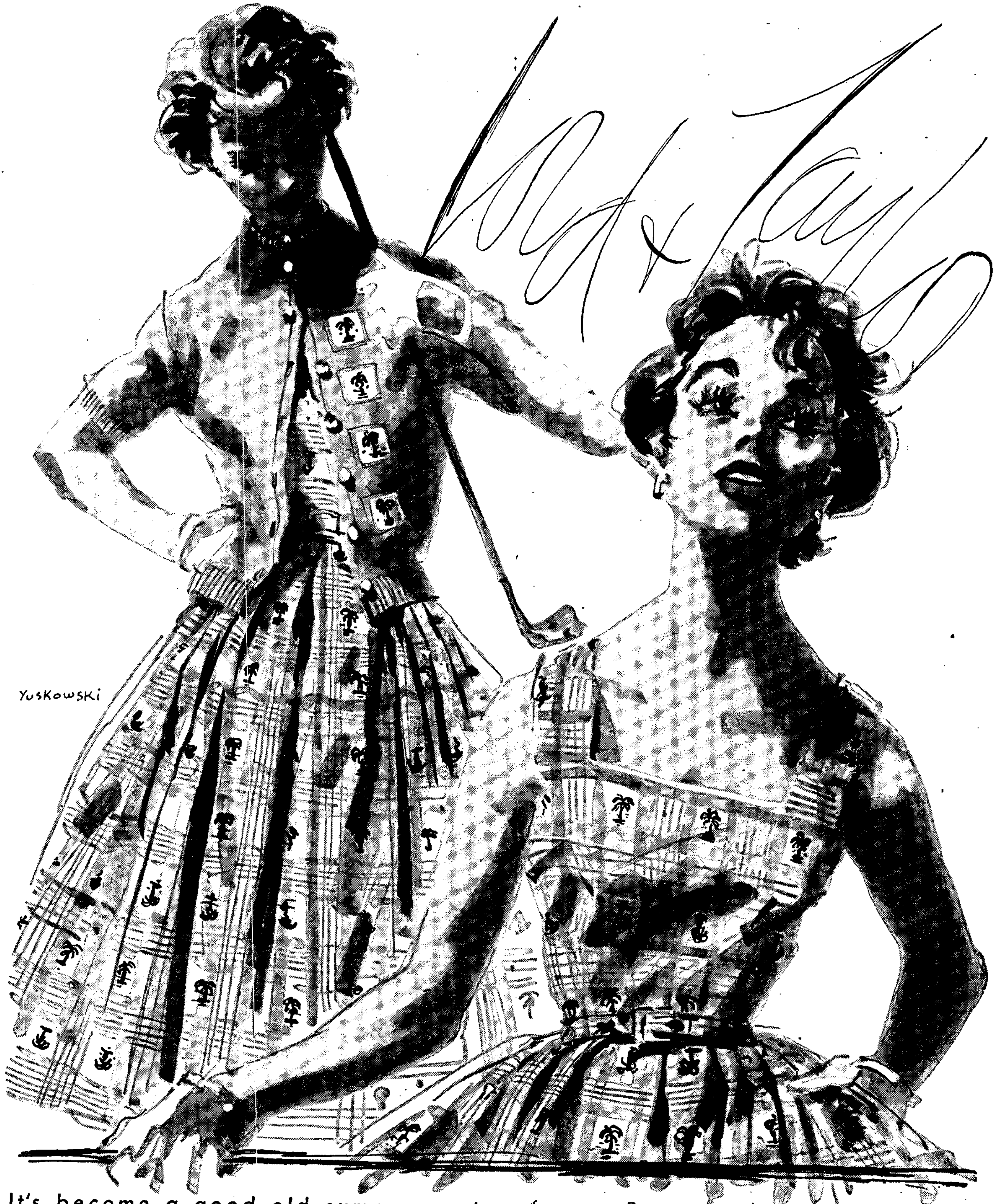

It's become a good old summer custom for our Beaumart dresses to take their own little sweaters along. Newest in the series made just for the Sports Shop—a cotton sundress woven with tiny palm trees, and appliquéd sweater in the same pink, aqua or maize. Set, 19.95

Fifth Floor, Lord & Taylor—also at Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford

St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—can-can: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wonderful town:** Carol Channing in a revival of "My Sister Eileen." Leonard Bernstein composed the music. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

New York City Light Opera Company—Kern and Hammerstein's "Show Boat," with Burl Ives and Robert Rounseville, is the first in a series of three productions to be presented by the company in its initial season. Preview on Tuesday, May 4. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 5, and will run through Sunday, May 16. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, May 9: "Don Pasquale," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Through Saturday, May 1: "A Sound of Hunting," by Harry Brown. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, May 4: Philip Barry's "Here Come the Clowns." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Sunday, May 2, and Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinée Saturday, May 8.)

Shakespeare Guild Festival Company—"Hamlet," directed by Herbert Kramer. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-7060. Sunday through Tuesday, May 2-4, at 8:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A group of dancers, singers, and guitarists, including Nila Amparo and Lola de Ronda, in a two-week engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Monday, May 3, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—By closing time on Sunday, May 9, some of the inhabitants will have been up in the air for forty days and forty nights. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées daily at 2:15. . . . ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

American Savoyards—A ten-week Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler. Through Sunday, May 2: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 4-9: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, May 30.)

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Columbia Theatre Associates—"The Suspicious Husband," by Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, will be presented as the last in a series of four revivals from the New York theatre season of 1754. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Wednesday through Friday, May 5-7, at 8:40; and Saturday, May 8, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Sid Foster's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band play for dancing at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin accompanies the cocktail hour. Not a sound on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumental group is audible in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—George DeWitt, a compulsive talker, works some pretty funny remarks into his freshet of words, and Jane Froman sings in the established high-pressure Froman manner. For daydreamers, there are always the dimpled dahlias of the Copa ballet ensemble, among them some of our most gifted ad-lib artistes.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All the customers need now is a private airport, which should be ready any day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—It's still midwinter aboard the ice floe in the Terrace Room, where a passel of skaters, many of them pretty and healthy girls, take part in a revue at dinner and supper. Dancing to Steve Kisley's orchestra. Closed Sunday and Monday nights.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Dorothy Sarnoff, armed with a certain dignity and an elegant voice, does the right thing by her operetta airs, and Russell Swann, aided by some improbable props and a brace of appetizing young ladies, romps through his feats of nonexistent sleight of hand with the ingratiating blandness of a veteran con man. They're in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band play for dancing. On Sundays there's only a dinner show, and on Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are in the act of setting up housekeeping in the Persian Room. Their asides are much more humorous than the average husband-and-wife repartee. Ted Straeter, the world's best-dressed pianist, displays a happy tenor voice as he conducts one of the world's best dance bands. Mark Monte's quintet fills in any chinks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra lopes along at a Sunday-driver pace. No music on the Sabbath.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a year-round resort with a most salubrious climate, is full of dressy folk who have come to take the waters and the waltzes. There are soft lights by the management, sweet music by Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bands, and (at dinner and supper) songs by a cheery young thing named Connie Towers. On Thursday, May 6, Billy Daniel and Lita Barron bring their song-and-dance act to town. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, pretty as a picture and nevertheless quietly ducal, offers music all evening long and some of the most expert amateur dancers in town. At dinner and supper, Juliana Larson, an imposingly gowned young woman, puts on a song recital. The room closes for the season on Saturday, May 1.

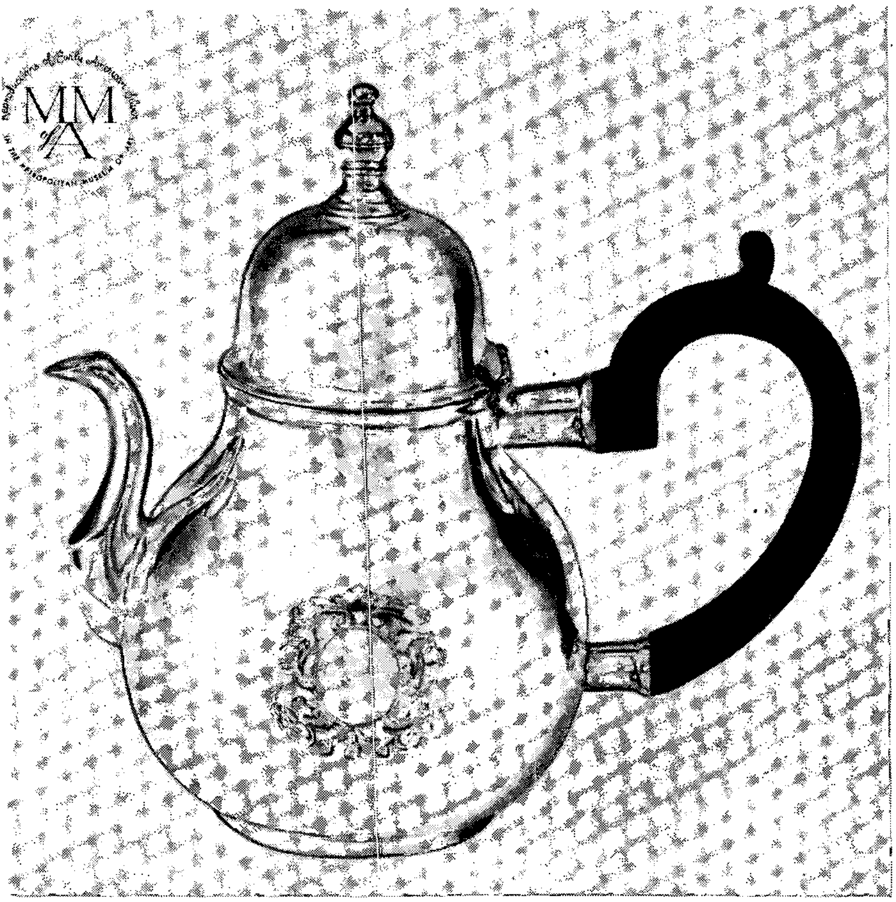
Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ted Weems' orchestra, which performs in the Café Rouge, has all the new mechanical marvels, including a complete built-in floor show. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A crossroads general store with everything from wet- and dry-goods counters to its own newsroom. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play the appropriate music.

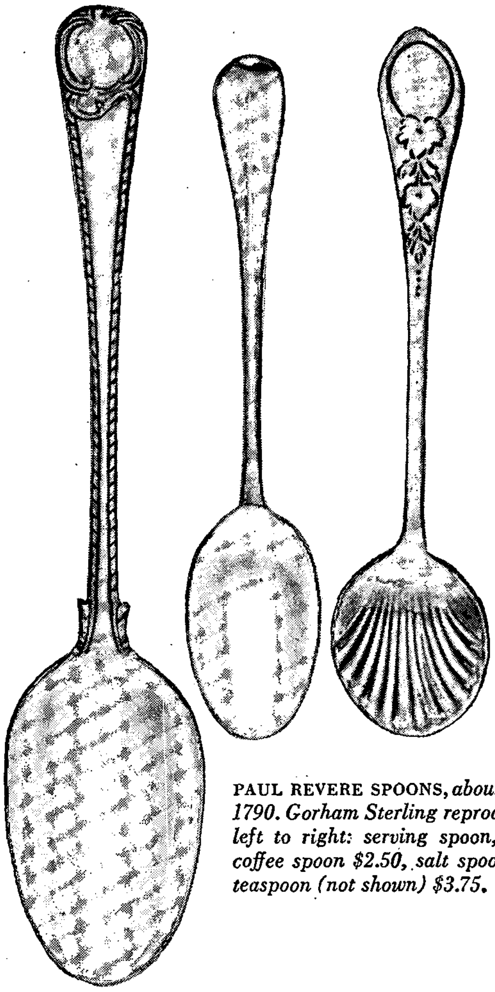
Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Irwin Corey, our most persuasive and yet most perplexed lecturer, has just been parachuted into the resident George White extravaganza, and it is already his. There is further lusty merriment by Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson, and some fine, upstanding chorus girls are around to gladden the eye. As for the show's book, it should forever remain a closed one. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Eddie Albert, a canny performer, and his eager helpmeet, Margo, revolve through a well-meaning vaudeville turn that's not entirely ready for inspection. They appear at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. On Thursday, May 6, they'll be replaced by George Gobel, an amiable homespun humorist. Nat Brandwynne's big and sonorous band is around most of the evening, which is an excellent idea. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one room of the vast maze called Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty plays suave piano off and on from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dance music from eight-thirty to one every evening except Sunday, when another group sits in.

Note—The Rainbow Room, sixty-odd stories above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of the Edison power plants, the Chelsea docks, Welfare Island, Hoboken, and other natural wonders. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Mild music bubbles up now and then, and not



TEAPOT *by John Coney, about 1710. Gorham Sterling reproduction: engraved $200, plain $185.*



PAUL REVERE SPOONS, *about 1770 to 1790. Gorham Sterling reproductions, left to right: serving spoon, $12.50, coffee spoon $2.50, salt spoon $3.00, teaspoon (not shown) $3.75.*

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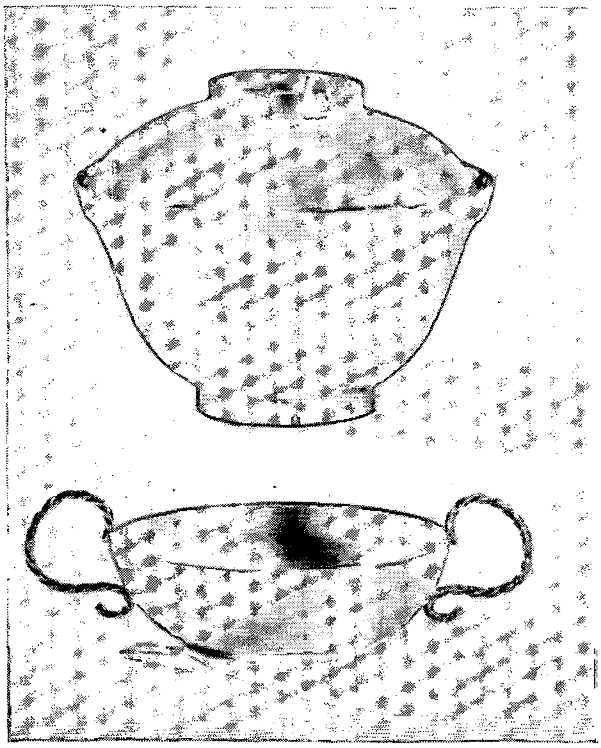
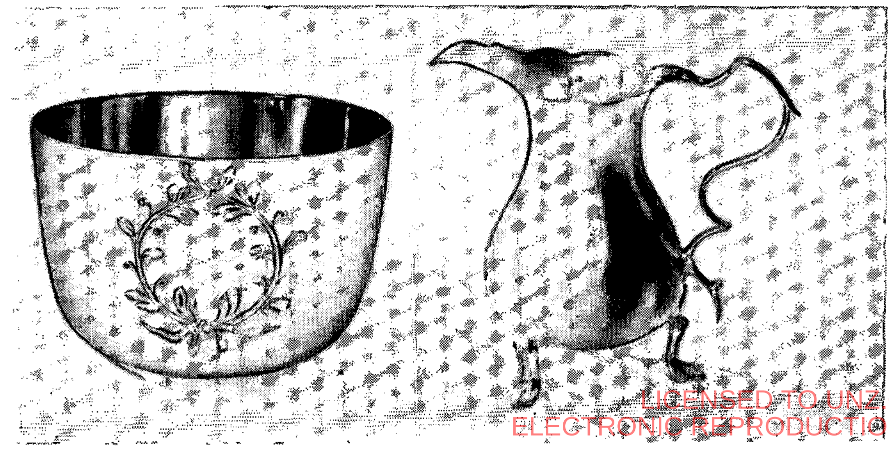


BOWL AND COVER *(above, first) made by unknown maker, New York, about 1725. Gorham Sterling reproduction, $32.50.* **WINE TASTER** *(above, second) by Jacob Boelen, about 1690. Gorham Sterling reproduction, $18.50.*

TUMBLER CUP *(below, left) by Cornelius Vanderburgh, about 1695. Gorham Sterling reproduction: engraved $14.50, plain $9.50.* **CREAM PITCHER** *(below, right) by Benjamin Burt, about 1765. Gorham Sterling reproduction, $32.50.*



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the old music master himself, is still whipping out débutante-speed dance tunes here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Ralph Strain, who makes the pianoforte one of the foremost romance languages, is now on deck for both dinner and supper. At suppertime, there's also candlelight and swooning violin, just like the perfume ads. Sundays, a complete change of pace is provided after midnight by a harpsichord.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A polite, well-stocked butler's pantry where, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, Cy Walter demonstrates how he won (hands down) the championship of the high-style off-beat pianists.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a cascade of conversation by old settlers. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, puts on as good an exhibit of nostalgic piano-to-dream-to as you'll find anywhere. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse at cocktails and dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth without cease in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Flanked by some remarkably busy décor, Herman Arminski plays Continental piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does a Manhattan counterpart at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when there's dancing to José Poniera's quintet from one in the afternoon until nine at night.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.... **THE EMPRESS**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Admirers of Norbert Faconi, a splendid specimen of the strolling violinist, will find him prowling this straight-and-narrow path at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Little Robert Clary, twelve full ounces of sassafras, has just returned to town with another armful of his bouncy ballads. Also on hand are Elsa Lanchester, a specialists' specialist in the mischievous art of seemingly inadvertent comedy; the rollicking chanteys of Martha Davis and Calvin Ponder, who haven't a care in the world; and the brisk pipings of Ginette Wander, a small and seductive emissary from the Folies-Bergère. The backdrop is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio.... ¶ In the lounge, from two to four every night but Saturday, Miss D. and Mr. P. put on an instrumental breakfast-with-the-Davises (or Ponders).... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Trude Adams, an innocent abroad in night life with only a beautiful face, some beautiful songs, and a beautiful soprano to guide her; Marshall Izen, who, with the help of his merry puppets, takes grand opera apart and does not put it together again; and Lord Burgess and his calypso West Indians, who are lively if not always intelligible. There's also Clarence Williams' trio with Carl Lynch on guitar, for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Kirkwood and Goodman, mad as March Hares, are at the very peak of their conversational powers. The delectable Ellen Hanley and the incomparable Norman Paris trio collaborate on some deftly dramatic songs, and Bill Norvas and a little platinum-blond scamp named Darlene dish up a generous helping of rousing fun. Julius Monk, pianist and *conférencier*, presides over this talented household. On Wednesday, May 5, Kirkwood and Goodman will give way to Mickey Deems, whose hilarity is fast and furious. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Marion Harris, Jr., is the local singer; Don Adams is the local comic. She's off Sundays and he's off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies are added on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A symposium on the care and feeding of contemporary love life, couched in the well-chosen words of such poets as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard and given wings by the sad, quiet voice of Mabel Mercer. The reliable Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is above the often clamorous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The biggest permanent floating pillow fight in town is on view here. The participants are Jimmie Komack and his rapscallion rhapsodies about raffish old Gotham; Charlotte Rae and her valiant one-girl stand against song stylists; Thelma Carpenter and her free-and-easy night-lark lyrics; Jimmie Daniels, intoner of man-about-town romances; the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are sweetly nostalgic; and Bruce Kirby, the room's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday for repairs.

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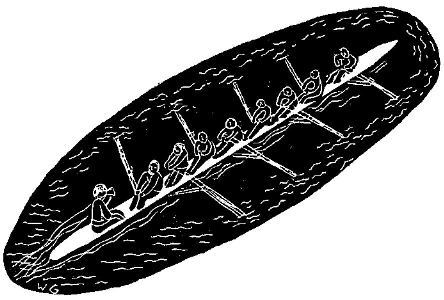
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet could easily pass for the Angel Gabriel's. His compeers are Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Don MacLean, Walter Page, and occasionally even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and table-side. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off real torrid piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): New faces man the ramparts of this citadel of polite jazz; i.e., Jerry Wald's orchestra (with strings, forsooth!) and the long-lost Dorothy Donegan trio. They're at work every week night. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are as wide-awake as ever. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The Six (Bob Wilber, Johnny Glasel, Eddie Hubble, Tommy Goodman, Bob Petersen, and Eddie Phyfe) are making their young selves heard in here. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Devotional services until sunrise in this dedicated cave of the winds. Count Basie's big band and Lester Young's quintet produce the thermodynamics. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays.... **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Another vast cave dwelling of devotees. Here the mighty Erroll Garner's trio and Charlie Ventura's quartet woo the reasonably modern muse, and Slim Gaillard conducts a kindergarten class in bop talk. All hands are off Mondays. The Garner and Ventura groups wind up on Sunday, May 2; on Tuesday, May 4, Flip Phillips' boys will be arriving.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in yet one more enormous cavern Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. In addition, on Sunday, May 2, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, the Janis boys will be putting their heads together with Marty Napoleon's band. Dancing.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The piano is (you might say) put upon a pedestal here. Marian McPartland, a crisp and knowledgeable practitioner, and her advanced trio are at work inside the circular bar, and they are spelled by Johnny Mehegan's own inventive excursions into the current vernacular. Monday is their day off.... **BONFIRE**, Lexington Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-2440): In the tiny and neatly done back room of this plain-spoken bar-and-grill, Sylvia Syms entertains the late theatrical crowd with her robust blues and ballads. She's off Sundays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): A splinter group from the American Rocket Society meets here on Fridays and Saturdays. On April 30-May 1, the speakers will probably include Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Buck Clayton, Miff Mole, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, Claude Hopkins, Cliff Jackson, Pop Foster, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, it is promised there will be a shooting war between Oran Page, Buster Bailey, Eddie Barefield, Willie the Lion Smith, Elmer Shobel, Freddie Moore, Benny Morton, and Herb Fleming. Dancing.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN PANORAMA—Upward of forty canvases, by Robert Feke, Charles Willson Peale, Winslow Homer, Jack Levine, and others, in a wide survey of art in this country during the last two and a quarter centuries. A loan show from and a benefit for the Brooklyn Museum. Through Saturday, May 1. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Country scenes, mainly, done in a sunnily Impressionist manner; through Saturday, May 8. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES DEMUTH AND ARTHUR DOVE—Two American modernists, who did most of their work in water colors; through Saturday, May 1. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—New abstract paintings, many of them showing interesting stylistic variations, by an artist now in his eighty-fourth year; through Saturday, May 1. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

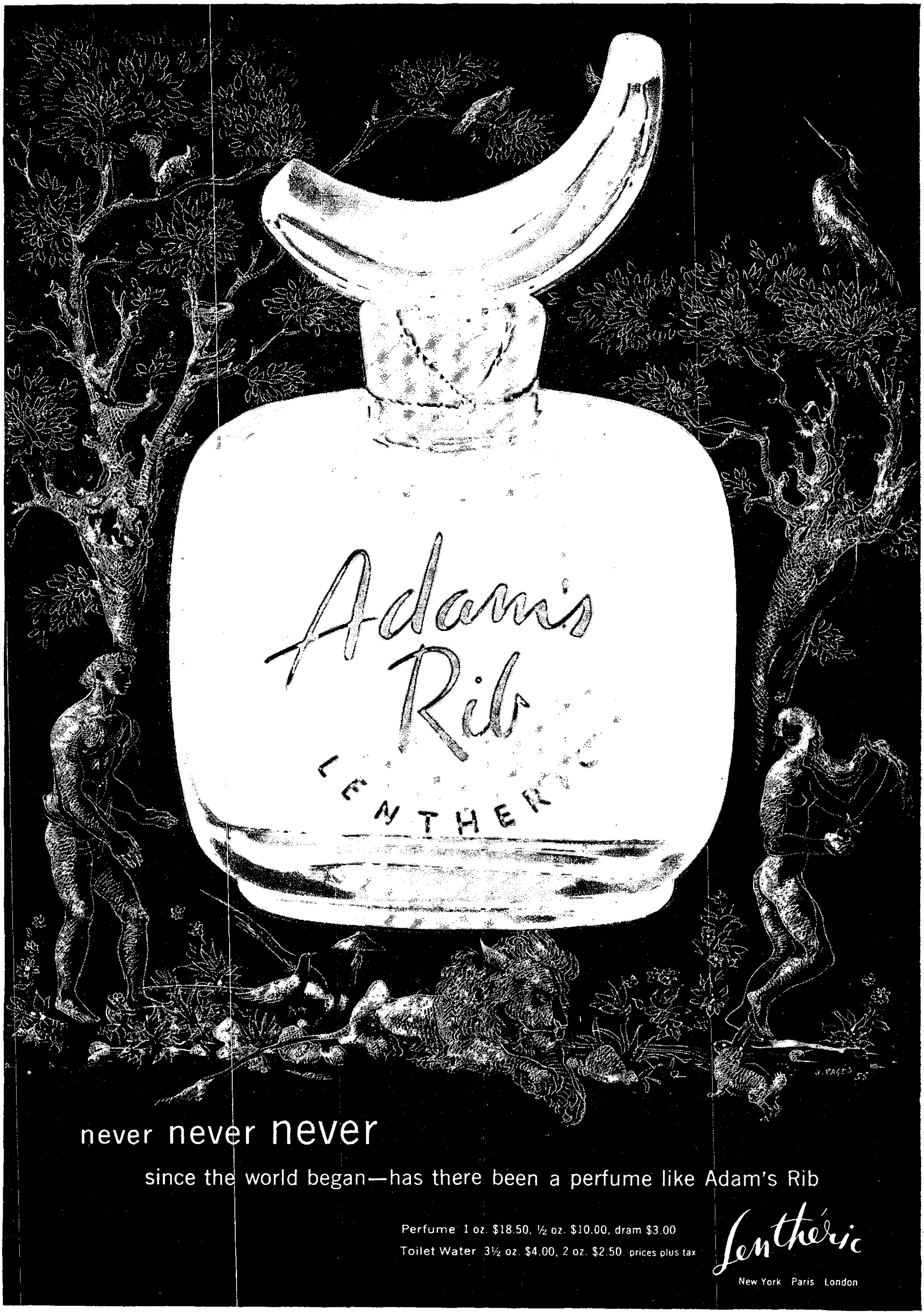
FUTURISM—A carefully selected, handsomely arranged loan exhibition of works by the five Italian artists who founded the movement—Balla, Boccioni, Carrà, Russolo, and Severini; through Saturday, May 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

J. M. HANSON—Recent oils, delicately abstract in style, by a transplanted English artist now teaching at Cornell; through Thursday, April 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

CAMILLE HILAIRE—Dark, fluently patterned abstractions, many of them of Mediterranean scenes, by one of the younger French moderns; through Saturday, May 8. (Galerie Moderne, 49 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 12:30 to 6.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Thirty canvases painted during the last three years in Paris; through Saturday, May 8. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

PAUL KLEE—A small retrospective of paintings



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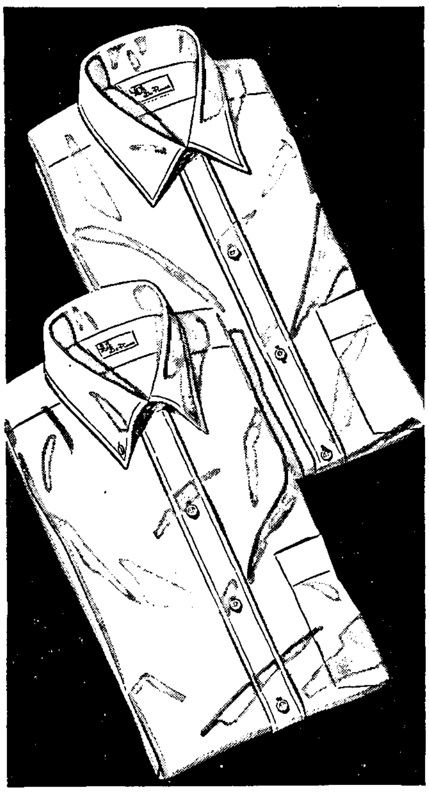

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and drawings that date from 1912 to his death in 1940; through Saturday, May 8. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Franz Kline—Big, powerful abstractions, all done in black-and-white, by a major representative of the American calligraphic school; through Saturday, May 8. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

Henry Koerner—Paintings and drawings keenly, if a bit dryly, observant of the more earnest side of life in a girl's school; through Saturday, May 1. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Dan Lutz—Michigan lagoons and rivers in the summer and Mexican plateaus in the winter, painted in oils and water colors; through May 15. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Magic of Flowers—A rather ponderous but certainly comprehensive garland of flower studies, from the sixteenth century to the present. For the benefit of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association. Through May 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Matisse—A small and well-selected retrospective, 1907 to 1948; through Saturday, May 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Religious Art—Rouault's "Le Christ Espagnol," and other paintings and sculptures by such contemporaries as Reuven Rubin, John Grath, and Abraham Rattner; through May 9. (Church of the Ascension Parish House, 12 W. 11th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, 2 to 6; Thursdays, 4 to 6; and Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 9.)

Vuillard and Roussel—A small selection of their paintings; through May 29. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.) The Vuillard exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may be of interest in this connection, too.

Yektai—Recent still-lifes and figure studies by a Persian-born painter; through Saturday, May 8. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **the contemporaries**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Prints, for the most part by French artists, among them Picasso, Braque, and Villon; through May 15. (Mondays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **ganso**, 125 E. 57th St.: The spring annual here, with a painting apiece (varying from realist to abstract examples) by sixteen of the gallery's artists; through May 19. . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of various interpretations of form by Miró, Rouault, Chagall, and nine other French artists; through Saturday, May 8. . . . **newton**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ten canvases by ten old masters, including Van Dyke, Murillo, and Caravaggio; through Friday, April 30. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: About fifty modern oils that were chosen by Joseph Albers, Milton Avery, and James Brooks; through Friday, April 30. (Thursday and Friday, 1 to 6.) . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58th St.: The second section of a two-part exhibit of paintings by such modern French artists as Braque, Dufy, Chagall, and Picasso; through May 29. . . . **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.: Plastic, bronze, stone, and steel are only a few of the mediums used by the twenty artists represented here; through Friday, April 30. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **grand central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Michel Werboff; starting Monday, May 3. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Martin J. Heade and Fitz Hugh Lane; starting Monday, May 3. . . . **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: William Thon; starting Tuesday, May 4. . . . **de nagy**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Alfred Leslie; starting Tuesday, May 4. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 5.) . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, May 3.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over two hundred paintings by James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. Among them are the picture popularly called "Whistler's Mother," Sargent's portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Pulitzer, and Cassatt's familiar women and children. A loan show that has been supplemented by items from the Museum's collection; through May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first large retrospective exhibit in this country of the works of Edouard Vuillard, with over a hundred oils and about thirty prints, starting with his early works around the turn of the century and continuing until his death in 1940; through June 6. (A good complement to the exhibition is the Vuillard show at Cadby-Birch.) . . . ¶ Paintings, puppets, and papier-mâché sculptures by children from twenty countries who study at the United Nations International School; through Sunday, May 2. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighth annual exhibition of American graphics; through June 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Calder mobiles, and a painting each by Cézanne, van Doesburg, and Larionov, which the Museum has recently acquired, plus a selection from the regular collection; through Wednesday, May 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. The Museum will be closed from May 6 through May 11.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of nineteenth-century American folk art, painted on pieces of velvet, a stove plate, a captain's chest, and the like, and based on Biblical themes; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Almost a hundred paintings by nineteenth-century Americans, ranging from primitives to Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, in an exhibition that has been shown in Germany and Italy under the auspices of the United States Information Agency; through May 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Friday evening, April 30: "Falstaff" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 2: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 2: "Show Boat." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, April 29, at 8:45; Friday, April 30, at 2:30; Saturday, May 1, at 8:45; and Sunday, May 2, at 2:30 (all with Michael Rabin, violin).

Juilliard Concert—The Juilliard Chorus and Orchestra, directed by Frederick Prausnitz, and Arthur Winograd conducting Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 29, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

Pop Concerts—D'Artega conducting a symphony orchestra in the first two programs in a series of six—Friday, May 7: With Jeanette La Bianca, soprano; Jack Russell, baritone; Marie Jeanne, ballet dancer; and the Fairfield University Glee Club. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8: A Viennese program, with Robert Notkoff, violin, and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Both evenings at 8:30.)

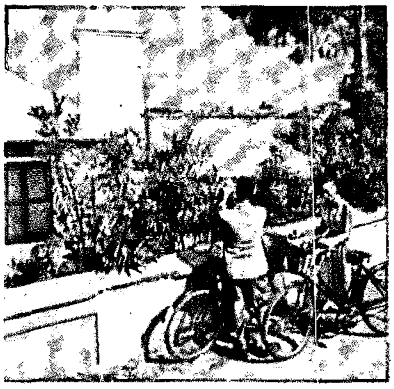
Upsala College Choir—Gladys Grindeland directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 1, at 5:30.)

John Harms Chorus—John Harms directing, with Sara Reale, soprano; Walter Carringer, tenor; Lois Wann, oboe; and Milton Kaye, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 5:30.)

Cantata Singers—Alfred Mann directing Handel's "Israel in Egypt," with Helen Boatwright and Charlotte Bloecher Anderson, sopranos; Belva Kibler, contralto; William Hess, tenor; Paul Matthen and Marden Bate, basses; and a chamber orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

Branscombe Choral—Gena Branscombe direct-

LOVELY...



A cycle stop along a flowered lane.

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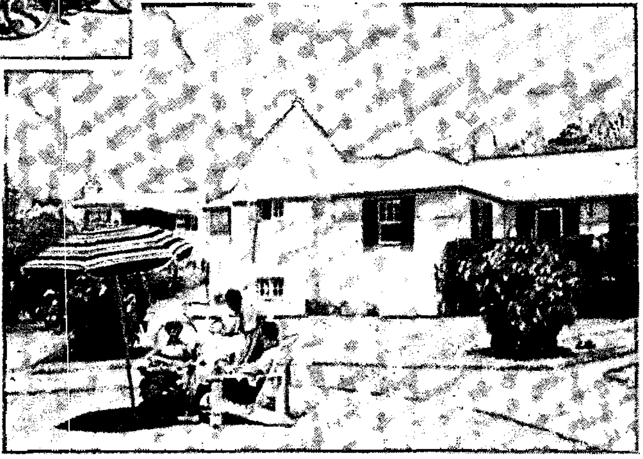

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The variety of living accommodations is amazing. The Belmont Manor Hotel with its 18-hole golf course and the waterside Inverurie provide everything for vacation fun. Bermuda's largest seaside resort, Castle Harbour ranks as one of the world's greatest hotels. Hub of social activities is Elbow Beach Surf Club, an oceanside "resort estate." with beautiful beach, sports, dancing nightly. Pool or Beach, the Princess Hotel, Cottages and Beach Club has each, plus a beautiful harbour setting near Hamilton's shops and activities.

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Hamilton's shops display the best Europe has to offer. You can pick up a gift in Wm. Bluck & Co. in china, glass, silver or furniture. You'll find a complete stock of foreign cameras in The Camera Shop where printing and developing are done. A. S. Cooper & Sons overwhelm you with imported china, silver, antiques, furnishings and fine clothing for men and women. Peniston-Brown Co. has an outstanding selection of Guerlain, Caron, Lanvin, Patou, Chanel, Corday, Nina Ricci, Millot perfumes. H. A. & E. Smith is the big store in Bermuda with just about everything in clothing, furnishings, and antiques. If you can't find the clothing you want at Trimingham's you are hard to please. For tooth paste, razor blades and such there's a Rexall drug store, The Phoenix, on Queen Street. Out in lovely Somerset, in The Irish Linen Shop, there is beautiful linen for every need. And your holiday isn't complete until you see how, through enfleurage and distillation, delicate Lili Perfumes are made. Shopping finished, you can relax after dinner at The Bermudiana Theatre where your favourite stars perform. Come on down, it's wonderful.

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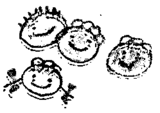
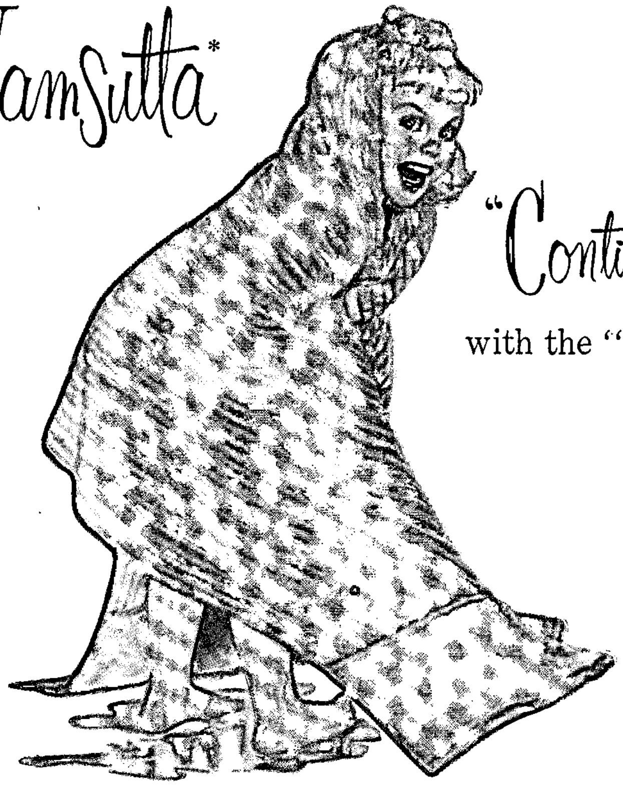
Once upon a there was a little named ZUSEE who, like all  had a genius for getting Around each day her would be so wet that a new one had to be used... that is until her found out about...

Wamsutta*



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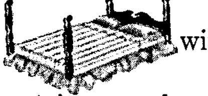
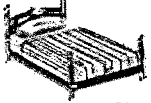
Supercale* Sheets  with loomed-in life that won't launder out...

The new, exclusive Thermocover*  not just an electric blanket or sheet, but a feather light cover that insures undisturbed, comfortable sleep, twelve months of the year...

A Mattress Cover without bulky seams to mar the neatness and comfort of your bed...

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing, with Donald Johnston, baritone. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Marymount College Glee Club—Hugh Ross directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

RECITAL

John Ranck—Piano. The last in a series of three recitals for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the Carl Friedberg Music Foundation. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 5:30. For tickets, call TR 7-9005.)

MISCELLANY

Massie Patterson Carib Singers—A group of West Indian singers, dancers, drummers, and musicians, in a calypso program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, April 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Sunday, May 2, at 2 (double-header). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Tuesday through Thursday, May 4-6, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 2.

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., Princeton, and Rutgers. (Princeton. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 8.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, Yale, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 8.)

Horse Show—Sugartown Horse Show. (Paoli, Pa. Saturday, May 1.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 1.)

Racing—At **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 12. The Swift, Saturday, May 1; the Acorn, Wednesday, May 5; and the Withers, Saturday, May 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, May 3, at 2:30, from Saturday, May 1, through Monday, May 31. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11 and connect with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) . . . **bowie,** Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Thursday, May 6. . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 8, at 2.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 7, at 9 and 1; Saturday, May 8, at 9; and Sunday, May 9, at 10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Play—The King-Coit Association presenting "Nala and Damayanti," a Hindu play from the "Mahabharata," an epic poem of ancient India. (King-Coit Children's Theatre, 330 E. 56th St., MU 8-0166. Wednesday and Thursday, May 5-6, at 8:30.)

Bronx Zoo, Bronx Park—At the **children's zoo:** Pint-sized creatures for pint-sized people. The ducks, geese, lambs, goats, and piglets will even submit to being handled. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to around 4:30, and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **casting pool:** To accommodate anglers of thirteen and under (who use barbless hooks and bent pins), there are white and yellow perch, bluegills, and black calico bass. (Daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 4:30.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Mad-

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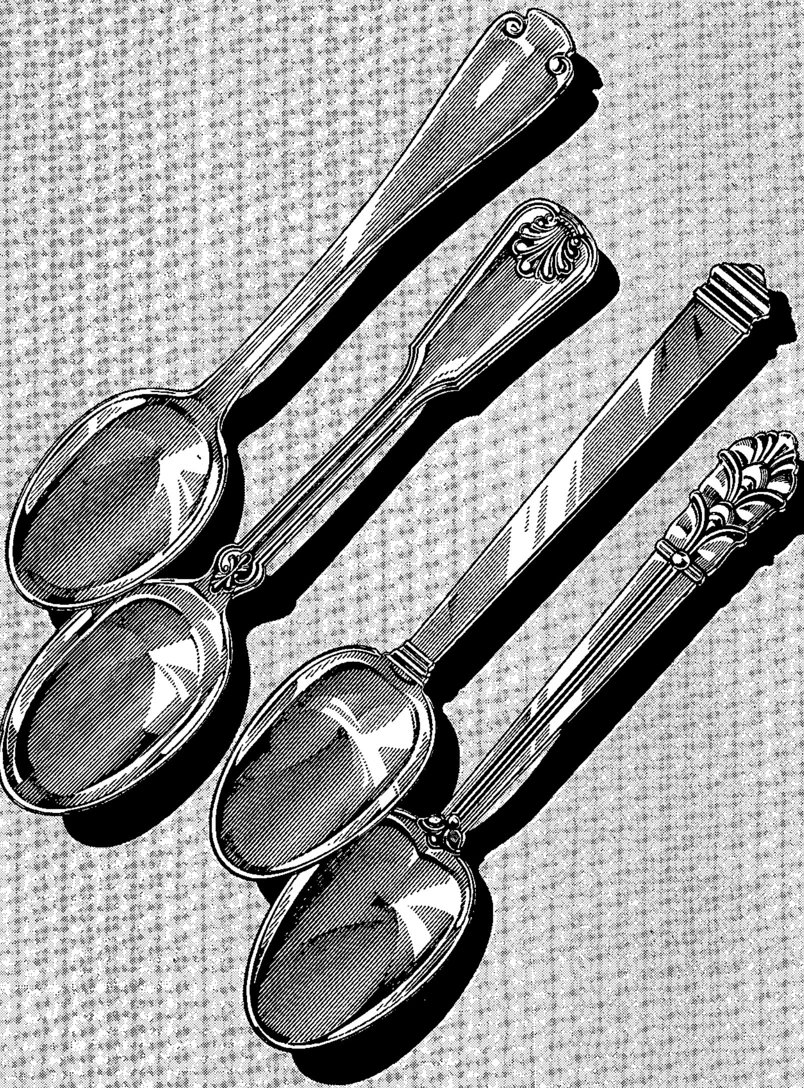

Six-piece Place Setting consisting of Entrée Knife, Entrée Fork, Salad Fork, Teaspoon, Cream Soup Spoon and Butter Spreader.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—After Friday, April 30 (give or take a day), when the Economic and Social Council will adjourn, the organization's activities will be more or less quiescent; however, there will be sessions of the Security Council and various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Poetry Center Readings—Carson McCullers in a program called "Twenty Years of Writing," with illustrative readings from her works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, May 8, at 8:40.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 4, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. The gardens on display will be those of Mayor and Mrs. Robert F. Wagner, Gracie Mansion, East End Ave. at 88th St.; Mrs. Jesse Sharp, 200 East End Ave.; the Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St.; Mrs. Roger W. Straus, 6 E. 93rd St.; Mrs. Elisa Daggs McKone, 119 E. 84th St.; and Mr. and Mrs. J. David Stern, 880 Fifth Ave. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173.)

British Artists in Crystal—Twenty pieces of engraved glass—figurines, bowls, vases, and so on—each incorporating a design by a contemporary English painter, sculptor, silversmith, or other artist; through May 15. (Steuben Glass, 718 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

Design in Scandinavia—Swedish glass, Danish furniture, Finnish rugs, Norwegian textiles, and just about everything else that ever appeared on a Scandinavian drawing board, all assembled in a travelling exhibition; through May 16. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including autograph manuscripts by W. S. Gilbert, Dylan Thomas, and Emily Dickinson; an illuminated Dutch manuscript, circa 1450; drawings by old masters; and incunabula. Through July 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

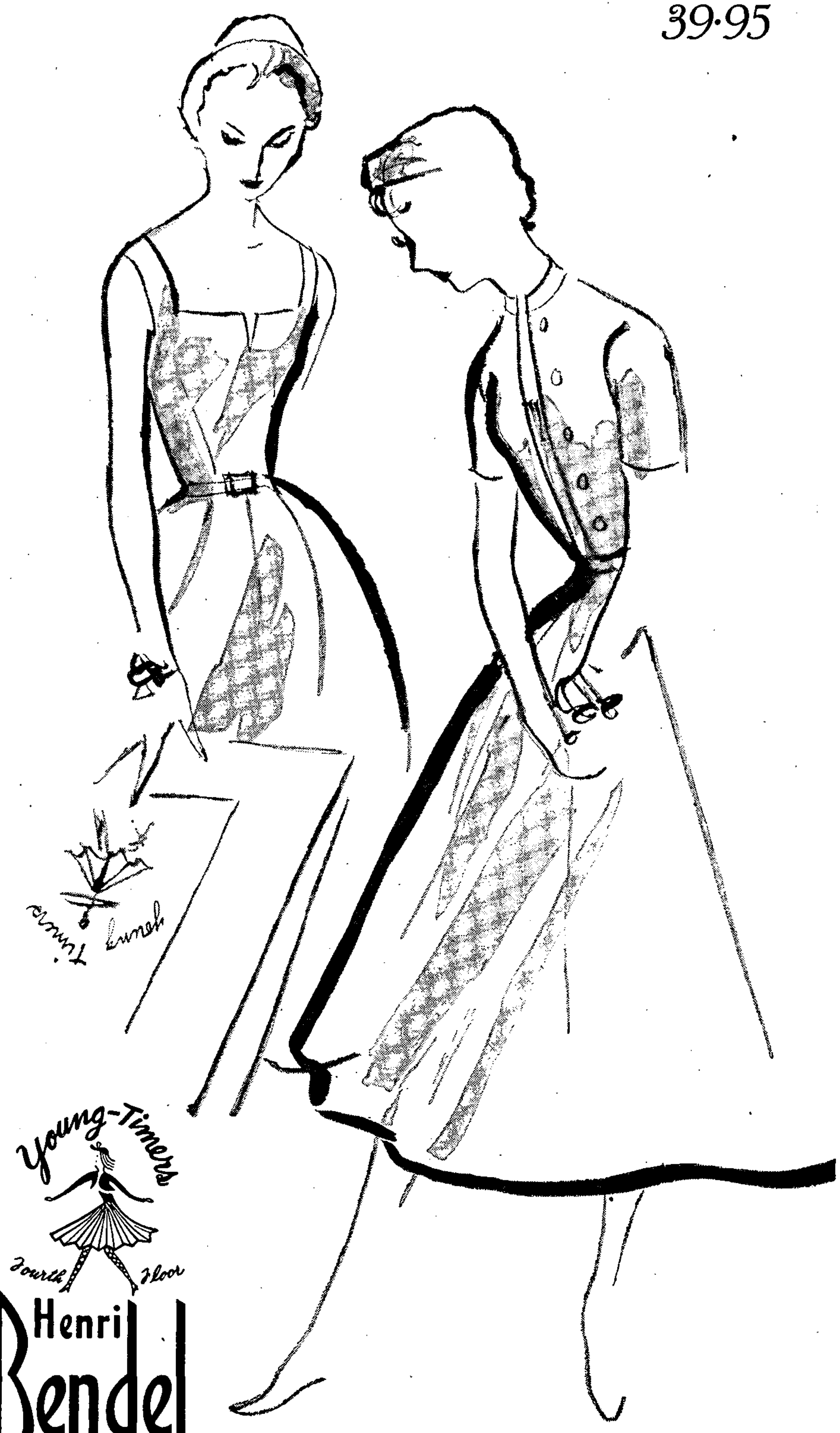
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stories in the Stars" and deals with ancient mythological and modern scientific concepts of the stars. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century American furniture and silver; china from services made for Washington, Madison, Monroe, Pierce, Lincoln, and other Presidents of the United States; nineteenth-century American paintings of historical subjects; and Baccarat, Clichy, St. Louis, and Sandwich glass paperweights, and other decorations. From the collection of Stanley S. Wohl and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Races—At the Suffolk County Air Force Base, Westhampton Beach, L.I., May



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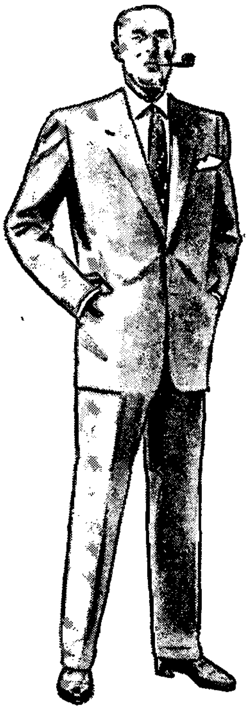

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9. . . . ¶ Indianapolis Speedway race, May 31.

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** May 9, May 21-23, May 31-June 6, and June 8-14. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** May 11-16, May 18-19, May 25-26, May 28-30, and June 15. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** May 11-16, May 18-19, May 21-27, and June 15.

BOXING—Rocky Castellani vs. Ralph Jones, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. May 14.)

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Washington, D.C. May 15.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 22.)

GOLF—Palm Beach Round-Robin Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. May 12-16.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Mixed Foursome Tournament. (Westchester Hills Golf Club, White Plains. May 27.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Suburban Golf Club, Union, N.J. June 3-6.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck; Rockville Country Club, Rockville Center, L.I.; Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead, L.I.; and Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. June 7.)

HORSE SHOWS—Eastern Pennsylvania P.H.A. Show. (Langhorne, Pa. May 21-23.) . . . ¶ Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 31-June 5.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 6.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 11-12.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Horse Show. (Greenwich. June 12-13.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 15.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 22.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. (Purchase. May 29.)

RACING—At **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 22. . . . **EPSOM**, England: The Derby, June 2. . . . **BELMONT PARK:** The Belmont, June 12. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: June 12-Aug. 9. . . . **WOODBINE PARK**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 12. . . . **AQUEDUCT:** June 14-July 10. . . . **ASCOT**, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 15-18.

TENNIS—Sears Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. June 11-12.)

TRACK—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. May 28-29.)

MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Pop Concerts, May 14, 15, 21, and 22. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Dessoff Choirs, May 11. . . . ¶ Paulist Choristers, May 13. . . . ¶ Interracial Chorus, May 16. . . . **PRADES, FRANCE:** Casals Music Festival, June 7-20.

BALLET—The Ballet Theatre will present a single performance at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 12.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revival of Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," with Montgomery Clift, Judith Evelyn, and Kevin McCarthy, at the Phoenix. . . . ¶ John Raitt, Janis Paige, and Eddie Foy, Jr., in a musical, "The Pajama Game." Adapted by George Abbott and Richard Bissell from the latter's novel "7½ Cents," and with music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. At the St. James. . . . ¶ The New York City Light Opera Company will conclude its initial season at the City Center with Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus," in English and starring Jack Russell and Adelaide Bishop, and Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel," with Jo Sullivan, Chris Robinson, Winifred Heidt, and John Conti.

OTHER DATES—Armed Forces Day is May 15. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 15-June 13. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Sunday, May 30. . . . ¶ Commencements: Barnard and Columbia, June 1; Annapolis, June 4; Smith and Yale, June 7; West Point, June 8; N.Y.U., June 9; Dartmouth, June 13; Vassar, June 14; Princeton, June 15; and Harvard, June 17. . . . ¶ June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 9. . . . ¶ Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Beat the Devil—In this diverting farce, Humphrey Bogart is in the hire of a blundering group of rascals (Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard) who are out to grab a big uranium field in Africa. The scenery is largely Mediterranean, and it is enhanced by the presence of Jennifer Jones and Gina Lollobrigida. John Huston and Truman Capote wrote the script. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 5, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 5, tentative.)

Diary of a Country Priest—A sombre and impressive French film that explains how a young priest finds his way to virtue after a hard fight with the world, the flesh, and the Devil. The picture was directed by Robert Bresson, and employs Claude Laydu to good advantage as the priest. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

From Here to Eternity—A rousing movie version of the James Jones novel about Army life in Hawaii before the Second World War. Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra play the soldiers who figure most prominently, and they all do a fine job. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 4, tentative.)

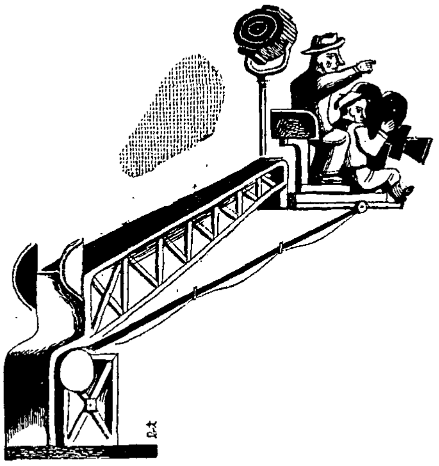
Genevieve—An engaging British film about a quartet of highly amusing types who are in transit from London to Brighton and back on some sort of annual excursion involving ancient automobiles. With John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

It Should Happen to You—Some sprightly satire on the mores of the television and advertising world, woven into a story about a young lady (Judy Holliday) who is determined to have her name emblazoned on billboards. Written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 1, tentative.)

Julius Caesar—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has plenty of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. Outstanding in the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Knock on Wood—Danny Kaye in a merry romp about an emotionally upset ventriloquist or something (it doesn't really matter) that launches him into all kinds of fine old comic routines. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The Living Desert—Walt Disney on the flora and fauna of our Far Western wastelands. Beautifully photographed, but rather unnerving when it gets around to describing the ways of such things as bats, lizards, rats, snakes, hawks, and skunks. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; May 2-4.)



Martin Luther—An engrossing account of the life and times of the priest (played by Niall Mac Ginnis) whose theological speculations resulted in the establishment of the Protestant Church. The production is the work of the Louis de Rochemont Associates. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 4.)

New Faces—A series of pleasant skits and songs. Among those present in this CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue are Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through May 1.)

The Pickwick Papers—A long English chronicle of the adventures of Dickens' clubmen, which has a nice air of period authenticity and some solid acting by James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, among others. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Roman Holiday—Audrey Hepburn makes something quite delightful out of a trite story about a royal princess on the loose in Rome. Gregory Peck is on hand as an American newspaperman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 30-May 1.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting May 4, tentative.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 4-5.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 4-5.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 29.)

Immortal Sergeant (1943)—A British patrol lost in the Libyan desert. With Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 2-3.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 4-5.)

Oliver Twist (1951)—John Howard Davies as Oliver, and Alec Guinness as Fagin. An English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through May 3, tentative.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting May 4, tentative.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; May 3-4.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 30-May 1.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 1.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 4-5. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 5.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 2, at 3 and 5:30: "Way Down East" (1920), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Starting May 3, at 3: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Joseph Schildkraut. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, Peter Finch.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
KNOCK ON WOOD.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, Gary Merrill.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
April 29: "The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston.
From April 30: "Jubilee Trail," Vera Ralston, Forrest Tucker, Joan Leslie.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through May 5 (tentative): "Rose Marie" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Howard Keel, Fernando Lamas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
April 29: "Lucky Me" (in CinemaScope), Doris Day, Robert Cummings, Phil Silvers.
From April 30: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (in 3-D), Richard Carlson, Julia Adams.

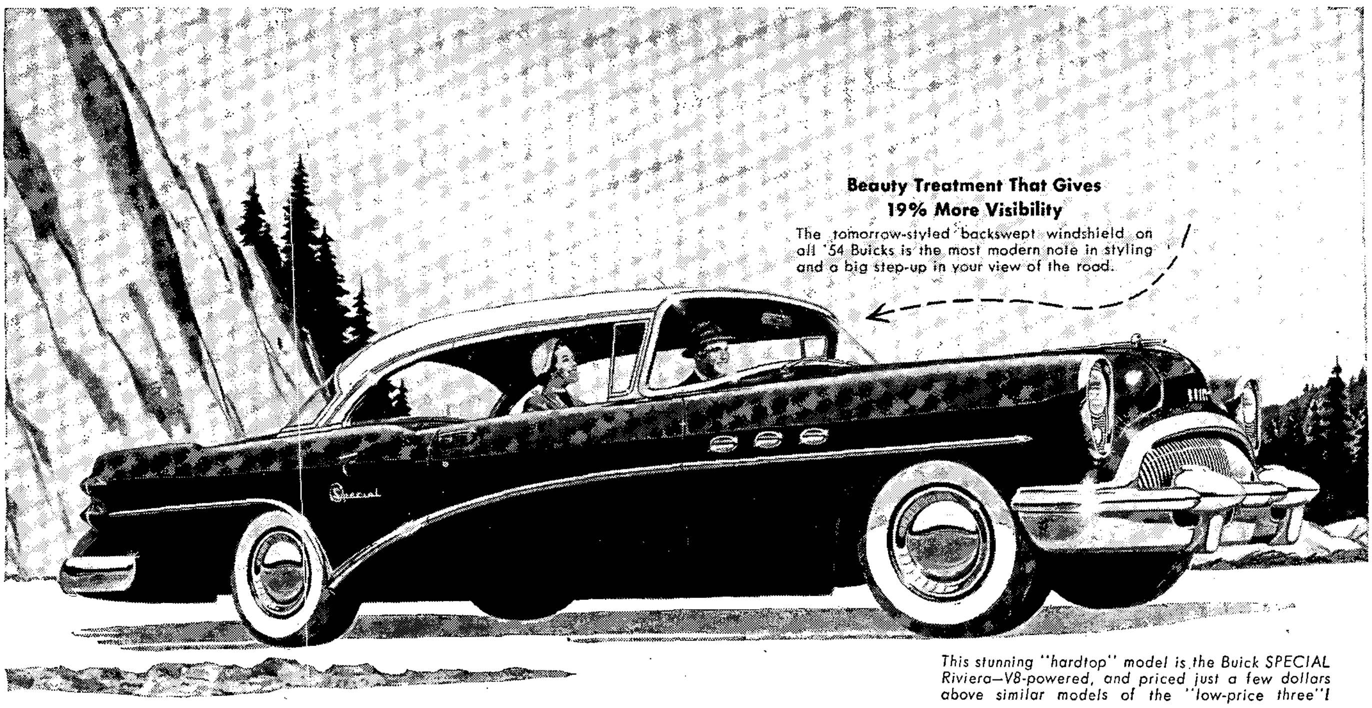
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
April 29: "Prince Valiant" (in CinemaScope), James Mason, Janet Leigh.
From April 30: "River of No Return" (in CinemaScope), Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through April 30: "Yankee Pasha," Jeff Chandler, Rhonda Fleming.
From May 1: "Flame and the Flesh," Pier Angeli, Lana Turner, Carlos Thompson.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Casanova's Big Night," Bob Hope, Joan Fontaine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Sensualitá," Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Amedeo Nazzari.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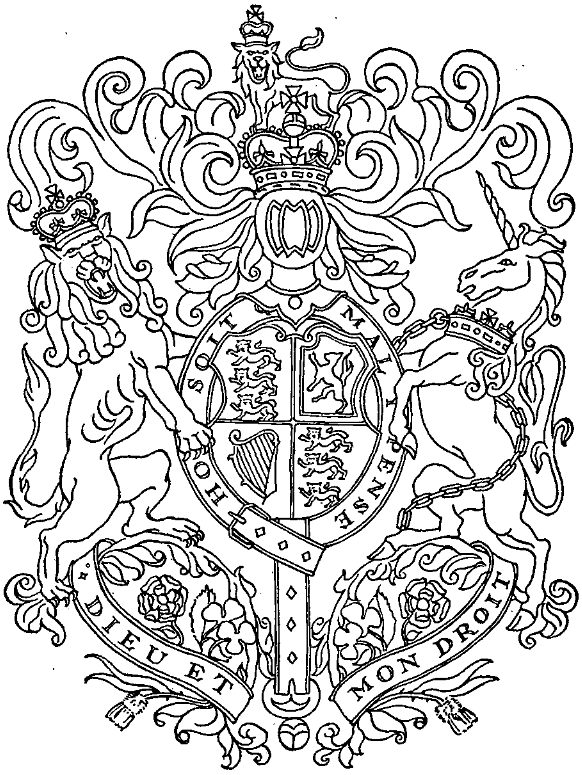
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT

Steuben Glass presents

British Artists in Crystal

Cecil Beaton
Muirhead Bone
Robin Darwin
Frank Dobson
Leslie Durbin
Jacob Epstein
Lucian Freud
Eric Gill
R. Y. Goodden
Duncan Grant
Karin Jonzen
Oliver Messel
John Minton
Rodrigo Moynihan
John Nash
John Piper
Matthew Smith
Reynolds Stone
Graham Sutherland
Laurence Whistler

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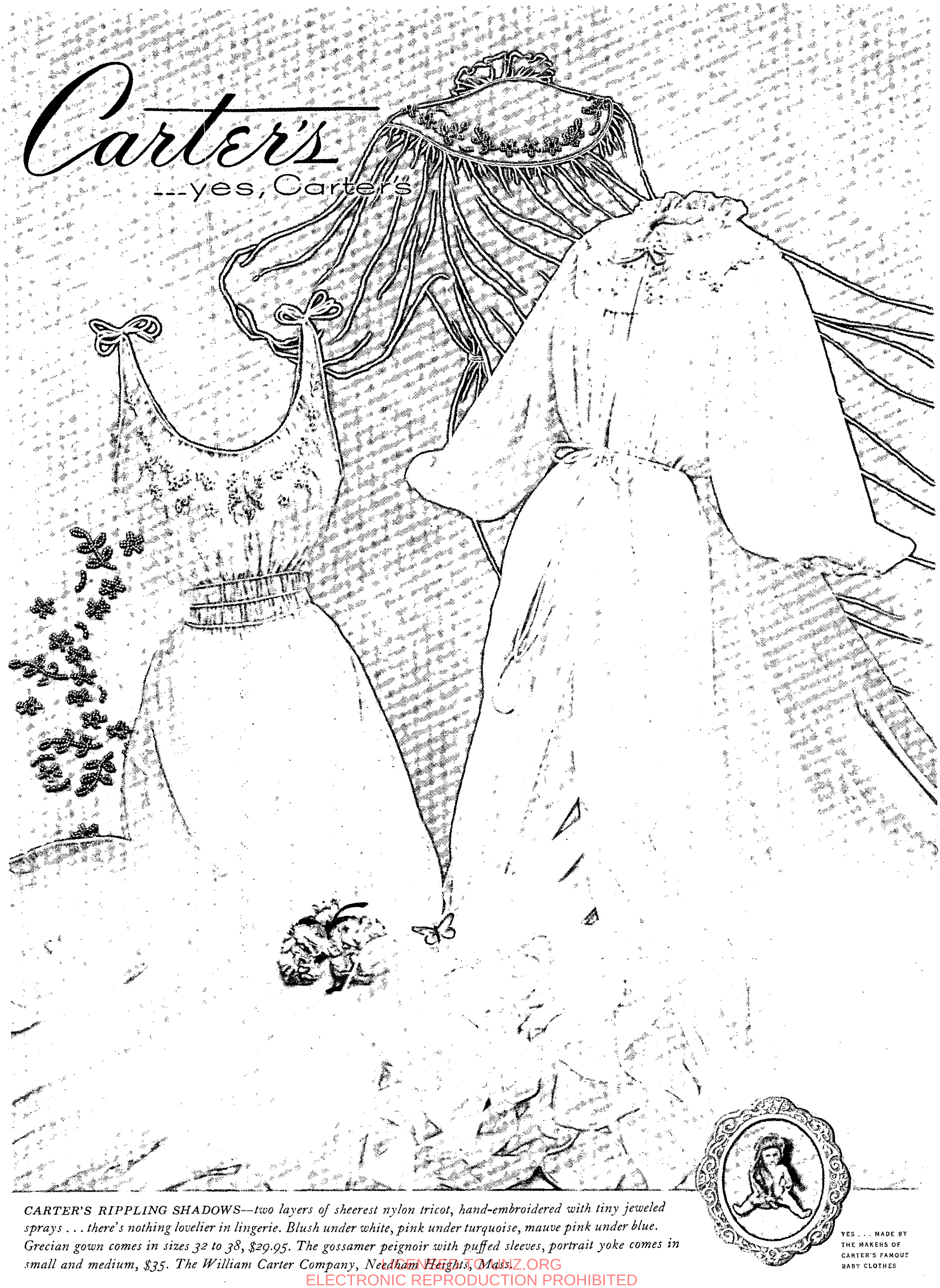

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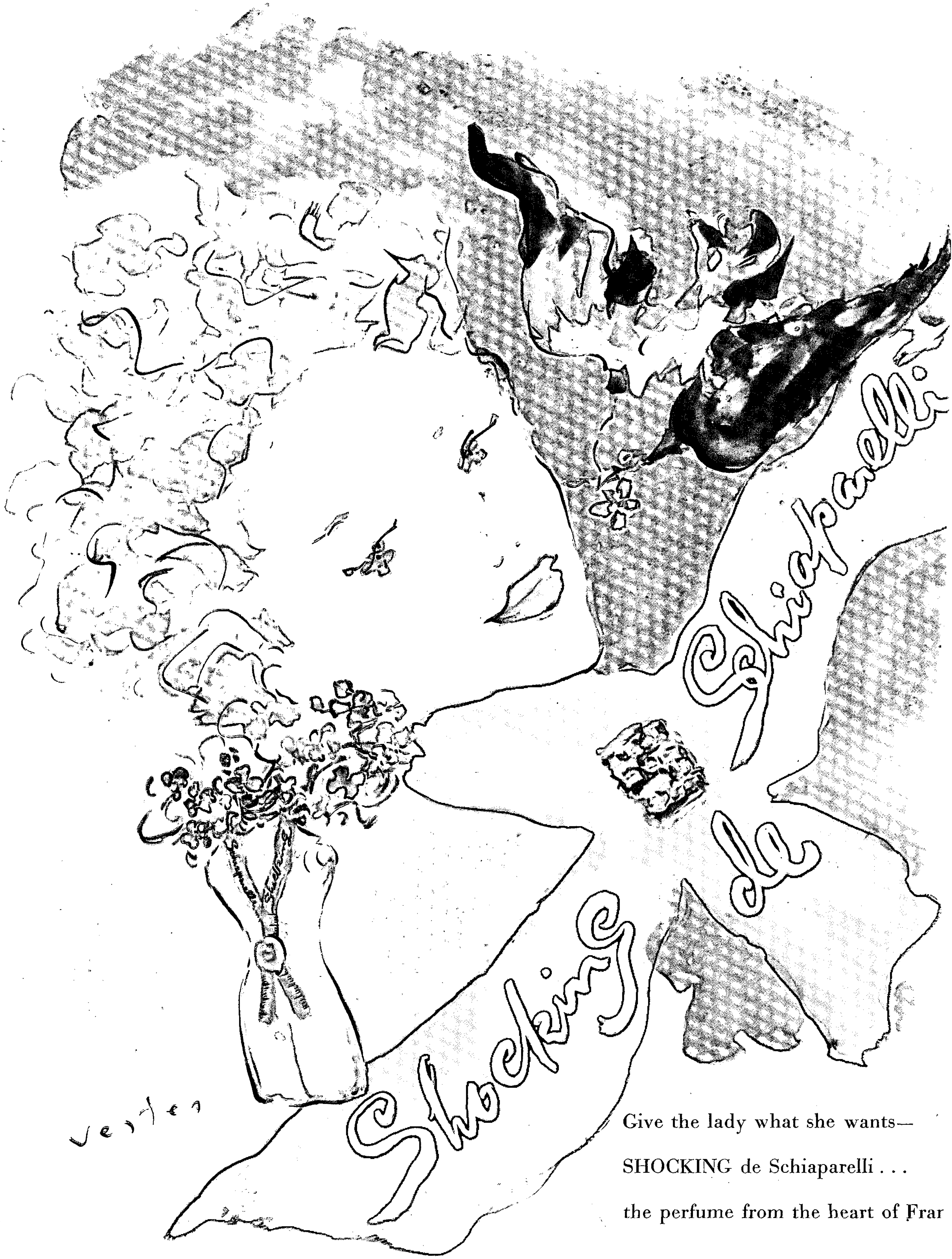
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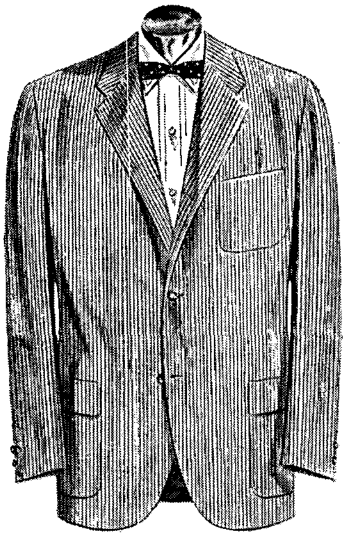

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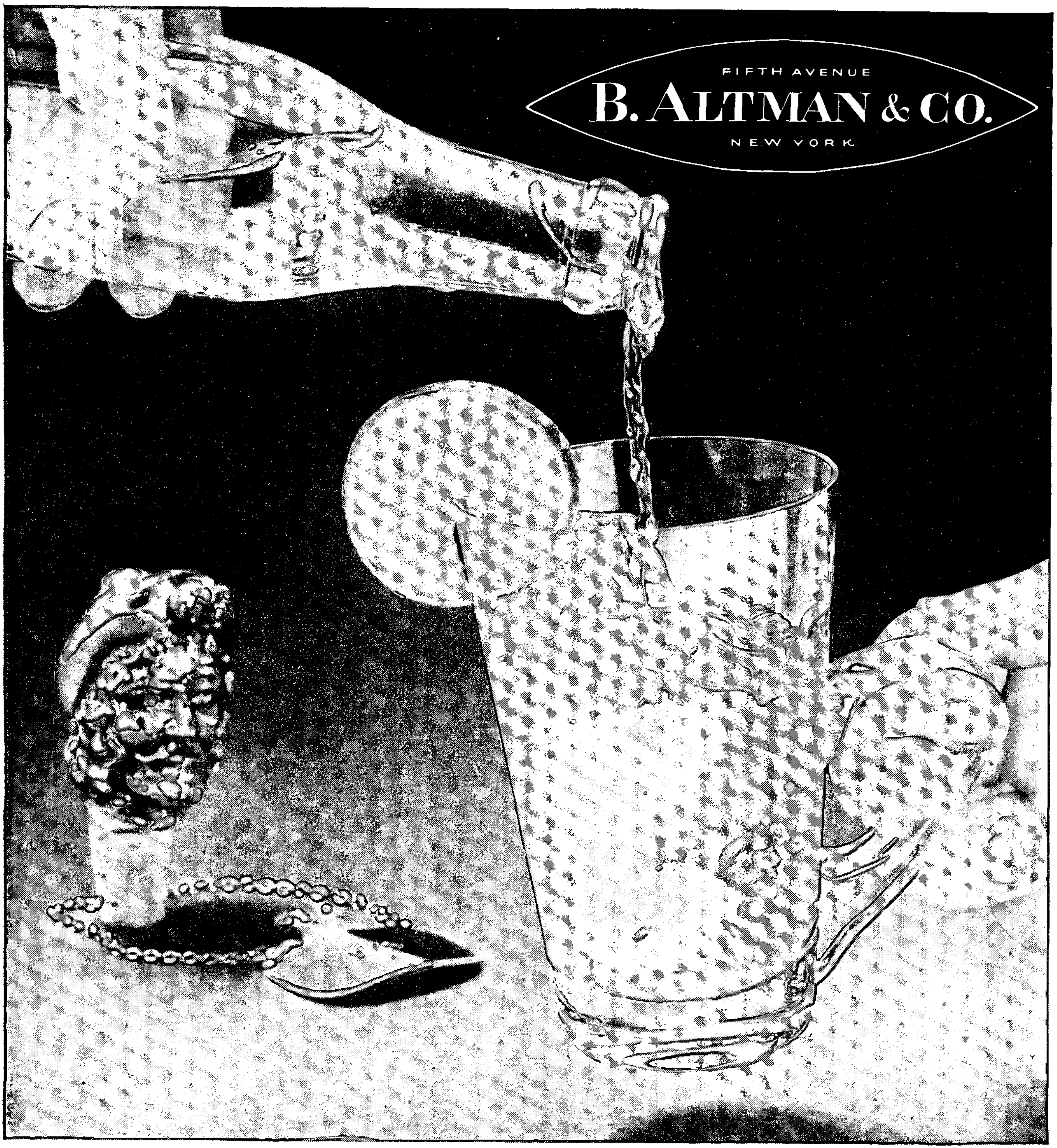

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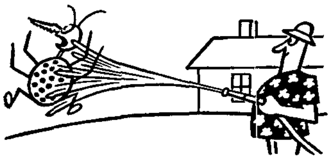
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE latest thing to arrive on the garden-and-home scene, challenging the position of the magnesium ladder, the multiflora hedge, the chemical soil conditioner, and the glass jalousie, is a gadget that can be attached to the hose, enabling the home owner to squirt a stream of liquid fertilizer at his lawn or flower bed, instead of a stream of plain water. The device is versatile. If you tire of enriching your lawn, you may load the hose attachment with soap powder and squirt your dirty car. Or you may switch to a bug killer and squirt a bug, or to a weed killer and sprinkle a weed. At any rate, the device brings to a close an era in gardening, an era marked by one of the simplest and most satisfying pleasures known to man—placing the mouth to the hose and getting a drink of cool, clear water without making the long, hot trip back to the faucet. No one will want to drink from a hose any more, that's a cinch. Furthermore, the gadget will pose a problem for the absent-minded gardener, the man who can't remember what he was last using the hose for. He's going to find himself giving his day lilies a burst of tar remover.



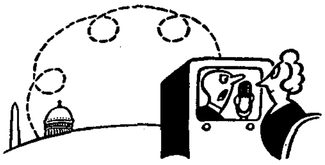
The device will also encourage hosts who regard themselves as funmakers and who will want to load the attachment with whiskey and refill highball glasses on the terrace with Scotch-and-water straight from the hose.

SPEAKING of soap powder, many rivers are now polluted with detergent residues from soap factories. In some cases, these heavily charged waters reach city filtration plants downstream, turning them into veritable bubble baths. "This creates one devil of a problem," said an engineer in the paper the other day—a sentence that sums up rather pithily the whole age of chemical and nuclear progress, with its airborne ash, its rivers running with soap, and its garden hose dripping with poison.

A FELLOW named Kunhardt, who lives in Los Angeles, got a letter the other day from the Chatham Hotel, Vanderbilt at Forty-eighth Street. "Dear Mr. Kunhardt," it said. "On your frequent trips to New York City for shopping or attending the latest shows, you have probably often felt the urge to stay overnight in the city rather than face that long drive home at a late hour." Kunhardt tells us confidentially that he doesn't mind the hour so much—it's that damned Route 66 that gets him. However, we are not deceived by this incident. The time is probably not far off when West Coast people will attend a show in New York and drive home after the performance, in some sort of jet vehicle over some sort of dream highway, with the steering done by Metal Mike. We had dinner recently with a Londoner who was to fly back to London the next day. "What time does your plane go?" we asked, with the childish curiosity of a man who still thinks of the Atlantic Ocean as an adventure in travel for which one prepares in advance. "I don't really know," he replied. "I *think* it's around three o'clock."

Pickup

THE American Broadcasting Company, whose responsibility it has been to furnish the technicians and equipment for what is called the video-pool pickup of all the telecasts of the McCarthy hearings over the various networks and individual stations, is using the conventional number of cameras (three) but more microphones (fifteen) than a hearing has ever luxuriated in before. The company also provided seven engineers, four production specialists, and one newscaster, all of whom, except the newscaster, went to work at two-thirty last Thursday morning, laying fifteen hundred feet of cable inside the Senate Office Building, counting into microphones, and pressing switches and other pressable things. Assignment of the video-pool pickup went to the American Broadcasting Company not by the flip of a coin, as some people will tell you, but in accordance with a system of rotation. (A.B.C. also handled the President's telecast from New York last Thursday night.) Each network made its own arrangements for the audio, or sound, part of the telecast. The American Telephone & Telegraph Co., as usual, leased its lines for the sound. The company's microwave loop—the equipment used for cross-country telecasting (coaxial cable is old hat now)—was set up in the building three weeks before the hearings started. According to A.B.C.'s calculations, the television audience for the first day's telecast was seventeen and a half million.



The busiest man in New York last week, without a doubt, was John Madigan, manager of special-events telecasts for the American Broadcasting Company and pool coördinator for the networks and stations participating in the telecasts. Mr. Madigan, a ruddy, stocky man full of equanimity, was kind enough to let us drop in on him as the hearings were just about to go off the air last Thursday. Guided by Jack Pacey, another A.B.C. official, we proceeded along some corridors of the A.B.C. television building on West

Sixty-sixth Street, and finally entered a small room dimly lit by a few white and green lights and full of television monitors, switches, telephones, clip boards, turntables, boards of colored lights, and empty coffee containers. Several men wearing spectacles were seated at tables, relaxing. They were engineers, Mr. Pacey told us. Then he introduced us to Mr. Madigan and explained that on one of the monitors George Hamilton Combs, the commentator, was giving the hearings a wrapup. Mr. Madigan fingered a salt shaker on a table and told us that the telecasting had gone more smoothly than anticipated. "It used to be that the pickup station would keep getting phone calls from other networks complaining about this or that," he said. "We were afraid of complaints about lighting, noise, and crowding. The only legitimate one is crowding; TV cameras do take up a certain amount of room. But if there's a lot of lighting, blame it on the newsreel cameras. They need it. TV cameras can get along fine in a normally lit room. As far as noise goes, we've given instructions to our commentator to keep the verbiage down; what's important is the testimony. He's supposed to talk only when there's a long stretch of dead air that would start people wondering about their audio. We also took the precaution of locating him way to hell up on Connecticut Avenue—five miles from the Senate Office Building—so extraneous sounds won't interfere with his spiel."

The phone rang. Mr. Pacey picked it up, listened, and handed it to Mr. Madigan. "John handled the Coronation telecast, the Conventions, and the Inauguration," Mr. Pacey told us in a hushed voice. "He practically never moved out of this room. He's a great man with a telephone."

Mr. Madigan hung up and told us that KTLA, in Los Angeles, wanted to tap into the pool telecast.

The phone rang again, and again Mr. Pacey handed it to Mr. Madigan. When Mr. Madigan was done, he told us it had been C.B.S. "They want to pick up our audio for their broadcasts," he said. "C.B.S. is contributing to the pool but is only kinnying the hearings."

"Putting them on Kinescope film for later showing," Mr. Pacey explained.

The phone rang again, and Mr. Madigan picked it up. "It's the Waldorf, where the President's speaking," he told Mr. Pacey. "Eddie, how do things look?" he said into the phone. "What about the lens thing? . . . What about the light test? . . . I told the electrician five o'clock, but now I think five-thirty is better. You'd better check with him."

"When John is in charge, there are no beards," Mr. Pacey told us. "That's television talk for mistakes. John is a great man with a telephone."

◆

Incidental Intelligence: First-graders at P.S. 2, Ridgefield, New Jersey, are kept after school for five minutes if they are noisy and for ten minutes if they fall off their chairs.

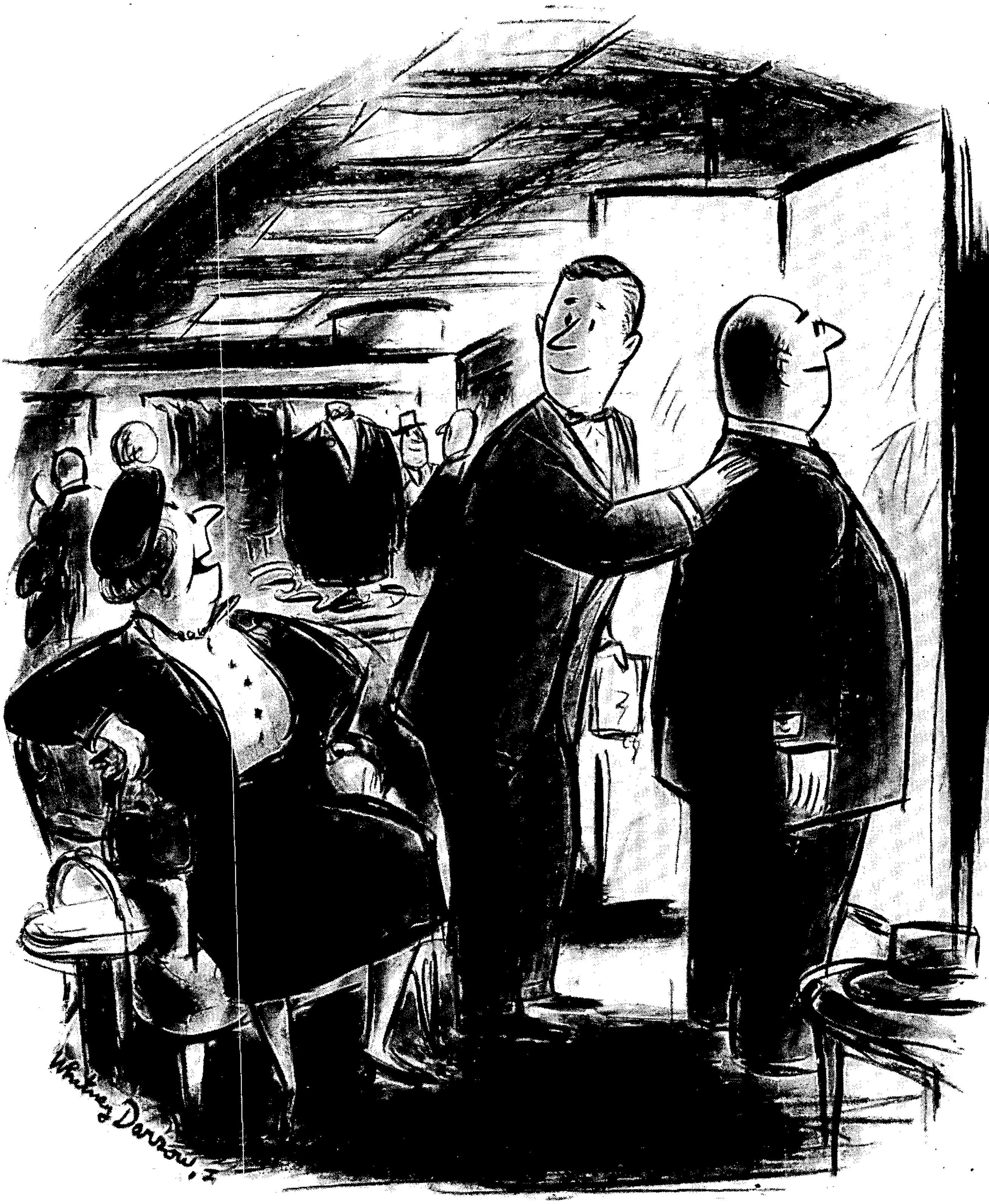
Jayme's Contribution

SPRING before last, we reported on the dendrological contribution of Mrs. Leon Dalva, a Fifty-seventh Street antique dealer, to her immediate neighborhood—twenty-six Chinese ginkgoes between Fifth and Park Avenues—and this, it appears, inspired Mr. William N. Jayme, an apartment dweller of 21 East Ninetieth Street, to write "Dear Neighbor" letters to a hundred and twenty individuals or families in *his* immediate neighborhood, on Ninetieth between Fifth and Madison, sounding them out as to their willingness to join him in buying trees for their block, then bare and barren. The results were good—ten Oriental planes, at ninety dollars apiece, contributed by twenty-eight responsive neighbors, among them Fairfax Downey, the writer; Harold R. Medina, Jr., a son of the judge; Francis W. H. Adams, now Police Commissioner; the John M. Woods; Otto de Neufville; Benjamin Hartshorne Trask; and the associate vestrymen of the Church of the Heavenly Rest. We've since called on Mr. Jayme, a radio promotion man, who pronounces his name dissyllabically. We found that he has just successfully spearheaded another block-long tree project, and is starting on a third. "Some of the people on Ninetieth Street between Madison and Park queried me about our trees," he said, "so I wrote letters to all the families on that block—I used to write direct mail for Time, Inc., so I rather enjoy writing letters of solicitation—and raised twelve hundred dollars, with which we bought thirteen trees. I picked Oriental planes—hybrid sycamores, really—rather than ginkgoes because they look fuller." The second batch of Ninetieth Street planes has just been planted. Their donors include Ted Bates, an advertising man; the Misses Harriet and Charlotte Swan; and a couple of real-estate firms, Bing & Bing and Cross & Brown. Mr. Jayme's third venture, centering on Eighty-third between Park and Madison, is in the initial, epistolary stage. He is operating through a resident friend there; Jayme writes the letters, and the friend signs them. A fourth urban improvement is in prospect. "A friend of mine in the Village is going to start a tree campaign on her block just as soon as she gets over her ulcer," Mr. Jayme told us mysteriously.

The sparkplug of all this greenery, who is only twenty-seven, does not propose to rest on his laurels, or planes. "I want to get this thing on a city-wide basis," he said. "I want to run a campaign to raise three million dollars to plant thirty thousand trees, in memory of the city's war dead—World War II through Korea. That's roughly the number of five-borough dead, but a lot of things have to be ironed out first. Each tree should be named after an individual, but who has a list of all the soldiers from New York who were killed? The Adjutant General in Washington does not. The state Adjutant General does not. Shocking! Who will do the surveying? Fire hydrants, subsurface pipes, canopies, building projections, and traffic lights have to be taken into account. It would mean enlarging the Parks Department to take care of this and of the pruning and spraying. The Department's inspectors supervise the planting operations, and the trees become the property of the city, and its responsibility for upkeep, after a year. I hope to talk to Commissioner Moses about it. The trees aren't important in themselves. What's important is that they make people *care* more for New York. I was born in Pittsburgh, where there's not a tree to be found, and ran into my first trees at Princeton. I came here in 1949, after college and a couple of years in the Army, and I love the place. It's difficult to feel at home in this city until you've contributed something. I wanted to meet my neighbors, and trees seemed a good way to do this. It makes for an identification with the community.".

Standards

A Literary lady tells us that she went in the Forty-second Street entrance of the Public Library to re-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"No, I don't like it, young man. And to tell the truth, I think that suit you're wearing is terrible, too."

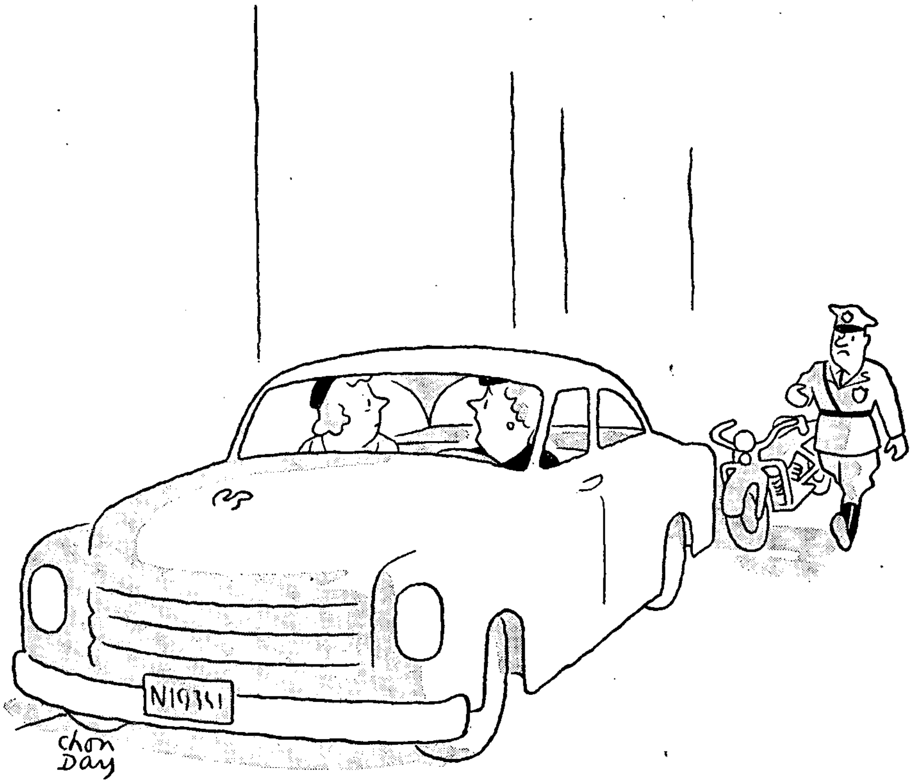
• •

turn a book and, before going through the turnstile, stopped dutifully at the checking desk to deposit some books of her own that she was carrying—two pocket-size reprints, one of the "Odyssey," the other Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World." The man at the checking desk told her not to bother. "We don't call those paper things books," he said.

Excursion

WE didn't know that our man Stanley had taken an unauthorized day off last week until we found the following dispatch on our desk:

"Glorious spring day. Temperature: 73 degrees. Humidity: 58 per cent. Wind: 9 miles an hour. Too glorious to hang around office waiting for work, so hopped into subway after lunch and headed for South Ferry. All subway windows open, and warm, moist spring



"You do the talking. You went to charm school."

breeze blowing through cars. Spring breeze lasts all summer in subway, becomes sopping hot miasma by fall. Detrained at South Ferry and headed for Staten Island ferry shed. Felt need for salt water, open sea, and sky again. Thought of Masefield. Thought of Masefield in early days serving beer in Greenwich Village bar. Thought of cold beer. Staten Island ferry ride still a nickel. Only thing in America except Life Savers still a nickel. Like buffalo on nickel, nickel damn near extinct. Boarded S.S. Cornelius G. Kolff, berthed at slip No. 5. Gates closed at 2:41. Cornelius G. Kolff got under way, with great grinding sound, at 2:42. Headed into open water. Spanking breeze and turbulent waves, but Cornelius G. Kolff forged ahead. Read sign saying, 'Life preservers will be found under seats and outside of cabin.' Saw framed picture showing man adjusting life preserver. Sign said, 'Put on like coat, either side out.' Mentally checked life insurance, will. All in order. Passed garbage scow. Men on garbage scow waved to passengers on Cornelius G. Kolff. Passengers on Cornelius G. Kolff waved to men on garbage scow. Passed barge carrying railroad cars—Northern Pacific, Nickel Plate, other wonderful names. Passed Ellis Island. Passed the S.S. President Garfield, out of San Francisco. Passed the S.S. Askvin, gray one-stacker, out of Oslo. Passed the S.S. Kathryn and the S.S. Woodland—also freighters, also one-stackers. Everybody waved at everybody else. Put dime in big, high-quality Bausch & Lomb binoculars on port quarter of upper deck. Couldn't see anything. Jiggled binoculars, and suddenly saw Bush Terminal. Thought I recognized friend in Brooklyn. Passed Statue of Liberty to starboard. Old girl still elegant and proud.

"Made fast at St. George at 3:03. St. George ferry shed clean and gleaming. Bright shops in arcade. Passed flower shop in arcade, ablaze with color. Sign in window said, 'Package Wedding Budget, $35, consists of 1 Bridal bouquet, 1 Maid of Honor bouquet, 1 Bridesmaid bouquet, 2 corsages, 4 boutonnières.' Hurried along arcade, passed six-hour-dry-cleaning establishment, sea-food restaurant, Cushman's bakery, Commuter's Spa, and National food store, featuring shoulder pork chops, 49 cents a pound. Out onto street near Borough Hall. Air clean and soft. Turned around and saw Manhattan, magical in distance, across water. Walked along Stuyvesant Place, passed home of William T. Davis (1862-1945), Staten Island's great naturalist. Davis loved fine spring days. Forsythia everywhere, dogwood everywhere. Trees young and lovely everywhere. Private houses Victorian Gothic. Atmosphere of small town in springtime. Passed apartment house called MacGregor Arms. Babies chirping in carriages. Passed St. George Court apartment house. Painter applying white to flower boxes. Passed beautiful young girl in slacks, carrying, under arm, 'How Green Was My Valley.' Went into Staten Island Museum, saw spring art show. Gay. Saw striped bass on wall, 42 pounds, caught in 1948 by George Jaenicke, at Harding Point, Sandy Hook, with custom split-bamboo rod, 9-thread suprema linen line, and drop spoon No. 4 bait. Good old George, good old striped bass. Felt like going fishing, preferably with good old George. Left Museum, walked along St. Mark's Place. Marvellous flowering pink magnolia. Man told me house with magnolia occupied by eighty-four-year-old lady. Said she had been sick but was feeling better past few days. Said weather probably accounted for improvement. Said three ninety-year-old ladies lived in his apartment house, all chipper as robins. Passed tulips blooming on Borough Hall lawn. Red and yellow. Lovely.

"Boarded S.S. Tompkinsville, headed for home, at 4:21. Went to Snack Bar, had hot dog (10 cents), homogenized milk (15 cents), enormous salted pretzel (7 cents), second hot dog, this time with sauerkraut (17 cents). Felt tired. Saw sign reading, 'No stretching out or feet on seat.' Strolled along hurricane deck. Top of the world. Tug Dorothy McAllister chugged past. General waving. Passed S.S. Constitution, S.S. Britannic, headed for great ocean and Europe. Huge excitement aboard S.S. Tompkinsville. Passed soldier holding hand of girl. Girl wearing dandelions in hair. Docked at South Ferry at 4:47. Tra la."

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OVERHEARD in the Metropolitan Museum, lady (speaking in a deep Southern drawl) in front of Whistler's "Mother: Arrangement in Grey and Black": "I don't see why there's all this fuss about Whistler's mother. She's just one of those old McNeills from North Carolina."

Straight Shooter

THE Reverend Massey Mott Heltzel, pastor of Reid Memorial Presbyterian Church, in Augusta, Georgia, where the Eisenhowers worship while in residence there, passed through New York recently with his wife and their three daughters, and we spent a pleasant, serene hour with them. Mr. Heltzel, whose church lies a mile from the Eisenhowers' cottage, which is on the grounds of the Augusta National Golf Club, has so far addressed about ten sermons to the Presidential ear, and we inferred that he wishes all his five hundred and forty-four parishioners were equally attentive. "The President and Mrs. Eisenhower are both very good listeners," Mrs. Heltzel told us. "They always come in about five minutes ahead of the service, and read all the bulletins and announcements. And they join right in during the hymns and Scripture readings."

"We try very hard not to show in any way that we're aware the General's present," Mr. Heltzel said. "Of course, as far as sermons go, there are temptations. Here's the leader of the greatest nation in the world sitting right before you, and you know he has to listen to what you say for half an hour. But I'm not so foolish, I hope, as to think I could tell the President anything he doesn't know about international or domestic problems. Why would he want to hear what a Georgia-cracker preacher has to say about them? So I preach the strongest Biblical sermon I can. I know he comes to church to worship God and gain strength and faith and charity."

As soon as it became evident that the President was partial to Augusta, he began to receive invitations from its churches. Local betting (our phrase, not Mr. Heltzel's) had it that General Eisenhower would probably accept that of the First Presbyterian, a large and venerable institution where Woodrow Wilson's father once occupied the pulpit. But the President crossed everybody up by picking Reid Memorial. Mr. Heltzel didn't learn of this flattering choice until the night before the Eisenhowers' first appearance. He made no change in the sermon he was preparing, nor, according to his oldest daughter, Sally, who is thirteen, did he betray any nervousness the following morning. "Daddy doesn't act any differently when the President's in church," she told us proudly.

The Heltzels and the Eisenhowers had a nice chat after that first service, and have got along fine in the ensuing year and a half. The President has sent the pastor autographed copies of pictures taken of the two of them together, and has had him for tea at the Washington White House. Reid Memorial is building a new church—services are at present held in the old Sunday-school assembly room—and two weeks ago General Eisenhower laid the cornerstone for it, immediately after Easter Sunday service. "The President handed me a check," Mr. Heltzel told us, "and said, 'Here's a contribution to your building fund from a friend of mine. Now, don't forget and go and put it in the cornerstone.' He seemed to enjoy the whole ceremony. Sloshed mortar on real professional-like. 'I learned to do this down on the farm,' he said."

"They had to take the cornerstone out the next day and put it in straight," remarked Jeanie, the middle daughter, who is ten.

Mr. Heltzel, a slim, handsome native of Virginia, now in his early forties, was in town on his way to England, where he is to spend three summer months, accompanied by his family, as pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, in Liverpool. Simultaneously, the Sefton Park pastor, Dr. William Sutherland, will switch to Reid Memorial. The two clergymen are unacquainted, but, as befits men of faith, have agreed to swap not only pulpits but homes, salaries, and automobiles, too. Dr. Sutherland will presumably also acquire President Eisenhower, should the President be in Augusta on a Sunday this summer. Mr. Heltzel knows of no comparably prominent member of the Sefton Park congregation, but he is scheduled to visit Edinburgh, the home of John Knox, which he deems a privilege hard to top. He hopes Dr. Sutherland won't be taken aback by the public attention that anyone in the President's orbit is bound to attract. One Sunday, for instance, on the church steps after the service, General Eisenhower chanced to say to Mr. Heltzel, with reference to his sermon of that morning, "I like a man who shoots straight from the hip." The President was overheard, as Presidents invariably are, and at the very next Rotary Club luncheon in Augusta the minister was presented with a shiny toy pistol and asked, amid general hilarity, to demonstrate his skill.

Rise and Fall

A LAWYER of our acquaintance, a man in whom an erect carriage, handle-bar mustaches, and a piercing gaze combine to give him an imposing air, was strolling in the West Forties when a drunk, flashily dressed and an unlikely object of charity, accosted him. "I can always tell an actor," he said. "Actors is always free with their dough. Whaddaya say, Mister? How about a fast buck? I can always tell an actor." The lawyer sidestepped him and walked on. "Who ever said you was an actor, ya big fake?" a voice boomed out behind him. "Anybody could tell you couldn't act for peanuts."

A LITTLE GLASS OF WARMTH

ON a grim and forbidding February day not long ago, at the end of a day's work, I lay down on the couch in my room to take a nap. It was late Saturday afternoon. My older brother had died a short time before, after a long and harrowing illness. Presently I was dreaming of him; there he was—alive, vital, casual. I cautioned myself against taking too seriously his seeming to be alive, because I knew that in dreams the dead often appear as the living, and I suspected that I was dreaming. However, the apparition of my brother persisted so naturally that I finally began to take sombre reassurance from what appeared to be the evidence of my senses. Gradually, I began to wonder why I had succumbed to the illusion, to the unfounded rumor, of my brother's death. There we were—both young and happy and living on Providence Street, in Worcester, Massachusetts. My brother was in Yale, and he was wearing the cream-colored cap with a blue "Y" on the visor that he affected during his summer holidays. This sartorial detail, which I knew to be historically accurate, snapped for me the last clinging spider web of skepticism about his being alive. I then accepted the fact joyously, with immense relief and with a kind of defiant challenge to those unseen malevolent rumormongers who had spread about the false report of his death. I even repeated the rumor to my brother, and he laughed good-naturedly and flexed his forearm as an assertion of life.

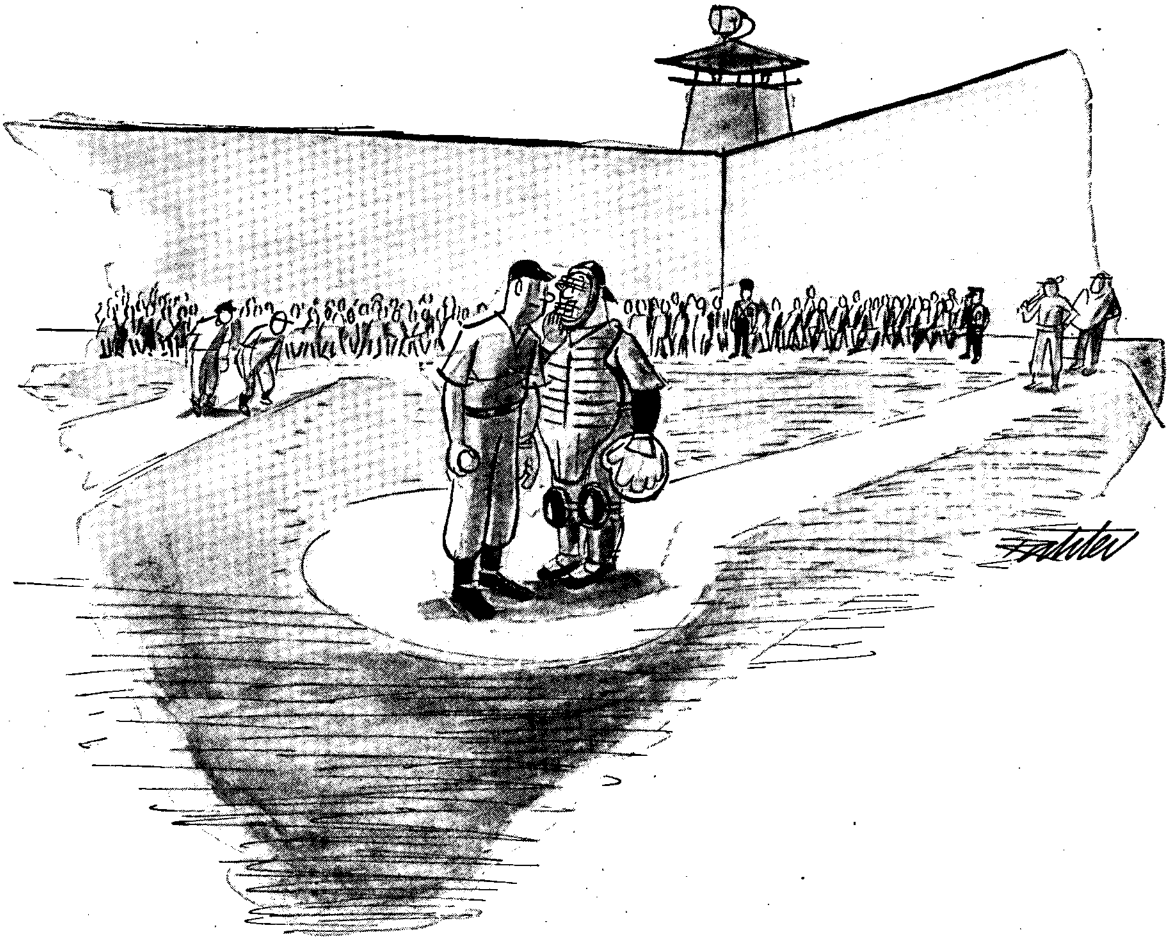
After that, it was all cozy. I saw him after a return from an afternoon's canoeing on Lake Quinsigamond. I heard him make a speech of acceptance when he was elected president of the Maccabees, a social club that had its headquarters next door to our tenement on Providence Street. It was the Fourth of July, and the Maccabees' yard was festooned with colored Japanese lanterns. I heard him say in conclusion, "And I shall fulfill this office to the best of my knowledge and ability." I had heard many such speeches and they all ended with this sentence, but there was a special inflection of confidence in my brother's voice and it made me proud of him. The evidence, the living evidence, that my brother was not dead but alive mounted and mounted, routing that unseen rogues' gallery of skeptics, of whose dissidence I was still dimly aware in some submargin of consciousness. It was a really lovely summer—a soft, eternal summer. Still, it merged into fall (further evidence that this was reality, not dream), and it came time for my brother to go back to New Haven. These departures were occasions. My brother was very popular, and all his crowd and a few small fry like myself used to go down to the old Union Station to see him off. We did so now, and the train came in from Boston, and my brother stood on the steps of one of the cars, laughing and talking and giving as good as he got in reply to the teasing jokes of those few among his friends who were Harvard men. (One could really not ask for more corroborative detail!) I was very happy, very proud, to have a brother who was doing well at Yale and who now promised to come back to Worcester and take me to the big football game when Yale played Holy Cross.

Then, suddenly, the halcyon moment was chilled and blighted with fear, for in the happy, laughing crowd wishing my brother Godspeed was *his* best friend and *my* best friend, Willie Lavin. This was dreadful. This destroyed everything. *For I knew that Willie was dead.* Willie was the best friend I have ever had, and his death many years ago was the greatest loss I had ever suffered. And yet there he was, laughing and joking and seeing my brother off as he had done so many times when he was alive. The sight of Willie there paralyzed me. With the wild logic of dreams, I felt the whole structure of evidence supporting my belief that my brother had not died crumbling into dust. Another awful thing happened that was scarcely natural. The moment after I saw Willie, the train pulled out of the station, leaving my brother there, suspended in midair, unsupported by the car steps. Finding himself this way, his smile vanished. He looked bewildered suddenly—sad and anxious. I cried out to him. The sound of my voice roused me and broke off my dream.

I found that I had a terrible thirst, but I could not have been more than half awake, for I reached for one of the brass knobs that used to crown the iron posts at the head of the bed I slept in when I was a child. At the same time, my lips formed some words that bewildered me; they were familiar, but for the moment their meaning eluded me. The words were "I must have a little glass of warmth," and I kept repeating them. For a moment, lying there between sleep and waking, I thought that this strange phrase was something uttered by one of the phantoms in my dream, or something I had been saying to one of these phantoms while I was asleep. All the dream people had vanished; the only thing that remained was the vision of my brother's face, disembodied, suspended, and with an expression, already beginning to fade, that was tense and awkward, and anxious. I was similarly suspended, but between dream and reality, and I felt an agonizing pain of nonentity and a gasping reach for orientation in time and in space. The brass knob was not there. The objects in the room were unfamiliar, and I did not know whether it was still the Saturday afternoon when I had fallen asleep or whether I was waking up the following morning after sleeping through the night. Then I saw that I was dressed, so I knew it could not be morning. Everything was in recession and I was grasping vainly for a foothold on a nonexistent surface. The only reality was my painful thirst and the overwhelming wish to slake it with a little glass of warmth.

With agonizing difficulty, the fixed points in my present room were slowly recaptured, and I knew what had happened: I had lain down for a nap on a Saturday afternoon in New York City, far away from Providence Street and the Union Station, in Worcester. Still, when everything in the dream was gone and I knew that what had taken place in the station was now only the memory of a dream, my waking words persisted, in a kind of reiterated cadence—the whispered cry for "a little glass of warmth." For a long time I lay wondering about these odd words. And then in a flash I remembered exactly what they were, what they meant, and where they came from.

WHEN I was a child, the Sabbath on the Hill, as we used to call the steep incline of Providence Street, was characterized by somnolent piety. It began at sundown on Friday and ended at sunset on Saturday. There were synagogue services Friday evening, Saturday morning, and early Saturday evening. Friday afternoons, my father used to take me to a public, ritual bathhouse—a *mikvah*—which had a steam room, an attendant with a besom,



"The break is set for eight-thirty tonight."

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and a tiny pool for lustral immersion—the symbol of the special cleansing required for the Sabbath day. The synagogue we attended was directly across the street from our flat, so it was especially convenient in inclement weather. These twenty-four hours theoretically, and in our house, as far as one could tell, even actually, belonged entirely to God. It was forbidden, for example, not only to touch money but to talk about it. It was forbidden to make a flame, so the gaslight fixtures had to be turned on early Friday evening, and enough coal put in the kitchen stove so that the fire would last till Saturday night. It was forbidden to carry bundles, to write a letter, to ride in any vehicle. When my pals on the Hill and I grew old enough to sniff emancipation, we used to walk boldly downtown to Main Street on Saturday mornings and ride up and down in the elevators of the Slater Building just for a fling at the illicit. Since the liftman demanded an objective before he would take us up, we learned to look up the names of the august Worcester law firms in the lobby directory, and arbitrarily we gave our business to one or another of them.

As I probed painfully for the origin of the long-lost phrase that I found myself repeating this particular Saturday afternoon, I thought of Saturdays in Worcester, and I suddenly recalled a scene that had taken place when I was very young—a snow scene. I couldn't have been more than six or seven, and it happened after the substantial Sabbath midday meal in our flat on Providence Street. As I look back on it, it was an oddity of our lives that in spite of the fact that we were very poor, there was always enough to eat. Though my father never, even by Providence Street standards, made a living, we always lived, and on the Sabbath our meals were always particularly good. To this day, I don't know exactly how it was managed. My oldest brother went to work very young, and I suppose the better-off relatives—especially my uncles—helped out from time to time. For a while, my father kept a small grocery store on Winter Street—it was his only business venture—and I imagine that during that time we ate the inventory. Perhaps this accounted for the early failure of the enterprise.

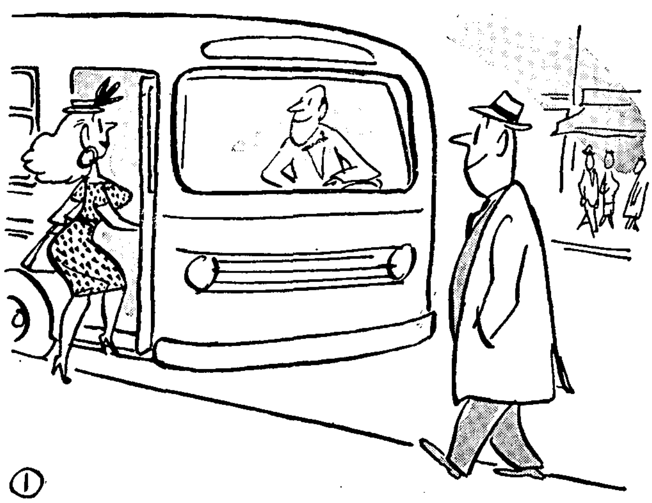
Thus, in my snow scene, my mother, her sister, and my grandmother sat in the kitchen near the stove after that good meal, gossiping—I hope piously. My grandmother lived with my aunt downstairs from us, and on Saturday afternoons my aunt would bring the old lady up for a visit. A rocking chair would be pulled into the kitchen for my grandmother, and she would be given the place of honor next to the stove. That day, my father was having his Sabbatical nap in the next room. Outside, a soft, silent, wet snow was falling; it had already gathered on the window sills, so that the lower parts of the panes were covered. Above were fir-tree configurations of frost, and on the inside of the panes a thin film of ice had formed, on which I was etching matching configurations with my thumbnail. The women spoke in low tones, because it was the Sabbath and in order not to wake my father; their voices made the murmur of a little stream running over pebbles, and there was a continuing sound from the stove, too—a kind of modulated, unhurried Sabbatical hum. The room was a little pocket of warmth, communion, and safety in a world of softly falling stars of snow. My improvisations on the frosty windowpanes grew in ingenuity and grace, and my thumbnail left a furrow of ice filings behind it, like the wake of a miniature snowplow.

This peace was broken into harshly by a cry, with the quality of terror in it, from the next room. My grandmother went on rocking. "He's had a bad dream," she said placidly, out of her vast experience.

My mother rose at once and went automatically to the teakettle simmering on the stove.

The desperate appeal from the next room was repeated; the words were *"Ein glaesele warems!"*

By this time, my mother had poured



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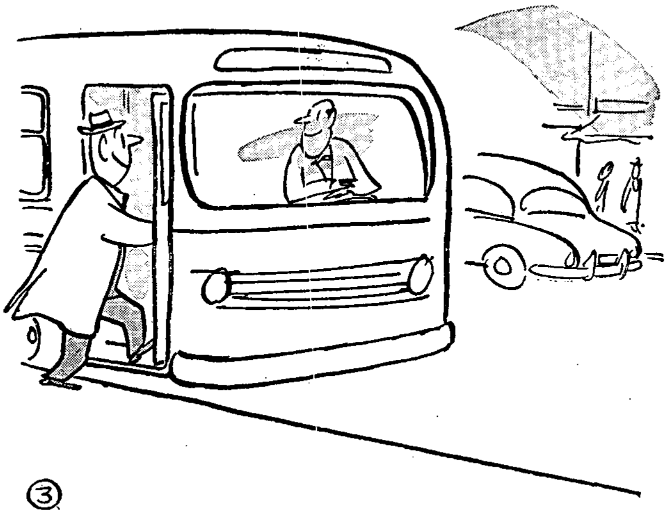
a glassful of tea, and I followed her as she carried it into my father's room. My father was lying fully dressed on his bed. He was very dark in complexion and wore a full black beard; he looked, normally, like a benevolent Saracen, but that day, as he lay there on the bed, his face was grayish. His lips were muttering the Hebrew words that meant "Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is one." This prayer, I was to learn later, was uttered in extremity, by the dying. My mother gave him the tea and he drank it greedily.

I became accustomed to hearing my father wake up from his Saturday-afternoon naps with a demand, sometimes casual and sometimes, as on this occasion, terrified, for *ein glaesele warems*. Later, I made my own literal translation of the Yiddish words—"a little glass of warmth." I even used to make fun of this strange expression, and repeated it, ridiculing it, to those of my playmates who were unfamiliar with it. We used, in parody, to invite each other in for ice-cream sodas at Pop Webster's with the elegant mock-ritual question "A little glass of cold?" This symbolized the aeons we had travelled beyond the comical rigmarole of our elders! We need not have been so contemptuous. The analogy so often made, especially in verse, between sleep and death is a false one; our little life is not rounded with a sleep, since it must be a characteristic of death that it is dreamless. I echoed, on my own awakening that February afternoon so short a time ago, not only my father's words but his desperation. He must have been lost in the phantasmal jungles (reanimating what dead of his own?), and his cry for the little glass of warmth symbolized the desire of all of us to break off the winding filaments of the nightmares that bedevil us and find a foothold on the tiny, lit plateau, incessantly eroded by time, that is everyone's fragment of reality.

IT was an early perplexity of mine that my father, a godly man, who believed completely in the immortality of the soul, should be so obsessed by the fear of death. He indulged in funerary fantasies (supported, he said, by ancient Hebrew texts) of the lacerating pains to which the body was subject after death. For him, evidently, the immortality of the soul was accompanied by a persistence of corporeal sensibility. I have heard quoted these words of another sage: "Where life is, death is not; where death is, life is not." But this was not at all my father's idea. For him there was no such dichotomy. The security of his belief in immortality was threaded with lurid visions of continuing expiatory pains after death for the lapses of his lifetime; it was an immortality of guilt. There was nothing jolly or comforting in this concept, no hope of joyful reunion with lost loved ones, no atmosphere of club night. It was an immortality of loneliness, each soul with its personal account to settle, and no borrowing to tide one over.

As I grew older, the perplexities multiplied. I wondered how my father, living, as he did, under a canopy of faith as wide as eternity, could permit the constant obtrusion of petty civil war within our house. I wondered, too, how there could be quarrels within the portals of the house of God across the street. I never in the least understood the relationship between my father and my mother. My mother was quiet, my father darkly voluble. My mother's pietism was passive, my father's the active core of his life. My mother stood in worshipful awe of my father's book learning. She herself was not expected to know; it was taken for granted that she would be ignorant forever. Indeed, for her to be learned, or even knowledgeable, would have constituted a kind of solecism, a violation of good manners. Their relationship, as far as I could tell, was curiously impersonal. Both of them were tenderhearted and loving people, but there was never any manifestation of love between them; their tenderness was all lavished on their children. For my mother, it must have been like living with a priest of the Delphic mysteries to whom she could never hope to be more than an acolyte. She was relegated, by common consent, to a comfortable and, I suspect, not uncozy darkness. They had been married before they emigrated to this country. But what was their life before then? How did they meet, how woo? (I asked them once, but the inquiry was considered frivolous.) I don't ever remember hearing my parents converse, and they never even chatted. My father would expound on law and ritual, my mother would listen. Most of the time my father was buried in his religious books, and my mother recognized it as her function to keep this communion undisturbed; she was like the wife of an artist who is engaged in creating a masterpiece and whose concentration she must incessantly strive to protect. And yet their relationship cannot have been as neutral as it appeared, because it was harshly broken into from time to time by fierce quarrels. I was never present at one of these quarrels, but I overheard them from another room. I cannot remember what they were about, but I remember their intensity. My mother would say very little; indeed, she would be almost completely silent except that she cried, softly. My father's voice would rise higher and higher in uncontrollable fury, and then there would be a tinkling crash as a glass or a cup shivered on the



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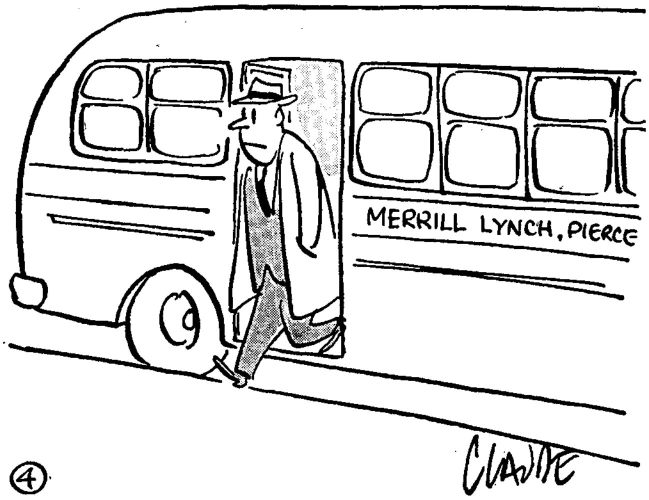

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table—at the point, evidently, where his vocabulary proved inadequate to his grievance. Such quarrels were infrequent but shattering; for days after one of them, my mother would be sad as well as silent, and my father, when he returned to his studies, which he always did immediately, would have a smoldering look as he bent over his books, as if he were churned up still with resentment at the untoward interruption, caused by some fallibility in my mother, of his toiling search for salvation.

These quarrels, rare though they were, caused me intense pain. They were also confusing. I wondered how my father, so patently occupied with the eternal, could permit himself to be so roiled by the temporal. I once spoke to my mother about this, a week or so after one of these outbursts. My mother was defensive, and, as usual, laconic. "Your father," she said simply, "is a *kaissen*"—a fierce-tempered man. She let it go at that; she would have considered it unreasonable to expect a *kaissen* to coo like a dove when he was irritated.

THE *coup d'état* at the Providence Street Synagogue was even more bewildering than the quarrels at home. It concerned the inauguration of a new rabbi, who had been duly elected and whose name was Silver. From the start, the proposal of Rabbi Silver for this post was the cause of a bitter feud among the members of the congregation. The dissenting faction was headed by my Uncle Harry. He was my mother's brother, and his devotion to my father, whose learning he revered, amounted to worship. He was himself unlearned, but he knew erudition when he met it. Some time before this, my Uncle Harry had made a tremendous short cut to a vast sea of learning when he married Ida, the daughter of the Ramaz, who was a world-famous rabbi. One of the first things Harry did after he achieved this fabulous coup was to arrange a meeting between the Ramaz and my father. After he had introduced the two men, he left them alone in his flat, modestly aware of his unworthiness to be present at a communion between two such cognoscenti. I remember hearing my older brothers tell of Uncle Harry's glowing, breathless entrance into our flat to report on the results of the meeting. A big, blond man, he was perspiring with triumph. "The Ramaz says your father is a *kenner* [a learned man]," he blurted out ecstatically, as if he were announcing a Nobel Prize. Moreover, Harry was manifestly relieved at having his own opinion of my father, which had been based on instinct rather than scholarship, confirmed by an authority that was unimpeachable.

Uncle Harry's bitterness against Rabbi Silver was due to the simple fact that the Rabbi, within Harry's hearing, had made a slighting remark about my father, casting doubt on his eminence as a Talmudist. Perhaps Rabbi Silver, humanly enough, slightly resented my father's reputation on the Hill, and felt that it encroached unduly on his own domain. But my Uncle Harry was no mean *kaissen* on his own account, and when he heard this disparaging remark he saw red. He made a solemn vow. "You will never become Rabbi of the Providence Street Synagogue," he told the candidate. Nevertheless, Rabbi Silver was elected. Uncle Harry defied the democratic process. When the day came for Rabbi Silver to be inducted, Harry, with a loyal cohort of adherents, forcibly barred his entrance into the synagogue. The rebel squad was compactly organized, and the Silver men retired, taking the new Rabbi with them. Uncle Harry repeated his vow that Rabbi Silver would never enter the synagogue. This impossible situation was resolved by my father, who persuaded Uncle Harry to withdraw his opposition. He realized that Harry's personal honor was involved; with a certain humor, he pointed out to Harry that since he (my father) had been given a *kosher tzettl*, or certificate of purity, by the great Ramaz, Harry could afford to ignore the cavillings of lesser lights. Harry saw the point and rested on his oars. Later, my father and Rabbi Silver became firm friends. But the feud was a whirlpool while it lasted, and it increased my perplexity about the relations between man and God; to me they seemed needlessly edgy.

MY father was extraordinarily sensitive to the feelings of other people and was constantly on guard against hurting them. This may have been the result of his own persecution complex, brought with him from Poland, where he had lived under the shadow of a blood feud reaching back into the dim corridors of time. He lived his entire life as if in ambush, perpetually under the shadow of ancestral massacre. All sensitiveness, at bottom, is an intimation of pain and of fear, for oneself or for others—a shrinking from the bruise, and an awareness of transitoriness. It was because of this delicacy of feeling in my father that his occasional outbursts at my mother shocked and bewildered me. They were out of character. I remember that once, in a gathering of some of his friends at our house, my father was greatly put out with my Uncle Harry, who boasted of the virtues and of the promise of his children to a man whose tragedy was that he was childless. After the man left, my father chided Uncle Harry for his thoughtlessness. My uncle understood and was con-trite. Having made his point, my father then told Harry that his lapse was human and natural. Thus restored to pride, Harry went on to explain to my father—who was *not* childless—how difficult it was to be secretive about children as remarkable as his own.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER FOUR WEEKS IN A HOSPITAL

Nurses all—and I mean the breed—
Share one clamorous, blinding need:
Not to assist you in getting well,
Or hurry in when you ring the bell;
Not to banish the sense of gloom
That somehow penetrates your room;
Not, as a fellow might believe,
To soothe your brow or to cool your feve;
Not to lessen, with gentle hand,
The tightening pull of a stomach band;
Not to carry you in, complete,
A single meal that is fit to eat;
Not to silence the bloody bore
Who's talking out in the corridor;
Not to massage the aching bone,
Or even to leave you *just alone.*
Their one ambition is quickly said:
All they want is to make your bed.

Wriggle your toes or shake your head,
What do they do? They make your bed.
Request an orange juice instead,
First they want to make your bed.
Ask for a needle, a bit of thread,
Still they have to make your bed.
Tell 'em you'd like some whole-wheat bread,
What'll they do? They'll make your bed.
Years ago you were leeched and bled;
Nowadays they make your bed—
Fold the sheets and adjust the spread—
Make and make and make your bed.

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

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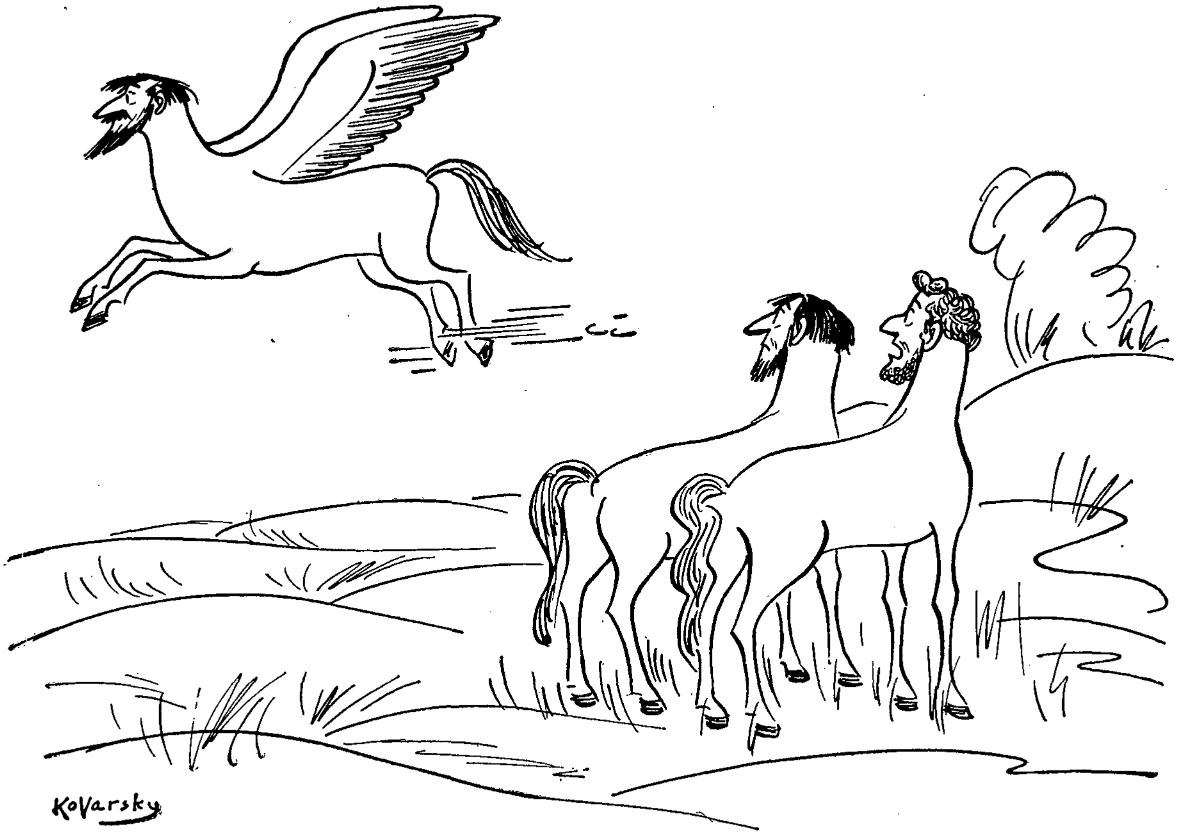
My father's small grocery store on Winter Street was a frail enterprise at best, and my planned and persistent thefts from its stock must have hastened its demise. What I stole were the little pictures of celebrities that came in the packs of Sweet Caporal cigarettes. I was shortsighted and had to wear glasses very early. The glasses were always getting broken, and each lens cost seventy-five cents to replace. It got to be an agony to me to report at home that I had again broken my glasses. Simultaneously, I discovered that complete sets of the Sweet Caporal pictures had a market value; the more opulent among my pals on the Hill would pay cash for them. One day, in a crisis of guilt over breaking a lens that had been replaced only the week before, I desperately conceived the notion of stealing some of these cigarette pictures and selling them, so that I could get the repairs made myself and would not have to tell my father about the new disaster. It worked. I must have opened five dollars' worth of packs of cigarettes to get enough pictures for the seventy-five cents I needed. That was the first time; after that I took to filching the pictures out of general acquisitiveness. It was a simple operation, because Sweet Caps came in cardboard packs, which in turn were inserted into cardboard shells. I had only to slide a pack out of the shell, remove the work of art, and slide the pack back again. The excise stamps luckily did not seal the opening, as they now do, but were pasted on the back of the package. Every once in a while, my father would leave me to mind the store. One day he came back sooner than I had expected and caught me red-handed in this criminal activity. Before me on the counter were the raped packages, and in my hand a half-dozen colored prints of famous contemporary prizefighters, wearing shorts and crouched in belligerent attitudes. I was terrified. I expected the worst. Greatly to my surprise, my father was sad rather than angry. He was so gentle that I felt awful; it would have been much better for me if he had lost his temper and got it over with. He questioned me and I told him about the broken glasses. He reproached me for not telling him; he would have managed to find the money to repair them. But how could he—or I—repair the sin of my having broken one of the Ten Commandments? The Ten Commandments were his personal code, and ever since I could remember, he had patiently expounded them to me. What failure was it in him that rendered his teaching so ineffectual? He was disconsolate.

Then his eyes fell on the pictures. "Who are these people?" he asked. This diversion of interest proved to be a stroke of luck for me. It was fortunate for me that the photographs were not, as they so easily might have been, of admirals or actors or generals. That I was collecting prizefighters added acutely to my father's unhappiness; it compounded the original sin, but at least it distracted him from that sin. The broken Commandment was forgotten, and he now attacked me for my choice of heroes; he set out to deracinate a mistaken ideal. I was so relieved to be fighting on more defensible ground that I expressed an enthusiasm for these giants that I did not feel. My father got really excited; he saw that he had much work to do. Prizefighters! Only recently, in the Yiddish paper from New York, he had read that a prizefighter had died from injuries received in the ring. My father had shifted his ground from "Thou shalt not steal" to "Thou shalt not kill." These mercenaries, he said, shoving aside the pictures with loathing, kill for money. Killing and mutilation were in their hearts as well as in the hearts of the spectators. I gathered that my father would have forgiven me on the spot had these little pictures been of men of good will—of Spinoza, say, and the Rambam. (Rambam was the affectionate nickname for Maimonides, based on the ancient doctor's initials.) But the Sweet Caporal people had not—up to then, at least—hit on the idea of using my father's cherished worthies as subjects for their come-ons, and I was stuck with Jack Johnson and Joe Choynski. My feeble defense of these wonderful physical specimens deepened my father's wrath. He



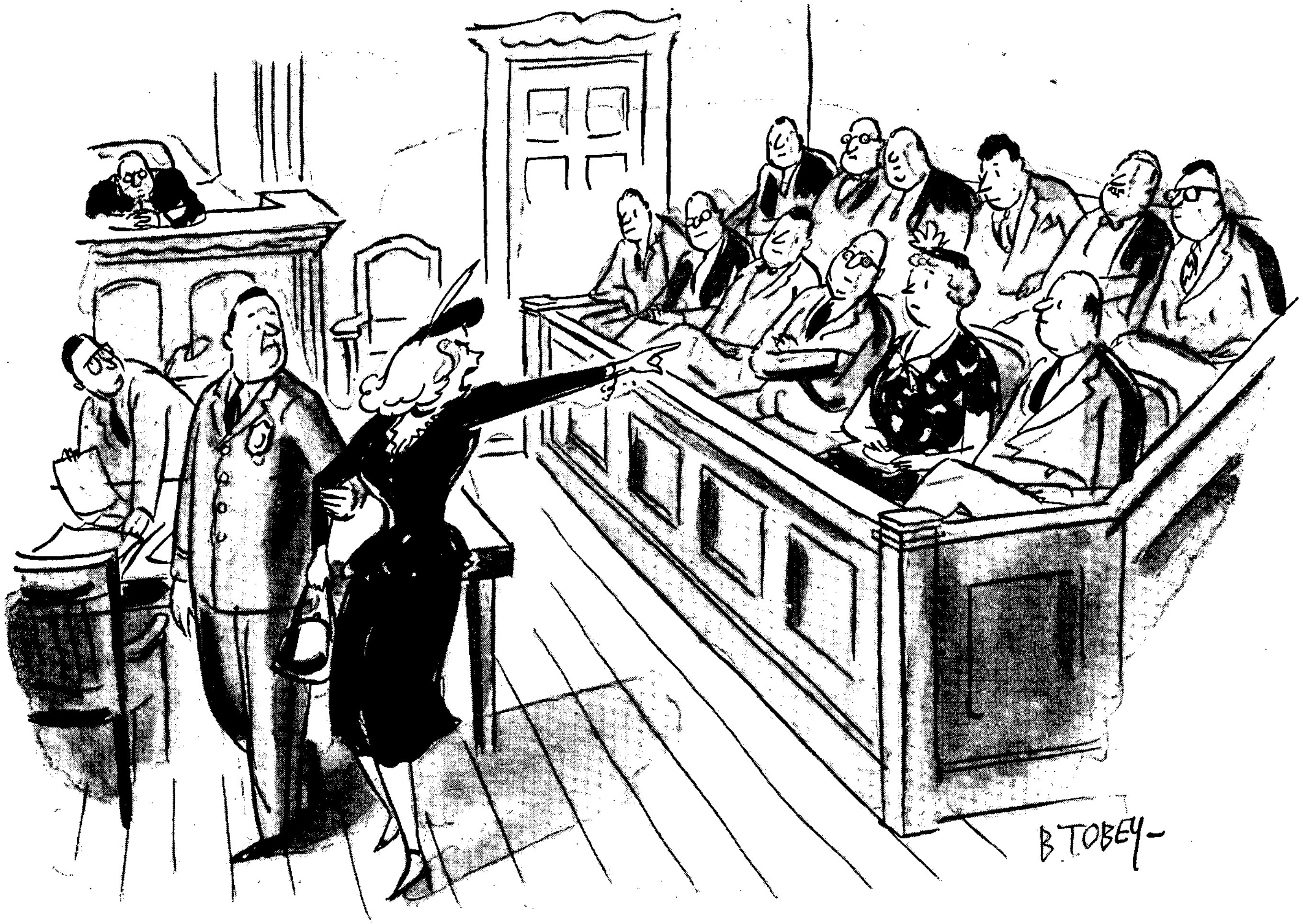
"Now I've seen everything."

warmed to his theme; he invoked, as was inevitable, our slaughtered ancestors—his and mine. How could I, whose forebears had suffered so from violence, honor as heroes those who made a profession of violence? Would I, he shouted at me, condone murder? On this point I would not commit myself; by my silence I allowed him to think that I might. I preferred being accused of a crime I had not committed to standing sentence for the one I had; I repeated my stupid defense of Jack and Joe as practitioners of a manly art. From this point on, my father took me for a potential murderer and mobilized all his resources toward averting the dread actuality. He picked up one of the hated pictures and tapped it gingerly with his finger. "Thou shalt not kill," he adjured me solemnly. He was carried away, as if struck for the first time—and maybe he was—by the amazing revolutionary quality of the concept behind this prohibition, which had been enunciated first by one of *his* ancestors. (For the moment, he stopped sharing ancestors with me!) He expounded on what a remarkable feat of the imagination it was, and what courage it must have taken, to make such a heterodox pronouncement in a time when killing was accepted social behavior. Conscious of having had a very narrow escape, I promised faithfully to renounce murder and to forswear prizefighting forever. And, indeed, I have, as far as I know, kept these promises to my father. I have certainly, to this day, never seen a prizefight. On that critical morning, my father scotched whatever taste I might have developed for pugilism.

THERE were other feuds—contemporary as well as ancient ones—to add to my perplexities. One of these was of such searing intensity that the scars it left have not, after fifty years, entirely healed. I was astonished to learn not long ago that because I had confessed to having loving memories of a certain Providence Street girl, a very old friend of mine had expressed considerable bitterness; it had wounded him that I had apparently forgiven this girl for a crime that in my eyes she had certainly never committed. Providence Street youth, en masse, was in love with Myra Ellender—or so I shall call her—just as Oxford youth was with Zuleika Dobson, although there all resemblance ceased. Myra was a contemporary of the younger of my two older brothers, and he was in love with her, too.

Among the many suitors who came in quest of Myra were the two Eisner boys, Dan and Aaron, the eldest sons of a large and fairly prosperous Providence Street family. The younger, Aaron, was a poet; at least, he wrote verse. Aaron was inclined to be secretive about his poetic vocation; he would show his verses to no one except Myra, who adored them. Aaron's reticence about his poems dated from the time when an English teacher in the Classical High School wrote in the margin of one of them, in red pencil, "Fine feeling—conventional imagery." Like so many prone to art, Aaron ignored the compliment and brooded over the animadversion. Myra, to whom most of Aaron's poems were dedicated, did not find the imagery conventional; she thought it wonderful. "Aaron is a poet!" she would say flatly in defense of him, implying that this was more than sufficient compensation for his deficiencies as a dancer, sportsman, and general good fellow. Aaron was dark, silent, withdrawn, and melancholy; Dan was redheaded, gay, vivacious, and very popular—that is, until Myra began to show a marked preference for him. Then his rivals began to discover the reverse side of his qualities, and they began to wonder whether his gaiety was not an indication of superficiality, and his good-fellowship somewhat artificial. Myra spent a great deal of time with Aaron; she was the confidante of all his dreams. She was in ecstasy over his poems and was flattered that they were dedicated to her. But when it came to the point, she chose Dan.

Aaron was not the only one to suffer because of her choice. Willie Lavin did, too. Of all my brothers' friends, Willie was the one my father esteemed most highly. Had Willie lived "at home," my father used to say, he would surely have become a *gaon*, or genius. By this he meant that if Willie had been born and brought up in the Lithuanian village his parents came from, he would naturally have devoted himself to theological studies and, because of the subtlety and inquisitiveness of his mind, become eminent in them. At the time, Willie was



"I'll get you for this!"

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majoring in chemistry at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute and doing brilliantly in it. My father had no objection to chemistry; he thought it was all right as far as it went, but he resented its presumption in displacing what should be everyone's major preoccupation—to get a sure footing on the complicated and thorny approach to God. In spite of this, Willie and my father were great friends; they used to have prolonged discussions on abstract philosophical questions in the evenings in our kitchen, to which I listened from my bedroom next door.

One day, Willie brought to my father a dilemma that was not in the metaphysical realm at all but uncomfortably close to home. It concerned Myra, whose marriage to Dan Eisner was only a few weeks off. Willie, as well as my brother, had been in love with Myra. Both of them had chafed when Myra made her choice but had accepted the inevitable with what good grace they could muster. Now Willie felt that he had to impart to my father a devastating fact about Dan, which had been confided to him—in violation of professional ethics—by his friend Dr. Nightingale. Jim Nightingale was the family physician of most of us on Providence Street, and he and Willie had a special friendship, founded on the rock of science. A few evenings before, Willie had dropped into Jim's office for a chat about chemistry. The phone rang and Willie heard Jim talking to Dan, inquiring how he felt and asking him to come in in the morning. After Jim hung up, Willie asked him whether Dan had been ill. Jim said casually that Dan had diabetes and had not much more than two years to live. Willie was overcome. "How can that be when he is marrying Myra in a month?" he asked. "Marriage," said Jim jocularly, "is no cure for diabetes!" Jim seemed anxious to return to chemistry, but Willie was so appalled by the implications of Jim's prophecy that he could not drop the subject. "Shouldn't Myra be told?" he asked. "I told Dan he ought to tell her," said Jim, "but if he doesn't want to, that's his business. Don't worry about Myra. She'll be an attractive widow!"

Lying in my bed in the next room, supposedly asleep, I overheard Willie repeating this conversation to my father. When Willie had finished, there was a long silence. Finally, I heard Willie say—and his voice was somewhat tremulous—"Well, Reb Yosel, don't you think we ought to do something?" Still my father said nothing. Willie took the plunge. "Don't you think we ought to tell Myra?" he said.

There was another silence. At last my father spoke: "With what motive, my son?"

I had never heard my father address Willie in this way before. He usually addressed him by the affectionate nickname of "Velvel." Why, I wondered, does he now refer to him as his son when Willie is not his son?

There was no answer from Willie. I felt that my father's question had probed some delicate concealed membrane of emotion. After a moment, my father repeated the question. "With what motive, my son?"

Willie's voice, when he answered, had risen in pitch. "Don't you think we ought to do something to prevent such a tragedy?" he asked.

"Is Dr. Nightingale, then, omniscient?" said my father.

"He knows Dan has got diabetes," said Willie stubbornly. "He knows he'll be dead within two years."

"Can he peer into the future? Is he God? What if, in those two years, some specific is discovered that may cure Dan? What if, through divine intervention, he gets better? Look into your heart, my son. Is it to avert tragedy that you wish to tell Myra this or for some other, less disinterested reason?"

I began to apprehend, dimly, what my father meant. So did Willie. He defended himself stoutly. "Don't you think we ought to save her from early widowhood? A beautiful young girl . . ." His voice trailed off.

"In any case," said my father dryly, "she will not be a widow long. Is not Aaron in love with Myra? If this happens, Aaron will have the right to marry her. He *will* marry her, unless he and his family decide to give her a *halitzah*, which I very much doubt they will. You know this law, my son?"

Willie may have known, but I did not know. It was the first time I had ever heard that strange word. I have found out since that more than a hundred and fifty pages of my father's Talmud were devoted to the exposition of this law.

Meanwhile, my brother had come in from his nightly work in Willie's father's store. Apparently he had already heard from Willie the news about Dan's health and now he barged head on into the argument. "It's true Willie and I are both interested in Myra," he said. "But that's not why we want to tell her. We want to tell her for her own sake. If, as you say, after Dan's death she'll have to marry Aaron, it's all the more reason to tell her. She doesn't like Aaron!"

"She has told me often she loves Aaron," said my father.

"Not that way," said my brother bluntly.

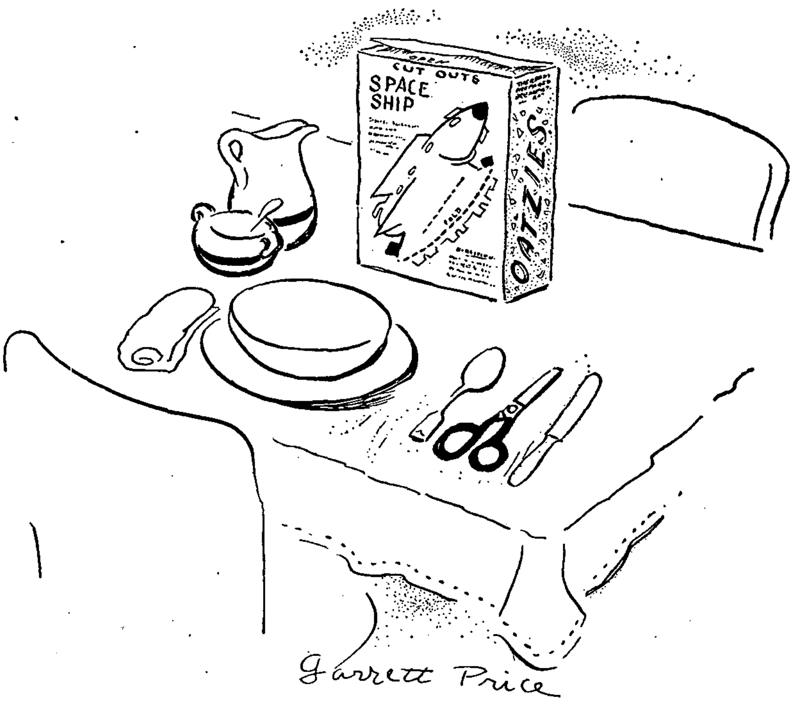
There was a silence, and I could imagine my father appraising both of them. "Look into your hearts," I heard him say finally. "Do not take on the prerogatives of God."

Evidently neither Willie nor my brother cared to look into their hearts at that particular moment.

"Let's go down the line for a soda," said Willie.

"Fine," said my brother, as if greatly relieved to have even a brief postponement of divine responsibility. I heard the door slam after them as they went out.

I lay for a long time trying to unravel the mystery of what I had overheard. Dan was to die. How could this be? I had seen him only a few days before on the Providence Street trolley and he had greeted me cheerfully. He had looked trim and natty. Dan was a careful dresser; his beautifully knotted tie bulged just enough between the margins of his high, stiff linen collar—the sort of collar often seen at that period in the color lithographs of John Drew on the theatre posters announcing the actor's arrival at the Worcester Theatre. John Drew was generally acknowledged to be "the best-dressed man in America." How could one predict death so calmly in relation to a man dressed like that? Did Dan know? If he knew, how could he take so much trouble about knotting his tie? If he knew, if Dr. Nightingale had told him, why didn't he take measures against the dread invader, as I was doing even now? My hand reached instinctively for the brass knob at the top of the iron bedpost and closed compulsively around it—my usual childish gesture of clinging tightly to the terrestrial during my frequent night fantasies of the approach of death. From the kitchen, as I fell asleep, I heard the familiar drowsy creaking of the floor boards as my father paced the room intoning his nightly prayers: ". . . and may the Angel Michael be at my right hand; Gabriel on my left; before me, Uriel; behind me, Raphael; and over my head the divine presence of God."



IN the second year of his marriage to Myra, Dan did die. It was before the discovery of insulin. Almost from the day of Dan's death, even we children became aware of a whorl of dispute between the two families—Dan's and Myra's. I have said that the virulence of this controversy was so scarifying that at least one of the participants was still exercised about it nearly half a century later and bore me a grudge for speaking warmly of Myra. I myself recalled it unexpectedly one night in Weld Hall, at Harvard, some fifteen years after Dan's death. I was enrolled in a writing course called English 12, which was taught by a famous Harvard figure, Charles Townsend Copeland. Copey, something of an eccentric, gave us only one assignment for homework—to read a chapter of the King James Version of the Bible every night before going to bed. He fondly hoped that this would help us form a style. For a time, at least, I conscientiously followed his instruction. One winter night, I was drowsily absorbing style from the Book of Ruth. Suddenly I sat up straight in bed, flicked by the whip of recognition. I was deep in the autumnal romance of Ruth and Boaz (the wealthy landowner who was a relative of Ruth's late husband), and had reached the point where Boaz finally knows his own mind and decides to marry Ruth. There is a quite intricate inheritance situation, involving the land of Elimelech (Ruth's dead father-in-law), which his widow, Naomi, had inherited, and there is a secondary story, involving an even nearer kinsman of Ruth's late husband than Boaz; this kinsman, apparently, is next in line both to redeem the property and to marry Ruth. But he is cagey. Boaz has decided that Ruth is the girl of his dreams. Absorbed in all this, I read:

> Then said Boaz, What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the

> wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance.
>
> And the kinsman said, I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance: redeem thou my right to thyself; for I cannot redeem it.
>
> Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel.
>
> Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe.

The shoe stopped me; the shoe made me sit bolt upright in bed. Where, formerly, had I encountered this shoe? What was it about the shoe?

I read on:

> Moreover Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place: ye are witnesses this day.

I forgot completely that I was reading for style. I felt intimately, though enigmatically, concerned. It was as if this ancient and bizarre romance were a contemporary mystery to which an essential clue was maddeningly eluding me. Hadn't I, sometime long ago, overheard a conversation involving this very situation? Didn't I know—hadn't I heard—something about the ceremony of the shoe? Hadn't there been a terrible fight over it? And what was the fight about?

I couldn't stand it. I got up, put on my bathrobe, and went into the hall to put in a call to Willie, in Worcester. Willie knew all about it. Willie told me.

AFTER Dan died, Aaron stepped forward to claim Myra. According to the ancient Jewish law, the widow of a son with a surviving brother cannot marry anyone but that brother unless she gets from the brother a *halitzah*, or release. One of the symbols in the ceremony is the removal of the brother's shoe by the widow, if her husband has died childless; by this gesture, the brother is released from the obligation of marrying her, and she becomes free to marry whomever she desires. ("*Halitzah*" means literally "taking off," "untying.") But in Myra's case, Willie told me, Aaron did not want to be released. He wanted terribly to marry Myra. She had always said she loved him and his poetry; to be sure, he was no longer a poet, having given up his versifying for the law, yet he had never wavered in his love. He could understand her having impulsively succumbed to his older brother's dash, but his brother was dead, and surely now Myra would marry him.

Myra wouldn't. She loved him as she always had; Aaron was very dear to her, but she would not marry him. Aaron's father, a choleric man—an uncontrollable *kaissen*, in fact—and the whole family were in an uproar. If Myra wouldn't marry Aaron, they would support him in refusing to give her a *halitzah*, which meant that, according to the Talmudic law, she couldn't marry anyone else. It was a terrible time, Willie said. The Eisners were, by Providence Street standards, a powerful family. Eisner *père* was a proud, arrogant man. He had an overdeveloped patriarchal sense, and of his seven children four were unfortunately daughters, who could not be expected to perpetuate his name. Aaron was his second son, and the third was only seven years old at the time of Dan's death. Frustrated in everything so far—in poetry and in love—Aaron became embittered by Myra's second refusal. He insisted on his rights. In the absence of a formal religious court, he came to see my father, who had a kind of quasi-judicial authority in the community as a learned man, and who was also a friend of his family, to ask him to persuade Myra to obey the letter of the Hebrew law.

Unexpectedly, my father pleaded with Aaron not to insist on his prerogative. He had talked to Myra, who wept and told him that although she adored Aaron—the manuscripts of his poems, she said, were still her most cherished possessions—she could not bring herself to marry him. My father asked Aaron to disregard the letter of the law—to be magnanimous. Aaron, melancholy and withdrawn, said nothing. He went home and told his father, who flew into a towering rage against mine. (It was the start of a feud between the two men that was never healed in the lifetime of either, and smolders, as I have indicated, even yet.)

Willie told me, too, that night, how he and my brother had shamelessly encouraged Myra in her recalcitrance. Myra's father was a religious man; he shuddered at the thought of his daughter's defying the law. But Myra held out. So did the Eisners. They would not let Aaron give a *halitzah*, and thus they condemned Myra to lifelong widowhood. For two years, Myra lived on in this dreadful suspended state, during which time she went out with Aaron, my brother, and Willie. Then, suddenly, Myra did a shattering thing—performed a feat of emancipation compared to which Nora's exit from the Doll's House was a peaceful stroll in the country. She lightly threw over centuries of tradition, snipped the Gordian knot of legal entanglement, and married a lace salesman from Albany, leaving Willie and my brother to console each other for the second time.

After my long telephone conversation with Willie, I went back to my room and got back into bed. But I couldn't, somehow, pick up with Ruth where I had left off; she was still waiting there for her kinsman to take his shoe off—just as Myra had waited, ten years before on Providence Street, and waited in vain. I reflected, though, on the bizarre histories of Ruth and Myra; Boaz had been so much luckier than Aaron. I thought with feeling of poor Aaron, sadly pleading his hopeless cause, and tried to reconstruct in my mind the scenes of his wooing, his interview with my father, and his inability, so bogged down was he in love, to take a high line. Oddly enough, Aaron died, too, several years after his rejection by Myra, and the patriarchal Eisner was unable to avert the fate that he dreaded most of all; he went to his grave with his name unperpetuated—in the words of the Book of Ruth, with the name of his dead "cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place. . . ."

From that night in Weld Hall, in Cambridge, in 1915, to the February afternoon in 1953 when I lay down in my apartment in New York to take a nap, Aaron had disappeared for me among the anonymous dead. It remained for a nightmare to resurrect Aaron. Not even when I was told that his only surviving brother, my friend and contemporary, had been angered by a warm reference of mine to Myra in a quite different connection, did I really remember Aaron. He had been so sad and passive and ineffectual. His brother Dan, though, I always remembered vividly. Submerged memories of the dead are like actors waiting for a cue in the wings of the subconscious; the more assertive come on oftener. Even as a ghost, Aaron lacked vivacity and had to take second place to his livelier brother. Perhaps it would have been different had he not died without tasting, however briefly, what, in one way or another, we all reach for—a little glass of warmth. —S. N. BEHRMAN

WHAT DO PEOPLE SAY WHEN THEY TALK?

THE boys and girls who get out *Vogue*—Jessica Daves, Alec Liberman, Allene Talmey, Nicky de Gunzburg, Babs Simpson, and so forth—must be a responsible bunch, spearheading, as they do, one of the country's biggest industries (fashion, I understand, comes right after the automobile business and the manufacture of zippers on the Dow-Jones Averages), and undoubtedly they know what they are talking about, but I sometimes wonder whether they know what *other* people are talking about. They make quite a point of this kind of knowledge. For years, they have run a department called "People Are Talking About . . . ," full of purported local topics of palaver. In their March 15th issue, which is what *I* am talking about, they have amplified this into a multiple-section feature, which pops up at intervals throughout the magazine, surrounding pictures of Mrs. Bertrand Taylor III ("beautiful in any language"), Countess Dolores Furstenberg ("beauty far over and above the bright bloom of youth"), the Donne Sandra Vittoria Torlonia and Francesca Patrizi, and Signorina Letizia Signorini (somehow this reminds me of someone I once met called John Senior, Junior), and is variously entitled "People Are Talking About . . . [in New York]," "People Are Talking About . . . in Washington," "People Are Talking About . . . in London," "People Are Talking About . . . in Paris," "People Are Talking About . . . in Madrid," "People Are Talking About . . . in Rome," and "People Are Talking About . . . in Dublin." Buzz, buzz, buzz!

I haven't been abroad for years, and it may be that people in London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, and Dublin are, as *Vogue* says, talking about, respectively, the girls in the cast of "The Boy Friend" who "wear girdles *above* the waist;" Etchika Choureau, a movie actress who "has made four films, none released;" "the view held by some fishing enthusiasts that the salmon fishing in Asturias and Galicia, in the north of Spain, is the finest in Europe;" "the uneasy regret over losing Premiers De Gasperi and Pella" and "the growing, almost cosy interest in the American Ambassador, 'La Luce;' " and "the public joy over the witty court dialogue coming out of the libel suit started by Patrick Kavanagh, one of Ireland's finest poets and a man of eccentric character, against the magazine, *The Leader*." But I doubt it.

I doubt it because I have tried to reproduce some of the conversations they would be having if they *were* talking about these things, and none of the dialogues seem to stand up. For instance, in London:

I hear the girls in "The Boy Friend" are wearing girdles above the waist.

Don't be a cad. What do they wear below the waist?

That reminds me of the Balinese women many years ago, when the Governor General of Java ordered them to cover their breasts. A group of them were walking along uncovered when the Governor General approached on his horse. In an access of modesty and law-abidingness, they all lifted up their skirts and held them over their breasts.

What did the Governor General do?

He scolded them like a Dutch uncle. As a matter of fact, he *was* a Dutch uncle.

And in Paris:

Ever hear of Etchika Choureau?

No.

I'm not surprised. None of her films have been released.

In Madrid:

I understand that some fishing enthusiasts in Asturias and Galicia hold the view that the salmon fishing there is the finest in Europe.

What does Edward Ringwood Hewitt think?

He thinks he's going to live to be a hundred, and so do I. He's almost eighty-eight, and in splendid shape—shows up regularly at all his clubs and doesn't look a day over eighty-seven.

Rome:

Everyone's uneasy regret over losing Premiers De Gasperi and Pella is certainly noticeable, isn't it?

Well, Pella was a jolly good fella. But I think the growing, almost cosy interest in La Luce almost makes up for this loss. What a honey of an ambassador she is!

Does Harry have any Condé Nast stock?

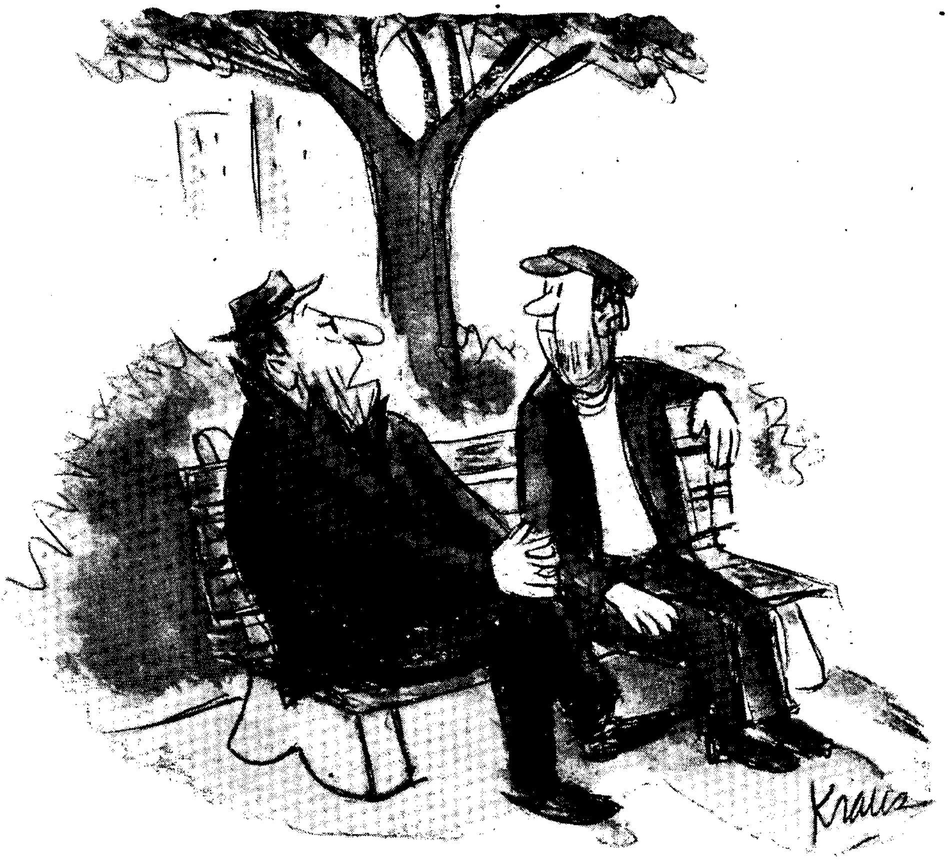
Time, Inc., has around thirty million dollars' worth of stock in its portfolio, but I think most of it's in East Texas Pulp & Paper.

Dublin:

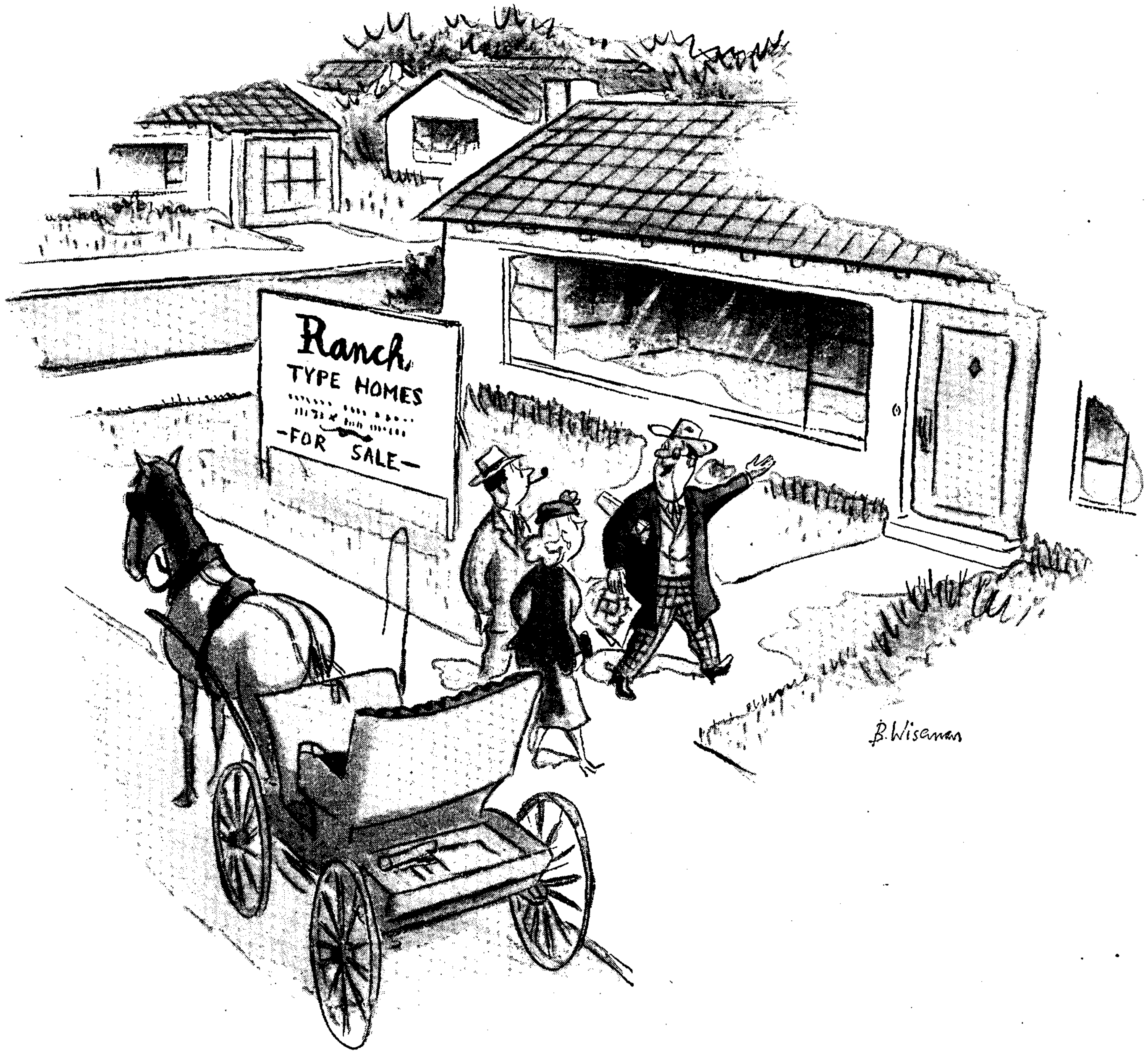
I've just been over to St. Stephen's Green, and you should *see* the public joy over the witty court dialogue coming out of the libel suit started by Patrick Kavanagh, one of Ireland's finest poets and a man of eccentric character, against the magazine, *The Leader*.

You don't say!

WELL, there you are. When it comes to *Vogue's* eavesdropping in Washington and New York, cities with which I am reasonably familiar, I



"I've never done any sowing, so I really don't expect to do any reaping."



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am just as skeptical. How many Manhattanites have you heard chewing the rag over "the possibility of a further snarl in Korea"? And are the loose-tongues in the nation's capital *really* talking about Herman Phleger, "a hearty, rather jolly, party-liking man who is head of all the legal brains in the State Department" and "spends much, but not all, of his time seeing that U.S. treaties have nothing in them conflicting with the Constitution, its Bill of Rights, and all the other amendments"? Is the 1925 F Street Club buzzing with mots about Dr. Arthur F. Burns, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers to the President—"a relaxed, pipe-smoking hard worker, who drinks his coffee in a cardboard container at his desk" and "carries lightly his reputation as one of the three most brilliant minds in Washington"? Who are those two other minds, anyway? Is Phleger one of them, or Dr. Gabriel Hauge, whom *Vogue* also says people are talking about—"a solid, square-cut youngish man who holds a limitless job no one held before"? Is Hauge actually square? This would certainly make him a good subject for conversation, but in *Vogue's* picture of him he looks oblong.

I wish the editors of *Vogue* wouldn't leave the whole thing up to me but would run a supplementary department themselves to "People Are Talking About," called "This Is What They Are Saying." I'd be glad to start them off in New York, using as a point of departure an item they say people are talking about here, to wit: "the hold of the book, *The Man Who Never Was*, by Ewen Montagu, who explains how the British misled the Germans in World War II by floating false documents in to the Spanish coast on a corpse."

SCENE: The Colony Club.
MRS. CHARLES H. RUSSELL: Montagu's book certainly got a full nelson on me.

The rest is up to *Vogue*. I'm going over to the Foreign Policy Association to see if I can pick up a few snarls about Korea. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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Spirit is the self. But what is the self? The self is a relation which relates itself to its own self or it is that in the relation (which accounts for it) that the relation relates itself to its own self; the self is not the relation but (consists in the fact) that the relation relates itself to its own self.—*"Existentialism," by Ralph Harper, Harvard University Press, 1948.*

Got almost as many relations as we have.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LOVERS UPON THE WALLS

FOR some reason—perhaps it is because of their isolation—the Ajanta Caves are not very well known outside India, and although they contain the loveliest and probably the most important collection of Buddhist wall paintings in existence, the average Western tourist passes them by. I confess that I might never have become interested in the caves myself if it had not been for something that happened purely by chance back in 1947. I went to India in the late autumn of that year, and arrived in New Delhi just when the British were handing over the country to the new Indian government. For some weeks, it looked as though an appalling civil war might break out. The dividing line between India and Pakistan had just been drawn, and vast hordes of refugees were on the move—the Hindus coming out of West Punjab toward Delhi, and the Moslems going the other way. Most of these people hardly knew what they were doing; they were driven by a panic fear that they would be massacred if they stayed on the wrong side of the border. And so they kept moving on, getting steadily weaker and slower as they went. It was a really dreadful sight. Driving out of New Delhi with some friends one day, I remember seeing a yellow cloud of dust on the horizon, and then, a few minutes later, we were in the thick of it, and thousands of wasted faces were peering in through the car windows, as if we were some godlike visitation from another world. We handed out all the food we happened to have with us, but it was a futile gesture. The people stretched away on either side of the road as far as one could see, all crawling through the dust like ants, and it was a matter of ten miles or more before we emerged, with a feeling of inexpressible relief, into the empty country on the other side. Farther on, we drove through another horde, and then another. Overhead, the vultures kept slowly circling.

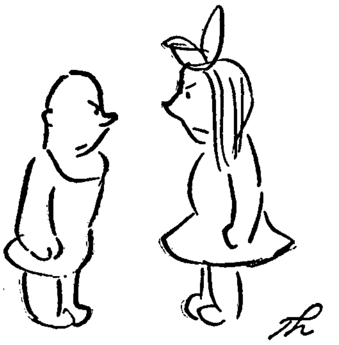
By December, however, the worst was over, and it was possible to travel freely again. I borrowed a car and set out with a friend from New Delhi for the south, through the Rajputana States. We had no particular plan in mind—simply a strong desire to get away and see as much of India as we could before some new disaster intervened. By the time we got to Hyderabad City, eight hundred miles from Delhi, we were well out of what was called the critical area, but even there the atmosphere was brittle and uneasy. The British clubhouses and barracks were deserted, and we were the only guests at the hotel. Outwardly, there was nothing unusual to be seen, unless perhaps it was the Nizam, said to be the richest man in the world, driving by in a very old Ford car. We went to the bazaar, the museum, and the palace, but nobody was really interested in us; hour after hour, the local officials kept listening to the sinister radio news from Delhi.

It must have been on one of these brief sorties that we found ourselves in an office on a side street of the town, and it was there that we saw some photographs of the wall paintings in the Ajanta Caves. For the most part, they were scenes of the life of Buddha, who was depicted moving through an Arcadian world where there was no religious persecution and where such things as famine and violence were clearly unknown. Just at that moment, the paintings came as a delightful surprise. They were so gay in a land where everything at the moment seemed so pathetic and threatening. They were, I felt, the exact expression of all the things I had naïvely hoped to find in India: the maharajahs, the jewelled courts, the elephants, and the peacocks—in fact, the myth of India.

The caves, we were informed, lay in the side of a ravine in wild and desolate mountain country some four hundred miles away, at the extreme northwestern tip of Hyderabad State, near the border of Bombay Province. Properly speaking, they were not caves at all but temples that had been excavated out of the living rock by Buddhist monks. These monks first found their way to the ravine some time in the second century B.C., and they began hacking out the rock by hand and heaving it down into the river below. Then they set about decorating the walls, the doorways, and the ceilings, probably with the help of large mirrors that reflected the sunshine from the ravine outside. They continued in this fashion for the next eight hundred years, painting and sculpturing Buddha during most of that time, and setting him against an idyllic background of folk tales and of the everyday life of their period. In much the same way as during the Italian Renaissance, more than a thousand years later, the work was subsidized by wealthy merchants and princes of the surrounding countryside; there is an inscription in one of the earliest caves (there are twenty-nine caves in all) that reads, "The meritorious gift of a dwelling with cells and hall by the merchant Ghanamadada."

No one knows why the monks abandoned Ajanta—whether it was because of plague or persecution, or for some other, more occult reason. By 600 A.D., Buddhism itself was dying out in India (it has never succeeded in returning, except in the Himalayas), and it may simply have been that the rich merchants refused to subscribe any more. At all events, some time in the seventh century A.D. the monks vanished and the valley returned to its former desolation.

For the next twelve hundred years, the Ajanta Caves appear to have been as effectively lost and forgotten as Pompeii was after the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. Perhaps from time to time hermits or wandering tribes made a home in them, but as far as the outside world was concerned, Ajanta ceased to exist. Tigers and other wild animals prowled through the halls of the caves and made their lairs under the paintings. Over the years, during the monsoonal rains, the doorways fell in, and shrubs and creepers overgrew the entrances. Then, at last, in 1819, the caves were discovered again, and a spasmodic work of restoration got under way.



Moved by these details, my friend and I decided to alter our plans and set out for the caves at once. We may even have started on the journey right then—at this late date, I am hazy about the details—but if we did, we cannot have travelled very far. Like a distant thunderstorm that suddenly shifts its ground, the political crisis turned in the direction of Hyderabad. An Indian army was rumored (truthfully, it turned out later) to be on its way to conquer the state. The railways stopped

Switch to
GOLD S
CIGARET
SWITCH TO
GOLD STAR
CIGARETTES
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Switch to
DAVID LANGDON

"Hold it! They've switched to another agency."

running, the roads were closed to traffic, and we were forced to give up our idea and go away. I remember leaving India with the galling feeling that I had missed the one experience that was above all worth having.

FOR the next five or six years, I heard nothing more of Ajanta. It may be that I deliberately tried to forget the place, to cover up my disappointment. But this is the sort of repression that nearly always finds one out in the end. The subject of Ajanta came up unexpectedly in London toward the end of 1952, when I was asked by an English film studio to write a story with an Indian plot. By way of creating an inspirational atmosphere, the studio executives said they would put at my disposal some films they had recently imported from Bombay. Since the sound track was in Hindi, I was given an interpreter, and together we retired to the upper reaches of a building near Hyde Park Gate to see them. Indian films are not always the easiest form of entertainment to assimilate, but there is one disarming feature about them, and that is the way the action suddenly breaks off at the most exciting point—at the very moment, for instance, when the villain hurls the dagger at the hero, in comes a troupe of performers who do a murder dance with the strong strains of murder music in the background. After the two of us had been watching such scenes for an hour or so—the constant juxtaposition of violence and miming, of the act and the idea of the act—I became vaguely aware of something of the sort in my own experience that seemed familiar. And at that moment, quite casually, my interpreter mentioned the Ajanta Caves. "Of course," he said, "you could always take a theme from some historical place. Somewhere like Ajanta."

I then remembered very well the refugees in the dust, the little side street in Hyderabad, and the dream world of the Ajanta paintings. The same afternoon, I went around to the Reading Room of the British Museum to see what books they had on the subject. I never did write the film story; instead, I found myself embarked that day on a curious kind of detective hunt to discover everything I could about the caves. It eventually became almost an obsession.

Ajanta is an elusive subject. Just at the instant when you appear to be arriving at some definite historical fact, the fabric of the story tends to break into pieces and get lost in half explanations and a maze of speculation. Still, in London the opportunities for investigating it are practically endless. For hundreds of years while the British were in control in India, a vast mass of records relating to that part of the world was sent back to the India Office and to various museums and societies in Bloomsbury and Kensington, and if you have a definite subject in mind, it can be quite an exciting thing to hunt through the gloomy rooms of such repositories, tracking down one stray clue after another. You feel that somewhere among this plethora of weather reports and archeological papers there is bound to be an answer to every question about India you could ever hope to ask.

I cannot pretend that I was scientific in my Ajanta research, or even very thorough, but I spent an enjoyable few months and I was led into some odd niches. Once I found myself in a tiny, airless room high up under the eaves of the Colonial Office, in Whitehall, where the files of some of the early Anglo-Indian newspapers are kept. Normally, few people ever go there, but on that day the room was filled with Indian girls in bright-colored saris, poring over some documents. Nobody spoke. The girls simply sat there hour after hour like a flock of tropical birds, and in that dingy room they were not unlike the bright figures in the frescoes of the Ajanta Caves. Then, toward evening, when the light failed, they got up silently and went away. I never discovered what it was that these girls had been studying, but they gave me, for some odd reason, the feeling that there was a limit to what I could absorb at second hand, and that the essence of Ajanta lay not in books but in the place itself. A few days later, there is only one you…

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9 NO. WABASH

I set out for India by jet airliner to see the caves at first hand at last.

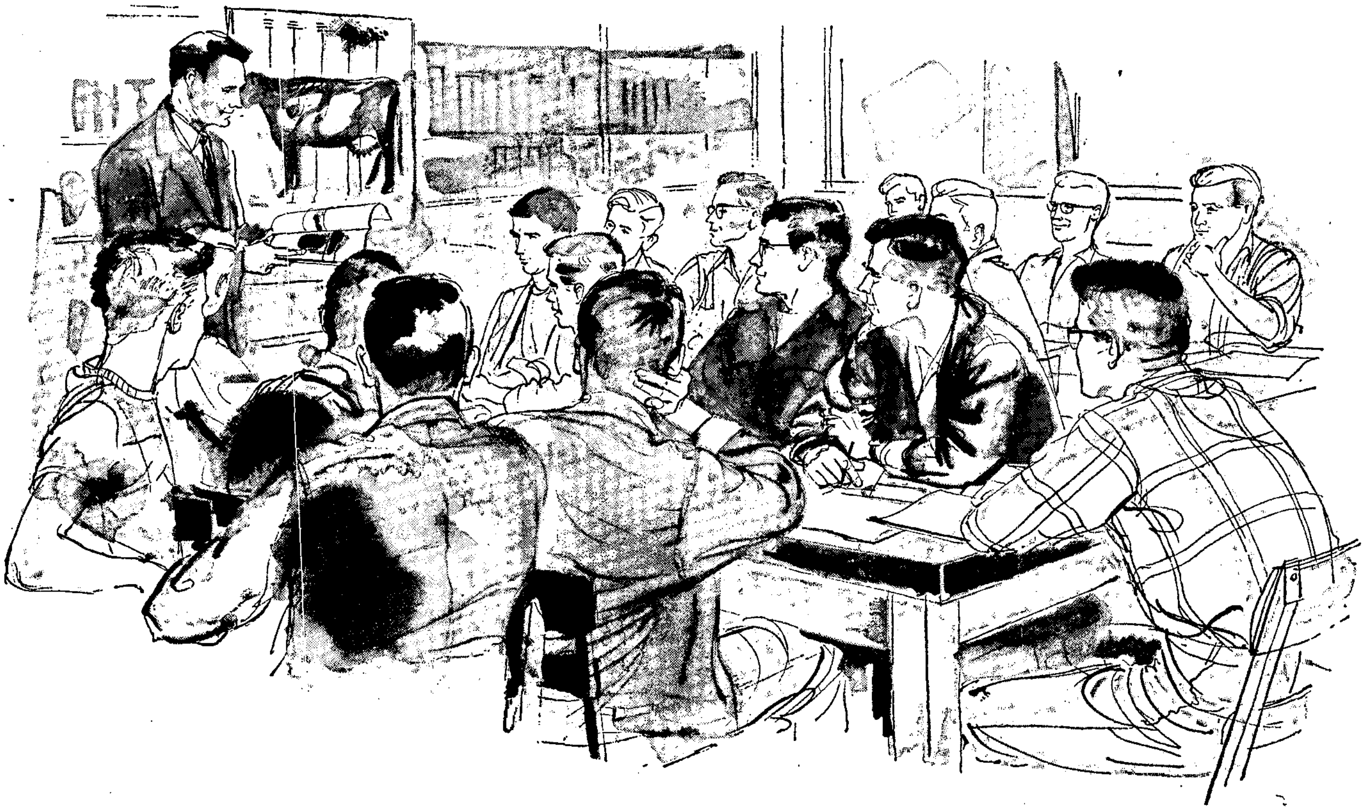
By this time, I had a fairly good general knowledge of Ajanta. In particular, I had unearthed the strange, rather Rider Haggardish legend that has grown up around the caves since they were rediscovered in 1819. It seems that they were found by a group of British officers attached to the Madras Army, who were taking a few days off from military maneuvers in the Indhyadri hills, to the north of Ajanta, to hunt tigers. The men arrived at the head of a gorge—Ajanta Pass—and there fell in with a half-wild boy who was minding a group of buffaloes. The boy said he knew of some tiger lairs, and led them down over rocky ground toward the bed of the river. Then he pointed through the trees to a part of the cliff that was thickly overgrown with creepers and bushes. Hacking their way in through this undergrowth, the officers suddenly found themselves confronted by a large doorway of carved stone. Beyond, a square cavern lined with pillars led back into the rock, and at the far end, a huge figure of Buddha sat quietly smiling in the darkness. All the walls were covered with brilliant paintings.

It is a pity that more is not known about these Army officers and what they did at this first moment of discovery. One would like to think that, in the manner of Rider Haggard's heroes, they clutched up burning brands and plunged into the dark network of corridors, and it is not hard to imagine their echoing voices as they ran on excitedly from one new gallery to another. Other caves, of course, had been found in India, and in just this accidental way, but none were so spectacular and none contained anything like this galaxy of paintings. There would certainly have been some dangers in such an exploration, for no one knew what snakes or other wild animals were lurking in the darkness, or where some gaping hole might open up in the uneven ground. But, alas, all I have been able to find about the episode is a dull little reference in a paper read by a Mr. William Erskine to the Bombay Literary Society three years later.

> Very extensive excavations have recently been discovered at the top and the bottom of the Ajanta Pass [he said]. They have been very little visited on account of the difficulty of approaching them. The only information regarding them which I possess is contained in a memorandum of Captain Morgan's, of the Madras Establishment, which states that they were described by the officers who visited them in 1819 as having sitting figures with curled wigs. No traces of Brahminical religion were discovered. The paintings were in a decent state of preservation. There is, near to one of the caves, a long inscription, apparently Sanskrit, engraven on a rock which might throw some light on the excavations.

In 1824, a much more lively observer appeared on the scene. This was Lieutenant James Edward Alexander, of the 16th Lancers, and one is grateful to him for the first full-bodied account of what Ajanta looked like in those days. Alexander reported in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society that he was travelling on leave from his regiment when he reached the walled village of Ajanta, about four miles away from the caves, and he decided to visit them. He set off in the morning on horseback, dressed in Moslem costume, accompanied by a guide and servants, and well armed with sabres, pistols, and hunting spears. As he left the village, he reported, one of the Moslem officials called out to him, "*La illah illilah*—there is but one God! You will never return. If you escape the tigers, those stonyhearted robbers, the Bheels, will destroy you." The Bheels, or Bhils, were a half-savage tribe who were supposed to be particularly active around the caves. "We had not advanced far up the glen," Alexander reported, "when a low whistling was heard above us to the left, and was quickly repeated from the opposite cliffs. This proved to be the Bheels intimating to one another that strangers were approaching. The guide evinced strong symptoms of fear; but on being remonstrated with, and encouraged with the hope of a handsome present, he proceeded onwards. Some of the Bheels showed themselves, peeping out from behind the rocks. They were a most savage-looking race, perfectly black, low in stature, and nearly naked. . . . Our firearms prevented them from attacking us; and we were allowed to proceed unmolested."

Pistols cocked, Alexander advanced gingerly on the caves and found them full of dangers of every kind. Bats flew in his face and their stench drove him out into the open from time to time. Mason bees were buzzing about hives that hung from the ceilings, and in the dust and the debris on the floors he noticed the footprints of tigers, jackals, and bears. Remains of cooking fires were lying about in the gloom, and in one corner he came on a human skeleton. On the whole, the frescoes were still intact. He visited one cave after another, and discovered them to be "in excellent preservation." Here and there,



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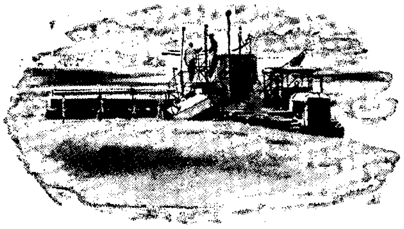

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the monsoonal rains had seeped through cracks in the rock, and many pillars had collapsed, bringing down parts of the ceilings with them. But somehow, possibly because of the Indian air, which is usually dry, most of the paintings had survived with a marvellous freshness of color.

The next man to write a description of the caves was a Mr. Ralph, Christian name unknown to me, who went there in 1828. His description appeared in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, and he is worth quoting, if only for the fact that he manages to convey, perhaps better than all the experts, the odd, dreamlike excitement that everyone seems to feel upon leaving the harsh ravine and entering this fantasy of life and color in the darkness. Mr. Ralph had a style that was entirely his own—a kind of dramatic dialogue, as if he were having a conversation with some second person:

> Now, Ralph, look here: can you see this figure? No. Bring the torch nearer. Give me the torch. Can you see it better now? Hardly! Let us light dry grass. Bring grass now; place it here. Now watch while the light is strongest; you may now see the whole figure. This is a prince or some chief. It is a portrait. Observe how well foreshortened that limb is—yes, I can see it now; but throw water on it—now the colours are more vivid. Here is a lovely face, a Madonna face. What eyes! She looks towards the man. Observe: these are all Hindu faces—nothing foreign. All the sweet countenances are of one complexion. Yes; and how frequently we see these intermixed. See this, R., is a fair man—yes. I think he is a eunuch. Another:—he has his hand around her waist and she one hand on his shoulder. Observe;—many love scenes, but little gross or grossly indecent—nothing like the shocking sculptures on the outside of the temples of Telingana.
>
> This must be the inside of a *mahal*. Here is a woman on a *chárpáe* or some stage with legs. See, they are bathing her: do you observe the *ghara* of water in the woman's hand above? How well executed that figure is: the foreshortening of the arms; the waist:—are not her haunches too full? No. Go farther off and you will see the figure in a better light: It is correct. This beauty has delicate drapery—nearly falling to the knee. It is transparent, like sky-coloured gauze. Observe that Abyssinian black prince seated on a bed;—remark his ornaments. Now the woman seated on his left knee whom he embraces is as fair as you or I. Did these fellows get Georgian slaves? He has two boys or pages to fan him. I wish I could make out this story—there certainly is a story.
>
> What a lovely female! Yes, the last one we discover seems always the sweetest. Here is another heavenly face. This man is her lover:—a handsome fellow. You have his profile looking to the left. How eager—how full of ardent desire! The woman has just turned her face towards him, and looks with timid satisfaction and

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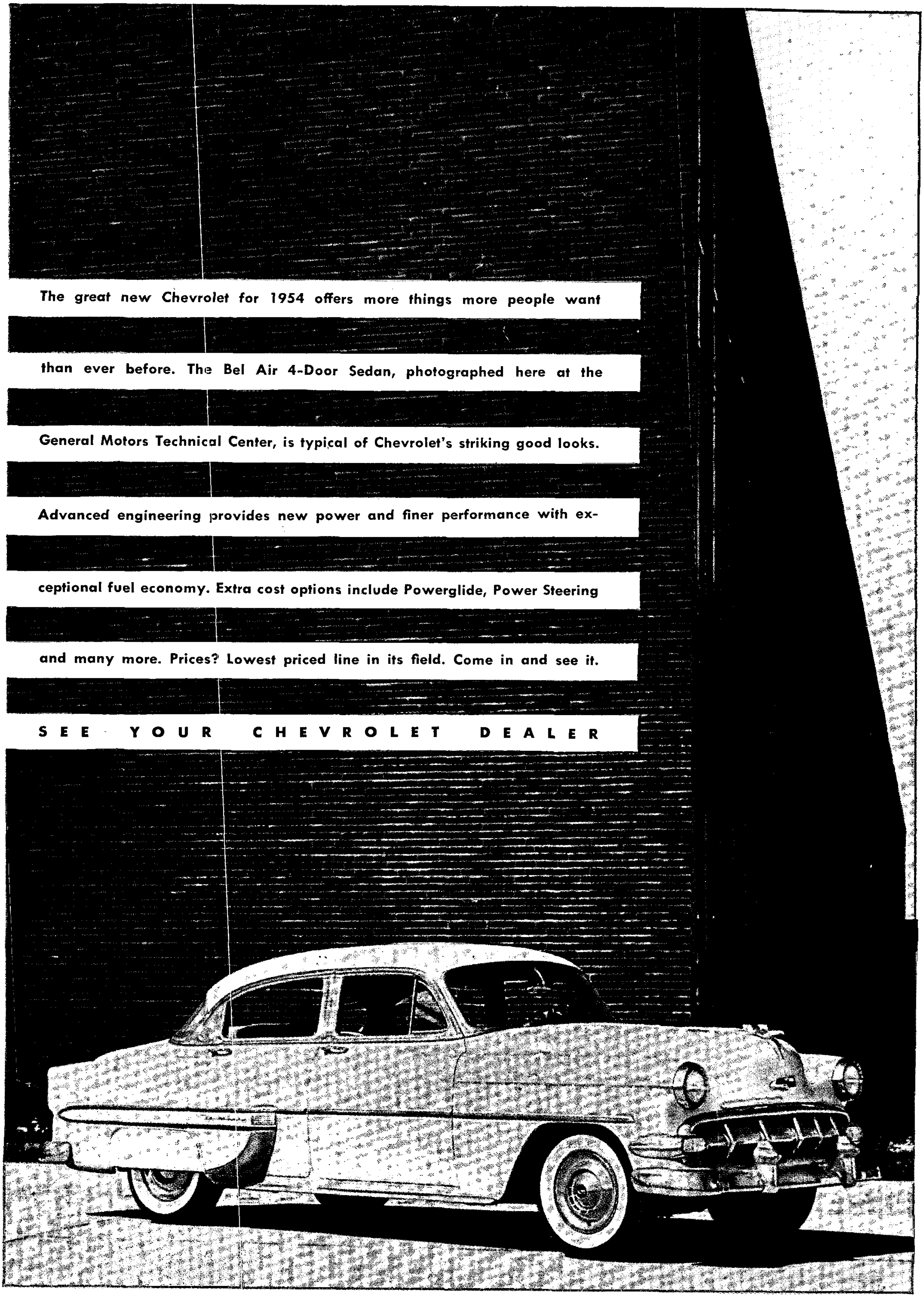

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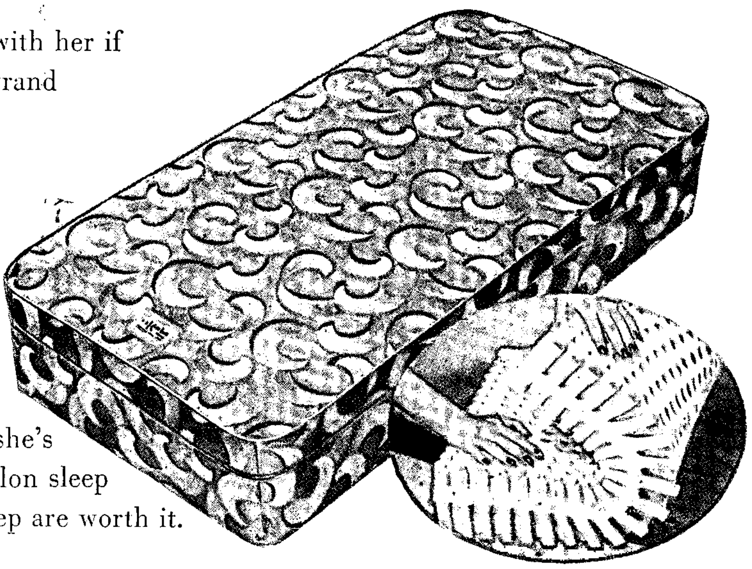

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self-approving coquetry. It is excellent. But here is another beauty:—she is entreating: her head is turned towards someone above. Is she supplicating or in prayer? Shame to the villains who have destroyed these paintings!

And so Mr. Ralph goes on from one fresco to another, exclaiming over the Buddhas, the processions of elephants, the hunting scenes, and the inexplicable white women, and it does not seem to have occurred to him that he himself, with his bundles of dry grass and his sloshings of water, might be contributing his mite to the destruction of the paintings.

It happens that at the time Mr. Ralph was at Ajanta, a Dr. James Bird arrived. He is described in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal as "an intelligent young medical man from Bombay," and he had been sent up by the governor of the province to make an examination of the caves and see what could be done to preserve them. The Doctor's methods were peculiar. He proposed to scrape off with a knife as many paintings as he could conveniently carry and take them back to Bombay. Mr. Ralph himself had been making a few little experiments of this nature, and he assured Dr. Bird that the plan would not work. "As for carrying away the paintings, you can do so in *powder*," he warned him. "I have ascertained that they will not quit the walls in laminae, but crumble under the touch." Not deterred by this, the Doctor set to work peeling off a number of figures from a large representation of the zodiac. Using great care, he was able to get them from the wall more or less intact, but when they arrived at Bombay, it was found that Mr. Ralph had been quite right. All that was left was powder.

I have been able to trace only one more early visitor to the caves, and this was a Lieutenant Blake, also of the Madras Army. He arrived in January, 1839, and he appears to have had some trouble with both the Bheels and the bats. In the Bombay *Courier*, he describes the "Bheel Raja" as "a rude, jungly individual," and on first going into the caves, he says, he "was nearly blinded by a bevy of bats that bore down towards the entrance on seeing my flambeaux." He goes on to say that when the caves were discovered, they contained a great deal of rubbish and mud that had worked its way inside; some British soldiers had been sent to try to drain a few of the caves, but the mud was still very thick everywhere. He adds that a number of the statues had recently been daubed with white

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paint by Hindus from the surrounding villages, as part of a religious ceremony of some kind.

At that time, very little had been learned about the origin of the caves. Experts who were sent out to decipher the inscriptions retired defeated, saying that they had never seen the language before. Some scholars averred that the caves were three thousand years old; others thought that they were the work of a group of Greek artists left behind by Alexander the Great when he made his way down the Indus Valley from the north in 327 B.C. None of the scholars, however—or anybody else—showed much interest in protecting the frescoes from souvenir hunters and the weather until 1843, when James Fergusson, one of the leading architectural historians of the day, sent a memorial to the Court of Directors of the East India Company (which was in control of the area) praying them "to take steps to prevent further desecration and destruction of these venerable monuments of the past and, above all, to appoint someone to make drawings of the fast perishing frescoes at Ajanta before decay and the recklessness of tourists has entirely obliterated them." The company responded by appointing a Captain (later Major) Robert Gill, an artist attached to the Madras Army. He was provided with an elephant, a gang of coolies, and a bodyguard to protect him from the Bheels, and he arrived at Ajanta in May, 1844.

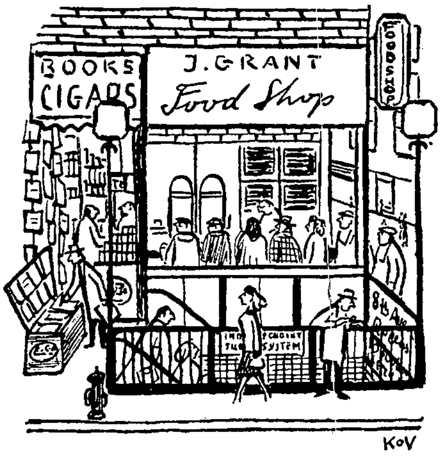
By now, the caves were in a frightful state. The leakage of the surface water was worse than ever. The bats in their millions had dug their sharp claws into the paintings on the ceilings and their urine had run down in corroding lines along the walls. The surface of the hillside itself had developed a definite "creep," and several travellers came back with the report that the caves would soon become inaccessible. However, Gill got to work, and he continued doggedly at it for the best part of the next twenty-seven years.

THERE is supposed to be a curse upon Ajanta. It is said that anyone who tries to deface the paintings in any way, or even to reproduce them, will be overtaken by misfortune. As curses go, the Ajanta curse has not proved very violent (it claims only one case of suicide and one of madness), but it has proved remarkably persistent. Major Gill's hardships alone are almost heartbreaking. Once, a large slab of painting was stolen off the walls of the very cave in which he was working. In 1857, the Indian Mutiny drove him away, and on his return he nearly died of fever and dysentery. Then, when he was already well past middle age, he was riding in a bullock cart one day and the animals bolted; he was spilled out onto some rocks and his thigh was broken. Still, he kept on at his job—taking stereoscopic photographs with the aid of a magnesium lamp and making tracings and colored drawings with passionate care. Among all the people who have worked at Ajanta, he was perhaps the most devoted. He rejected the comfortable house that had been provided for him in Ajanta Village, and instead lived either in one of the caves or in a crude hut just outside. There are surviving photographs showing the Major at the scene of his work—bearded, hermitlike, and indomitable. For months on end, while he painted by the light of oil lamps, he never saw another white man, and in all the twenty-seven years there was hardly a time when he was not in some danger, either from the Bheels or from the wild animals that were then still very numerous in the valley. Gill, clearly, was enchanted by Ajanta. Having spent his life painting the exquisite women of the frescoes, he chose just such a woman for his wife. She was a native dancing girl named Piro, from Ajanta Village. Gill was extremely fond of music, and he loved to watch her performing the same dances—with the same costumes and the same kind of jewelry—that had been handed down from one generation to another since the great days of the Ajanta civilization, a thousand or fifteen hundred years before.

As Gill finished each of his paintings, he dispatched it by bullock cart and sailing ship to London. At the end of twenty years, he had copied almost every one of the more important frescoes in the caves, and all but five of his canvases were put on exhibition in the Crystal Palace. And while they were there, in December, 1866, fire broke out. The entire collection was destroyed. On top of this, as if to complete the destruction of Gill's lifework, his stereoscopic photographs have yellowed and spotted with age, and the book that contains them has long been out of print. I have seen just one of Gill's facsimile paintings; it is preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, and it is a lovely thing. It reveals details, and even whole groups of figures, that have now vanished from the walls of Ajanta.

Gill struggled on for five more years after the Crystal Palace fire, but accomplished nothing very much. In the end, he sold what was left of his drawings and sketchbooks to the Bombay government for two hundred pounds, and soon afterward he fell ill and died. His tomb can still be seen in the cemetery at Bhusawal, to the north of Ajanta. His wife, Piro, is buried just outside the village, on the edge of the plateau that falls down into the ravine.

Nearly ten years went by after the Gill debacle before it was decided that a new expedition should be sent to Ajanta. By then—the eighteen-seventies—it was realized that, quite apart from the aesthetic value of the paintings, the caves were of immense archeological interest, for they revealed data on a long period of Indian history about which very little was known. It was agreed that the twenty-nine caves fell into two groups. The five earliest, the Hinayana group, had been excavated and decorated over a period of two hundred years, starting soon after the death of the great Buddhist Emperor Asoka, in 232 B.C., or thereabouts. It was easy enough to fix these early caves in point of time from the nature of the carving and from the inscriptions on the columns and doorways, and, more particularly, from the fact that Buddha, who died about 483 B.C., was nowhere represented in them as a sculptured or painted image; at that period it would have been sacrilege to represent him so, for much the same reasons that early Christian artists refrained from depicting Christ as an actual man. Buddha was simply indicated by a shrine—a stupa—that was supposed to resemble one of the urns containing his ashes. In the twenty-four other caves, which were excavated between about 1 A.D. and 640 A.D., the painting and the sculpture became much more elaborate, and Buddha was represented as a man—usually a large stone figure sitting cross-legged on a shrine. During this second period, the Ajanta Caves



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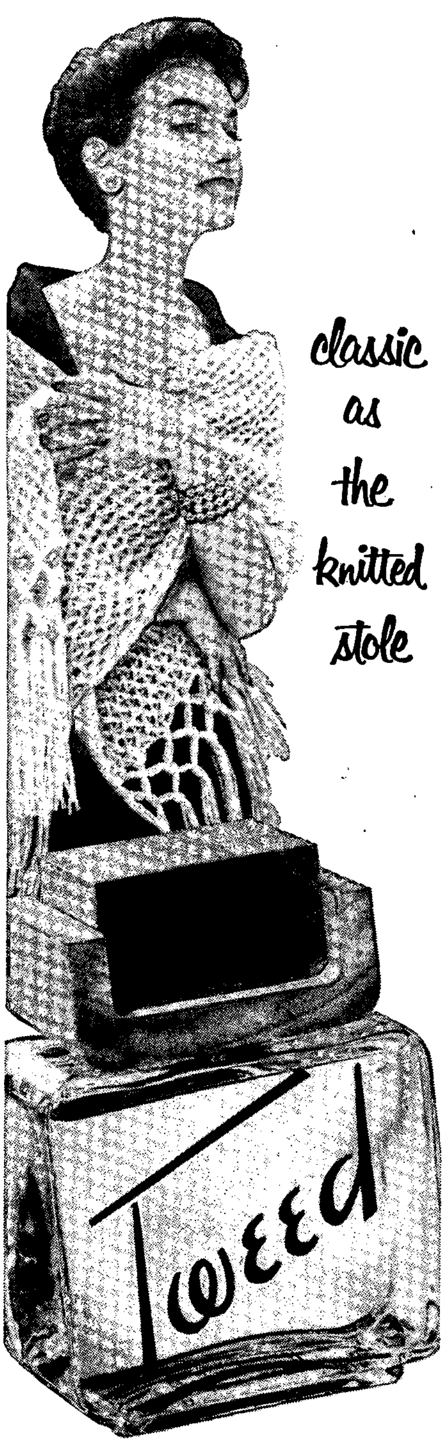
became a great university, visited by pilgrims from all over the East, and the home of great scholars and controversialists like Dinnaga, the man who enumerated the thirty-three fallacies in argument. During the wet season, the caves were no doubt inhabited by some hundreds of priests, students, and artists. Then, through the remaining eight or nine months of the year, the monks probably travelled about India, spreading the faith and begging their food as they went along. Meanwhile, the slow, meticulous work of decorating the old temples and constructing new ones went steadily forward.

It was with the object of getting a full record of this civilization that an expedition organized by the Bombay School of Arts and financed by a grant of between two and three thousand pounds from some London backers set out for the caves in 1875. John Griffiths, the principal of the school, was put in charge of the work. He took with him a mixed team of art students—Zoroastrians, Brahmans, Jains, and Christians—and they spent four seasons making detailed copies of the frescoes. Remembering the fate of Gill's drawings, Griffiths urged his sponsors in London to photograph each of his facsimiles as it was finished. But it was decided that the expense would be too great. This was much regretted later, for the Ajanta curse was still active. On June 12, 1885, fire broke out in the Victoria and Albert Museum, where the Griffiths collection was then housed. It began during the lunch hour, when burning soot from the kitchen chimney lodged in the wooden rafters supporting the roof. Almost an hour went by before the horses of the Kensington Fire Brigade were harnessed and came dashing to the rescue. When, finally, the fire was put out, at 3:30 P.M., it was found that eighty-five of the hundred and twenty-five paintings—most of them large canvases, from twenty to thirty feet square—had been either damaged or totally destroyed. It was a curious fact that although the fire burned for three hours, the only objects of any real value it touched were the Ajanta reproductions.

After the fire, Griffiths went back to Ajanta and managed to recopy enough of the frescoes to enable him to bring out "The Paintings in the Buddhist Caves at Ajanta," in two volumes, in 1896. These were the first volumes of reproductions to appear. Then, in 1906, Lady Herringham, the wife of a London physician, went to India and, in three seasons, completed a volume



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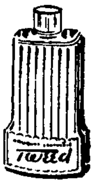

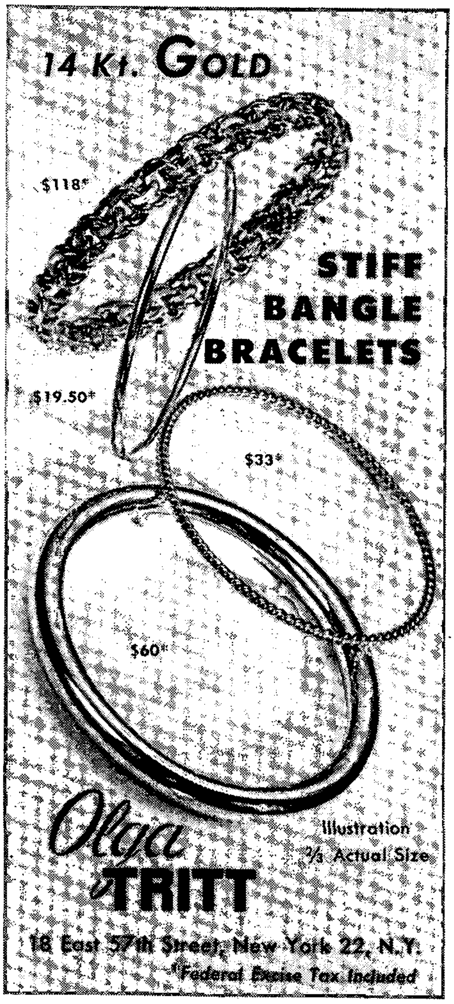

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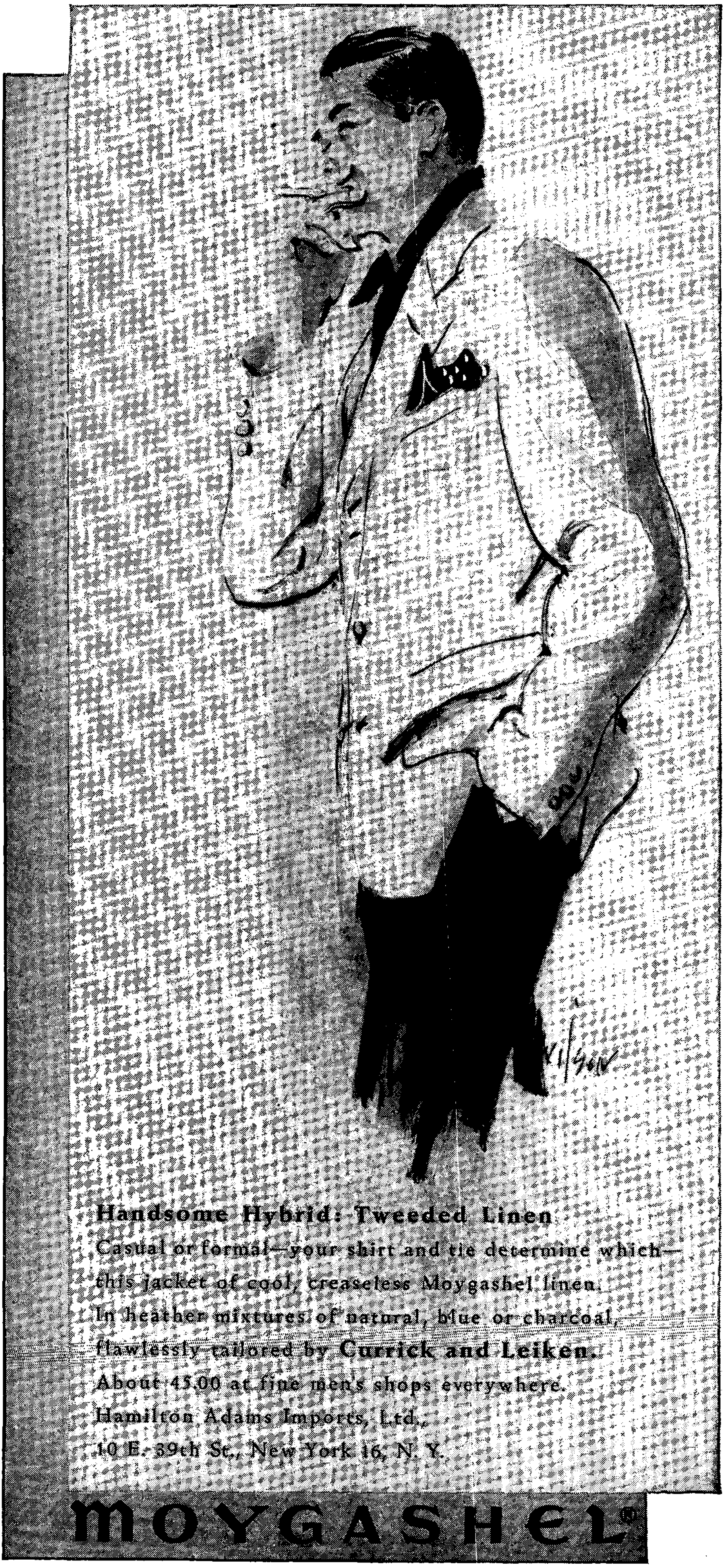
of water-color reproductions, called "Ajanta Frescoes." Even as recently as this, Ajanta was still a pretty wild place and not much visited. White rags tied to bushes indicated the spots where people had lately been killed by tigers. Lady Herringham reported that while she was working, green parrots, monkeys, boars, and an occasional panther roamed about the ravine outside the caves, and that deadly snakes were not uncommon. Bees appear to have been the worst menace of all, and often it was necessary to send a trained "bee exterminator" into the caves before anyone could approach. At the beginning of this century, "Murray's Handbook for Travellers in India, Burma and Ceylon" was still warning tourists of the dangers and hardships of the journey to the caves. The roads in the vicinity were "execrable," it said, and carts and relays of bullocks had to be engaged to carry the determined traveller from the nearest railroad, thirty miles away. Even then, after ten or twelve hours on the road, there remained a four-mile walk to the caves over broken ground.

Nevertheless, Ajanta was gradually becoming a goal of Buddhist scholars and art lovers. Mr. Mukul Dey, the Indian artist, relates that in 1918 he found a team of Japanese copyists there, headed by Sentaro Sawamura, a professor of Oriental art at Kyoto University, and the painter Kampo Arai. They were working with extreme care, using sheets of thin Japanese art paper, which they dampened and then pressed against the carvings. They took off hundreds of exact impressions in this way, and shipped them back to Japan. The entire collection was destroyed by an earthquake some years later.

Since Major Gill's day, the chief damage to the frescoes has been done not by the bats (gates have been put up at the entrances to the caves to keep them out) but by enthusiastic visitors, eager copyists, and the restorers themselves. Griffiths' pupils, for example, resolutely smeared some of the finest groups with cheap varnish in order to bring out the color, and in time this varnish turned yellow, cracked, and broke away from the wall, taking the paint with it. Other zealots steadily helped to destroy the things they loved by burning naked lamps, which darkened the ceilings with their soot. Where insects had bored into the paint, some amateur restorers filled the holes with plaster of Paris, smeared on thickly with a palette knife. Then they washed the walls down with dirty water. For a long time there appeared to be no control whatever upon casual



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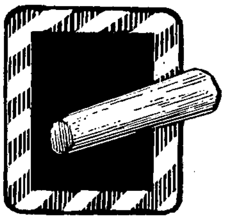

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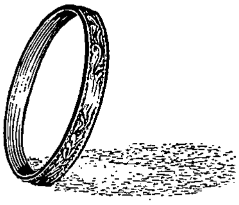

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visitors. They were free to cut their initials or full names into the frescoes with penknives, and even to remove whole slabs of painting from the wall. In this way (to mention only one case), a Captain Williams, of Hampstead, London, cut out a group of five male heads, about a foot square and dating probably from the fifth century A.D. The piece was put up for auction at Sotheby's, in London, in 1922 and fetched a thousand pounds. It is now in the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston. But worse than all these people—much worse—was a man named Nârâyan Ekenâth, who really seems to have been the archfiend of Ajanta. He was appointed curator of the caves for a time in the nineteenth century, and he was specifically charged with keeping the vandals at bay. Nârâyan, however, was underpaid and badly in need of whatever tips he could get from passing tourists; if a visitor showed interest in some fragment of painting, the curator would be delighted to cut it off the wall and offer it as a present. His specialty was removing faces and whole heads.

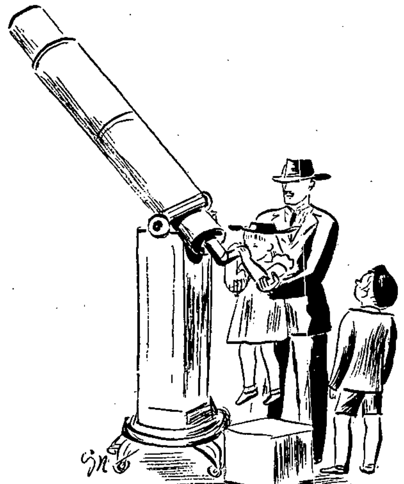
It was largely as a result of a strong protest made by Lady Herringham to the Nizam of Hyderabad that at last, in 1920, something was done to protect what had come to be recognized as the greatest collection of paintings in the whole of India. Two Italian experts, Count Orsini and Signor Lorenzo Cecconi, were summoned, and by injections of casein and other means they accomplished a great deal in fixing what remained of the frescoes to the walls. At the same time, arrangements were made to install electric light, to plug the cracks in the ceilings with gunite, and to establish an adequate guard. In recent years, there have been two more attempts to capture the frescoes in reproduction. The best of these is a monumental work, containing excellent color photographs and outline drawings with accompanying texts, that has been jointly undertaken by the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Oxford University Press. Three large volumes (priced at ten guineas each) have already been published in England, and the fourth, and final, volume is expected to appear this year, completing what will perhaps be the definitive work on the subject. So far, no unhappy results have attended this enterprise, but there are signs that Ajanta has not quite been conquered yet. The other effort to reproduce the frescoes, made by Victor Goloubew, of the Ecole Française d'Extrême-Orient, and a team of French experts, was not so fortunate. In the preface to his volume of photographs, M. Goloubew sadly remarks, "*Pour la grotte No. 1, notre inventaire photographique serait presque complet . . . si nous n'avions à déplorer la perte, par suite d'un accident, des clichés reproduisant le 'Grand Miracle' de Crâvastî (vestibule, mur de droite) et le Campeyya-jataka (salle, mur du fond).*" He does not say what the accident was, but one can guess; negatives are highly inflammable in the Indian heat.

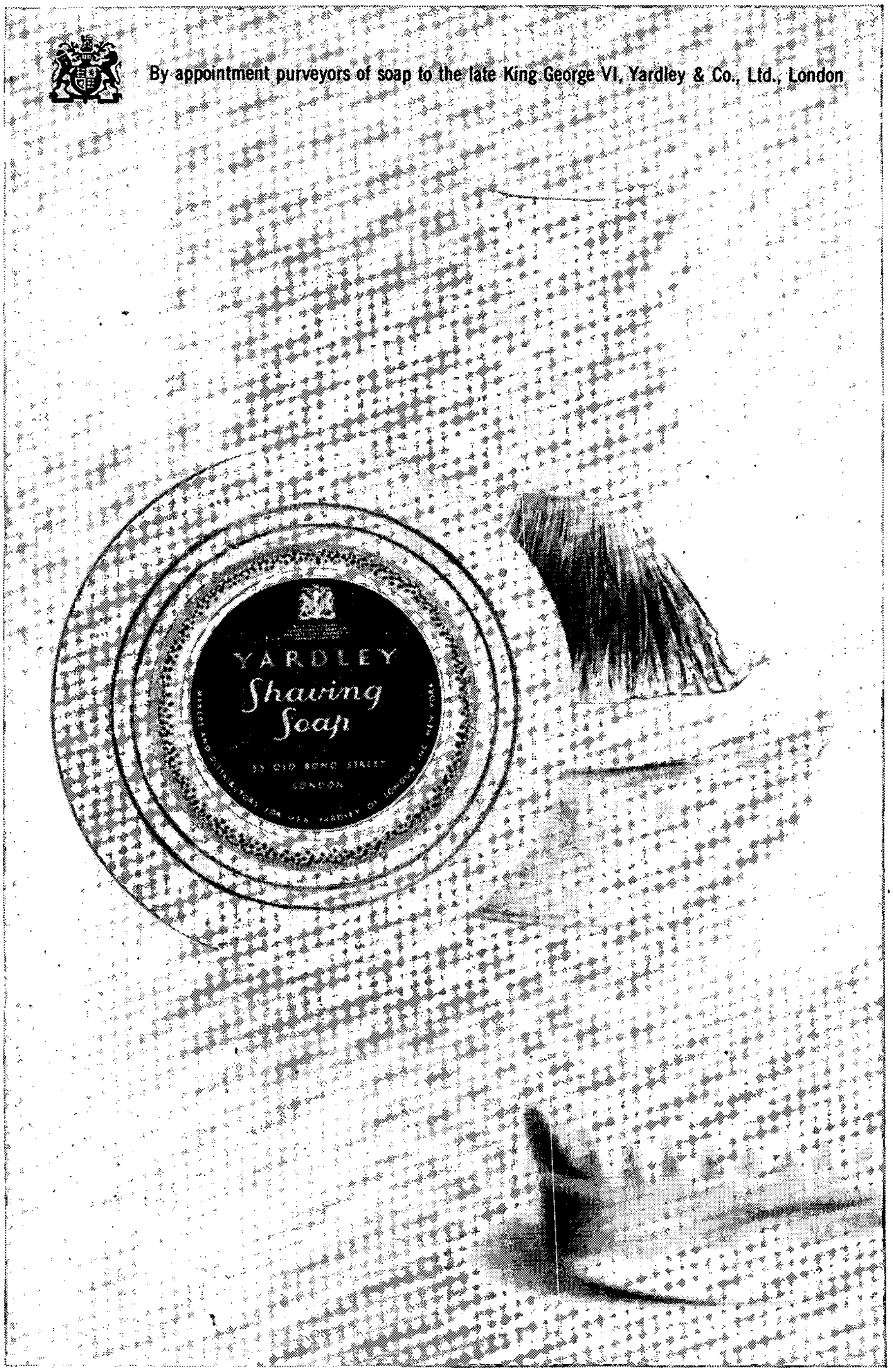
THIS, then, was the state of affairs when I set off for India last year to see the caves for myself. These days, a visit to Ajanta is a very civilized adventure indeed, though there still remains a certain quality of unreality about it—a feeling that you are entering into an experience that has not yet been wholly explained, despite all the research and science of the twentieth century. I discovered this directly I began my journey. The flight from London to India by jet aircraft is in itself a little unsettling. Thirteen hours out of London, you drop down into the heat of Bombay, on the other side of the world. I dined on the night of my arrival with friends who simply could not believe that I had come all that distance just to see Ajanta. The Taj Mahal, yes—even the Palace at Delhi, which was once supposed to be a paradise on earth—but Ajanta, no. To fix on that minor relic was merely quixotic.

The next day, I hired a car and started out for Ajanta, three hundred miles northeast of Bombay. It was not a very interesting drive, since most of the way lay through flat, uninspiring landscape, and at that season of the year (it was January), the dust was intense. The villages were the best of it; in each one there was a muddy pond with a black buffalo wallowing in it. The buffaloes lay so deep in the water that only the black tips of their noses were showing, and on those tips, heaven knows why, some sort of bird was always standing. Along the road, ten thousand buffaloes slowed my pace; indeed, they have always set the pace for the whole of India. And invariably, no matter where one looked, there were women walking away from the road across the bare fields. They moved very slowly in their gay saris, often with two brass pots perched on a round knot of cloth on top of their heads, and it was impossible to guess where they were going, for nothing presented itself in that flat countryside except the empty horizon. For someone familiar with the Ajanta paintings, the fascination of these scenes—the buffaloes, the women, and even the cooking pots—is that all of them are faithfully represented in the frescoes. Nothing has changed in two thousand years.

After spending the night at a hotel in Aurangabad, which is fifty miles across the border in Hyderabad, I drove the remaining sixty-odd miles to Ajanta Village. There, quite suddenly, almost at the journey's end, you find yourself on the edge of an escarpment, and as you wind down several hundred feet, there is a splendid prospect of the broad Indian plain to the north, which rolls away almost unbroken for a thousand miles, until at last it reaches the Himalayas. Except for the village of Ajanta and a little guesthouse maintained by the state at Fardapur, which is about three miles from the caves, there is no habitation round about, and for most of the day no sign of movement except for the circling kites. They fly perfectly and effortlessly, with their black wing feathers parted like the fingers of a man's hand. Much of the time, an implacable heat beats down, and the whole scene swims in a trembling haze.

The guesthouse is an unexpected and rather enjoyable throwback to Kipling's India, with oil lamps on the tables and faded photographs of viceregal parties and government officials on the walls. Each day, when you return from the caves, a Sikh, resplendent in a bemedalled white uniform and with his beard and his turban immaculately arranged, directs a gang of water carriers, who fill a large round basin for your evening bath. Then, just at dusk, which in India is always the best moment of the day, it is an agreeable thing to sit out in the open with a tall cold glass in your hand. The bite has gone out of the sun at last, and there is no sound or movement anywhere. A mild euphoria tends to take possession of the mind, still filled with





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visions of the things you have been seeing in the caves all day, and you float through time and space as benignant as Buddha himself. Toward eight o'clock, the Sikh reappears and serves dinner as though he were in the presence of maharajahs and princes.

The ravine in whose side the caves have been dug is quite hidden from the plains. From Fardapur, you walk up the rocky bed of the Waghora River until what appears to be an impasse, a wall of dun-colored stone, rises in front of you. But then the river abruptly takes a sharp turn to the right, the valley opens up into a long horseshoe curve, and there, about halfway up from the river bed, embedded in the side of an almost perpendicular cliff, and stretching around the side of the ravine in a long line for perhaps a quarter of a mile, are the pillared and sculptured entrances to the caves. It is a wonderful sight. There is a remarkable air of stillness and contemplation about the place. Two thousand years ago, it must have been the last extremity of isolation.

There was a full moon while I was at Ajanta, and the stars were like lamps. Although there were said to be tigers still about (I was told that one had held up a motorbus only a short time before), it was clear in that bright light that there was nothing astir, and I used to love to go walking in the evening. Even the threadbare little guesthouse garden, which looked so utterly defeated in the daytime, would put out a smell of jasmine, and usually somewhere in the distance there was the sound of an Indian pipe being played. On one of these walks, I remember literally jumping from the ground in panic when something started up behind me. It was a night bird of some kind, possibly an owl. Of a whitish color, it came up the road after me with a soft, mothlike fluttering of wings, and then, veering sharply, disappeared. That was about the most alarming thing that happened to me the whole time I was at Ajanta. Guidebook in hand, I would set off for the caves each morning and spend the day there in a gentle coma.

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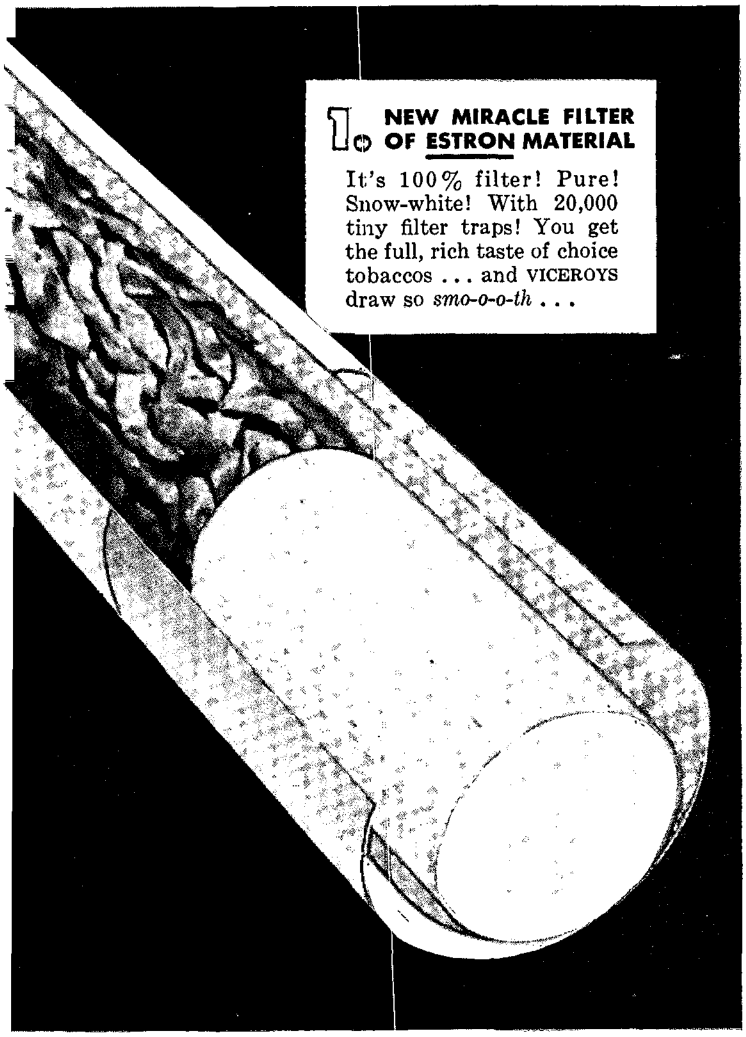

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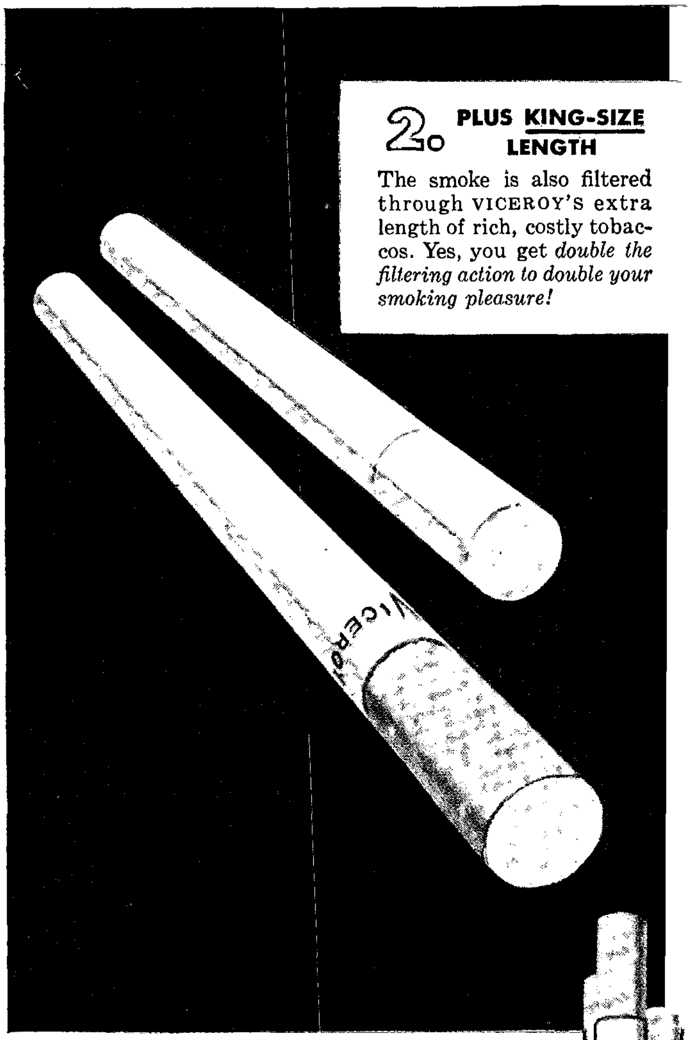

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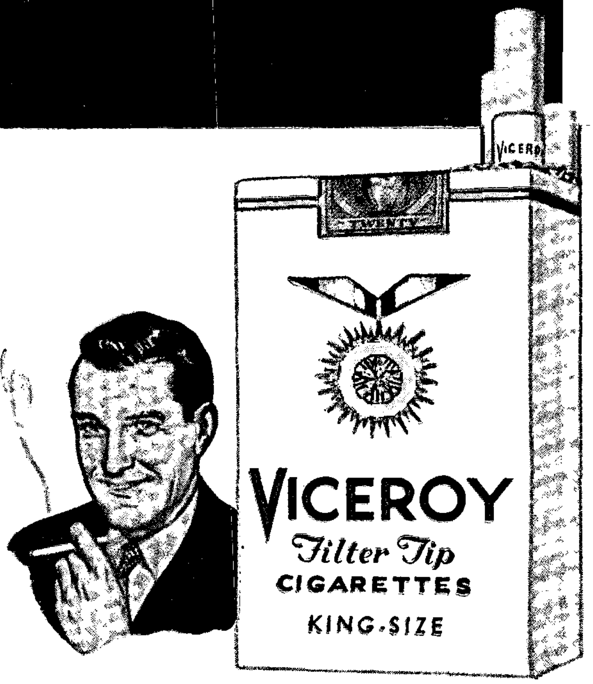

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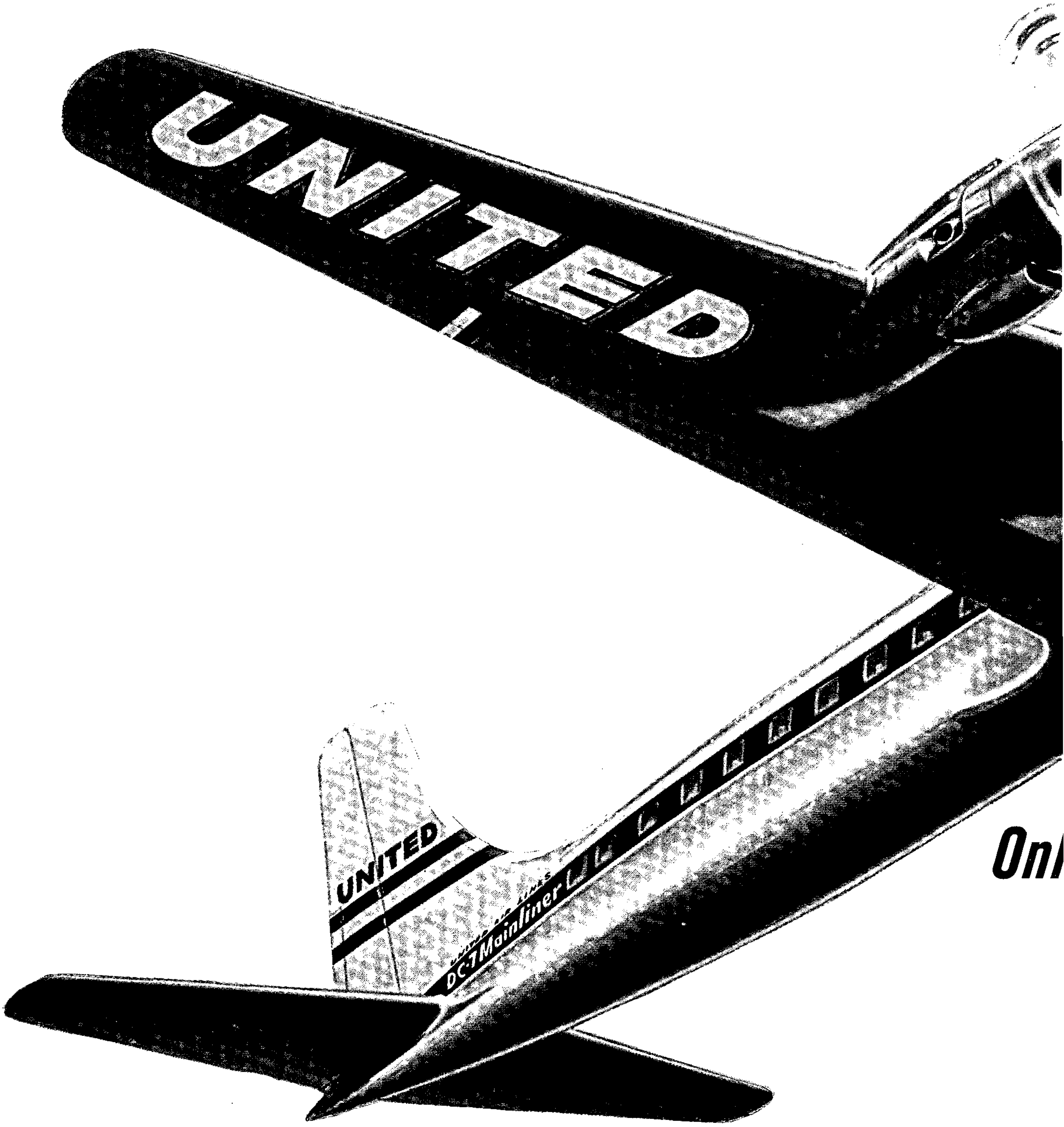

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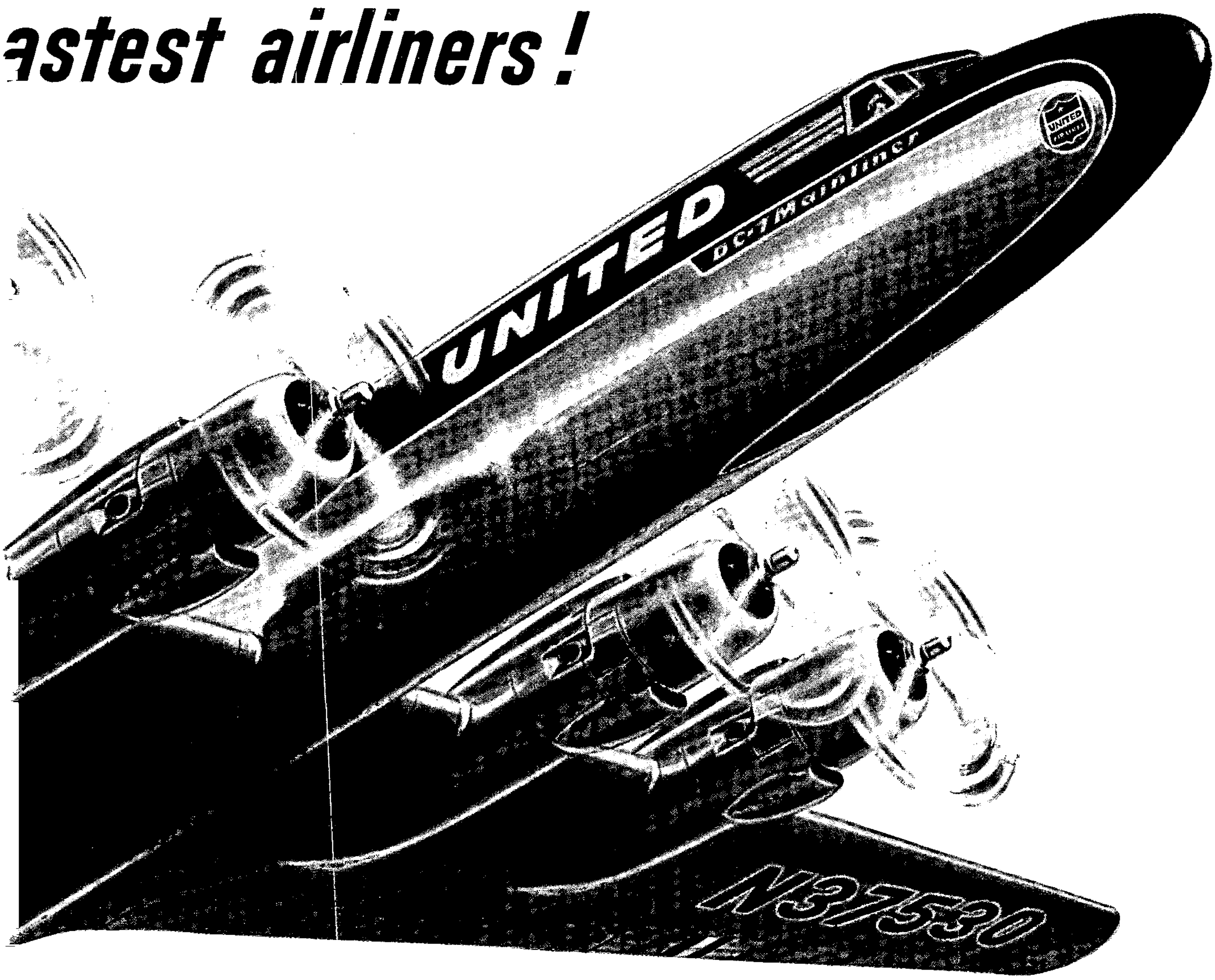
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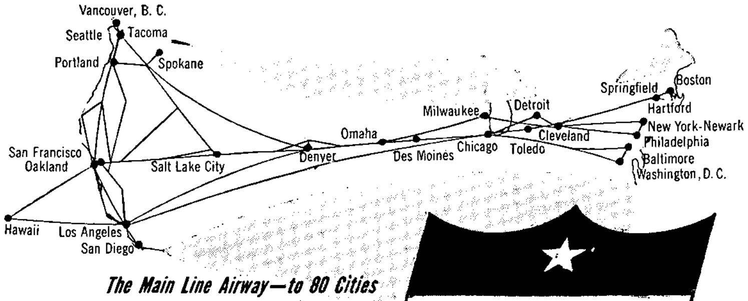
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flanked by a porter's desk with the customary paraphernalia—the visitors' book, the thumbed and badly printed postcards, and the rather dispirited group of attendants who have seen it all so many times before. There is just one exotic touch—a notice printed in Hindi and English proclaiming that no paint or curds are to be smeared on the statues for purposes of worship. No entrance fee is required, but you pay five rupees for the services of a guide, who follows you from cave to cave holding up a large electric light on a cord toward the more interesting frescoes and explaining them in an elusive, singsong English. Since Buddhism is no longer a living religion in India, you do not even perform the ceremony of removing your shoes as you go in. Indeed, except for the wild landscape all around, the experience is rather like that of going into a cinema on a bright afternoon; you leave the sunshine outside and dart hopefully into the gloom.

On the morning I first went to see the caves, there were no other visitors in sight. I was taken directly into Cave 1, which was among the last to be completed and consequently is among the best preserved. Cave 1 is not unlike a large, square ballroom, with lines of massive pillars leading back into the darkness where, outlined very faintly in the gray light from the entrance, a statue of the Buddha sits cross-legged in an inner sanctuary. The walls and the ceiling are covered with frescoes, and at first they are a little bewildering, for they are so crowded with human figures, and so many are stained and damaged, that you despair of making out anything at all. But then gradually the eye adjusts itself and picks up a theme—perhaps some rajah on his elephant entering a palace gate, perhaps some group of dancers at a banquet—and the sensation of reality begins. The feeling of movement in the frescoes is the extraordinary thing. It is almost cinematographic. Wherever you look, you see people in a state of continuous motion—people gesticulating, dancing, stooping to kneel to Buddha, half turning to one another as though some thought, something they eagerly *had* to say, had just then come into their minds. The immediate effect is to give you an impression of warmth and gaiety. It is not at all like one's first impression of, say, the Michelangelo frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, where the figures are grander or nobler than life, or of the Gozzoli murals in Florence, in which the procession of the Medici remains fixed in history. At Ajanta, you, the

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by RICHARD HUDNUT

observer, are a part of the proceedings, and if you flash a light down one of the dark corridors, a whole scene revolves around you like a ballet.

Wherever they could, the Ajanta artists painted groups of lovers. You see them everywhere—floating ecstatically in clouds across the ceilings, inclining toward one another in some palace garden, standing two by two, carved in high relief on columns that serve as doorways. Almost always the artists caught these figures in the shy first moment of love, when the man, in the sudden relief of unexpected happiness, has discovered that he is welcome. He supports the woman on his arm, or perhaps he is simply reaching out to touch her, and the woman leans back and glances upward, half smiling, into his face. There is a curious grace about the Ajanta women, and quite clearly the artists adored painting them. Like elegant cats, the women seem to fall into natural attitudes of their own accord, and this despite the fact that their hourglass figures appear wildly exaggerated to a Western eye. Even Rubens in his most enthusiastic days could hardly have imagined such enormous, high breasts and such tiny waists as these, and yet after you have been looking at the frescoes for an hour or two it is difficult to think of the female figure in any other way.

In the Ajanta civilization, it was the rich, the privileged, and the beautiful who went naked. Often you will see in the paintings a group of servant girls clothed drably from neck to knee, while the princess they are attending rises up like a flower out of some foliage wearing only a towering headdress, strings of pearls that fall between her breasts, and a strip of transparent gauze around her loins. *Apparently* the underlying idea was that if a woman was beautiful she should be seen, and a kind of innocence was made of the human body. There was no question of modesty or self-consciousness. Nakedness was accepted as a natural thing, in the same way that children accept it, and the jewels and the jungle flowers in the women's hair were treated as delightful toys.

There seems to be no easy explanation of the pale-complexioned women of Ajanta who so fascinated Mr. Ralph. At one time, it was thought that some unknown race with fair skin had migrated there from Europe or the north. But the archeologists now deny it. In any case, there is a good deal of evidence to show that white was not necessarily an admired color in Ajanta, for nearly all the princesses and the obviously well-to-do women in the frescoes are either black or dark brown.

Through the scenes on the walls—scenes of carnivals, palace entertainments, and processions—the figure of Buddha moves like some sad, compassionate stranger who dominates the company and yet is not really of it. He stands aside and regrets, but he does not condemn. Usually, the artists portrayed him as an ordinary human being, and they followed him through all the stages of his long life on earth. One sees him first at the time of his birth at Kapilavastu, in northern India, in about 563 B.C., when a white elephant is said to have visited his mother in a dream, and next as a wealthy young prince living with his wife in his palace. There follow the three eventful days when his charioteer happened to take him through the squalid streets of the city and for the first time he saw old age, sickness, and death. He decided at once to abandon his life of futile luxury and called to his horse Kanthaka, "My dear Kanthaka, please carry me once more, for this one night. When I have become Buddha, I shall bring salvation to the world of gods and men." The gods then placed their hands under Kanthaka's hoofs, so that the palace guards would *not* be wakened, and Buddha escaped to the forest, where he threw off his jewels and princely robes and for six years sat at the feet of the Brahman teachers, trying to unravel the mystery of life. A fresco, twelve feet nine inches by eight feet four and a half inches, in Cave 1, which shows Buddha at that supreme moment of his life when, after he had left the Brahmans, the archdemon Mara came to tempt him, is very badly damaged now, but it must have been one of the finest things at Ajanta. Below Buddha, in front, are the women (two of them remarkable for a redundancy of jewelry and a scarcity of clothing) whom Rajah Mara bade use all their wiles to induce Buddha to relent and give way to his passions. The scene is fervently described in Samuel Beal's "Romantic History of Buddha," a Victorian work that was much admired at one time:

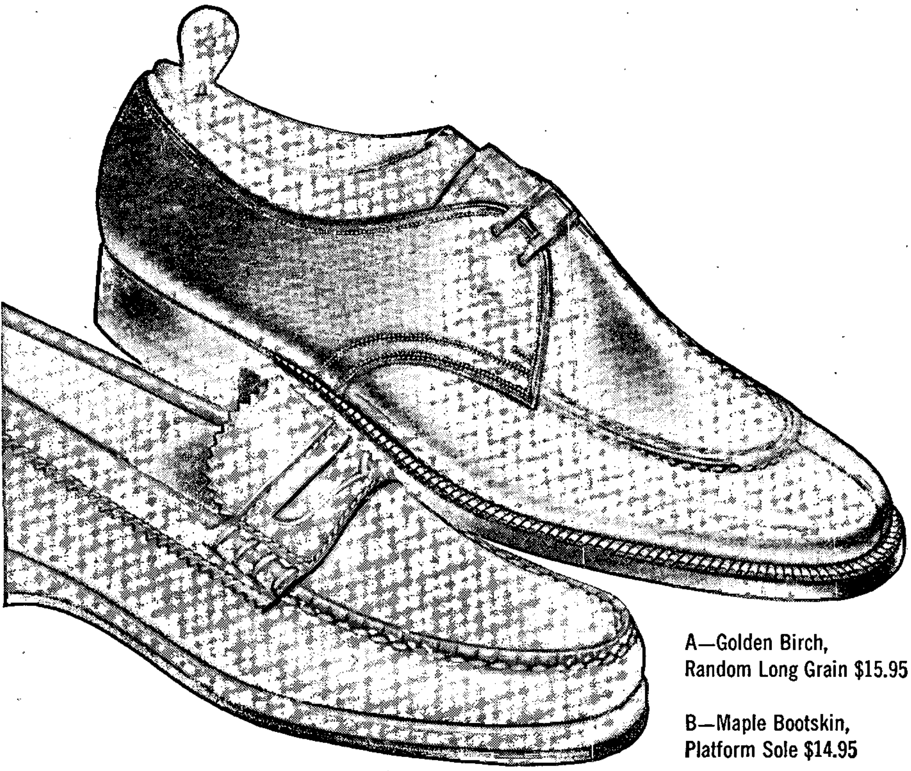
> In obedience to their lord's commands, [the women] went with mincing gait towards the spot where the Bodhisatwa (the Buddha-to-be) sat beneath a tree, and standing a short distance from him, they proceeded to put into practice every ogling way and lascivious art they could. Some with dainty smiles to display their white teeth, some with eyes askance looking at Bodhisatwa; others kneeling down before him and looking upwards into his face, others drooping their heads so as to conceal their faces, and looking at one an-

other . . . others with their hands toying with their breasts, others half covered, with their breasts and their hips bare; others again entirely nude; others walking to and fro and with their heads turning this way and that, and their eyes darting side glances. . . . But notwithstanding all these temptations Bodhisatwa remained unchanged in face and appearance—tranquil and at perfect rest he sat; even as the full moon when it emerges from the hands of Rahu, the Asura Raja, pure and spotless; or as the sun when he first scatters his dazzling rays to the morning.

Mara, having failed with his women (they are supposed to have been his daughters), turned his warriors and demons upon Buddha, and as shown at Ajanta they are a most fearsome-looking crew. But the elements rose and drove them away, and still Buddha sat on unmoved. Then came the moment of enlightenment. He saw the basis of earthly life as pain, and decided that pain is birth, sickness, old age, and death. Next, he saw the cause of pain as desire—desire for birth, for existence, and for life after death. Therefore, to defeat pain one must quench all earthly cravings and passions, until, detached at last, one reaches Nirvana, the state of perfect, disembodied bliss. The last scenes in the frescoes are of Buddha preaching his faith in the Deer Park at Benares, and of his death at the age of eighty.

Then, there are frescoes of the *jatakas*—the various legends of Buddha's existence before he decided to be born and settle on the earth. Some of them are charming. In one, he appears as a fish at a time of drought, emerging through a crack in the dry mud and making a declaration of goodness, which brings on rain. Another legend—one dealing with Buddha's last incarnation—relates that once when Buddha was taken to see a plowing match he sat under a tree in the midday heat grieving over the sweat and toil to which mankind is condemned. The sun moved on and the shadows under the other trees changed positions, but not the shadow under Buddha's tree. It remained fixed around him until, his meditation ended, he rose to go away. Then—whit! (I quote the guide at Ajanta)—the shadow vanished over the horizon.

Buddha is much more formally represented in the statues—great masses of stone, ten or twelve feet high. Here he is usually shown in the "lotus" position, with his legs tucked up beneath him and his right hand lightly folded over the left or pointing downward in the "earth-touching" gesture. Before you have looked very long at these statues, you realize that your first impression of their



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sameness was quite wrong. No two figures are alike: One smiles faintly, another meditates, a third appears about to speak, and, indeed, if you move to different parts of the cave you can sometimes see these three aspects in one figure. Since the statues are placed in the darkest inner recesses of the temples, they loom up before you in a strangely spectral way. Each one, evidently, was put where it is for a definite reason: There is a time just at sunset when the slanting rays of the sun enter the doorways and slide down the colonnades, inch by inch, until, at last, they fall directly upon these enchanted and enigmatic faces, and then you can quite easily imagine that the statues live and breathe, and that, as devout pilgrims believed, they exert a benign and compelling influence upon everyone who comes to the valley.

It was this illusion, no doubt, that gave rise to a legend in the neighboring villages long after the monks had gone and Buddhism was submerged under the vast plurality of Hindu gods and divine monsters. According to the legend, Indra, the King of Heaven, allowed the other gods and goddesses to descend to earth for one night's revelry, provided that they would return to Heaven before the cock crowed. Inevitably, the cock crowed while the revelry was still going on, and the gods and goddesses were frozen into the statues of Ajanta. As though to substantiate this legend, the villagers themselves used to congregate at the caves for a carnival once a year, on the day after the Hindu festival of Makara-Sankrant, in January. They bathed in the river, bought toys and sweetmeats and flowers from one another, and considered it a great joke to set off fireworks and make the bees that then infested the caves come swarming out and start a stampede among the crowd. In the midst of the funmaking, a holy man would walk among the statues, daubing them with paint and curds and muttering incantations—hence the present notice at the gate. Then, at the first sign of dawn, the villagers would pack up their carts, and Ajanta would be left to its isolation for another year.

It is this association of gaiety with worship that seems so odd at first to many a Western mind. In a great number of the frescoes, everyone is obviously delighting in earthly pleasure, quite heedless of the awful issues of death and reincarnation. There is no sign of guilt, and no moral appears to be drawn. The concept of original sin is replaced by the idea that human beings, though

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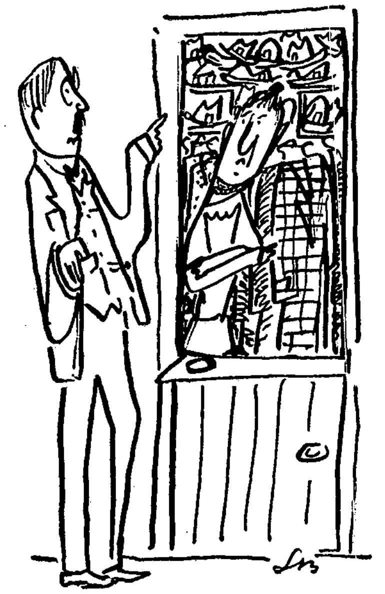
wayward, are fundamentally innocent and entirely in the grip of fate. And always the gentle, forgiving figure of Buddha is presiding somewhere in the background. There is nothing pornographic or ugly in anything the artist-monks painted at Ajanta (in which the caves differ greatly from many other Indian shrines), but the religious and the profane are so hopelessly mixed up that it almost seems as if they must have been trying to create some ideal concept—a humanist heaven, perhaps, or, if you like, a heavenly humanism. As for the artists themselves, no one knows their identities, for they never signed their work and, so far as can be ascertained, never painted portraits of themselves (unless they are represented by the figures of begging monks). Artists at that period were not very high up in the social scale; they were often lumped with perfumers, musicians, and pastry cooks as "purveyors of pleasure."

It is, of course, maddening to find so much destroyed among the paintings. There is hardly a panel that has not been damaged in some way—darkened, or stained, or scorched, or ripped away entirely. Observing that tourists have carved their names in the frescoes, one can't help feeling that a vandal with a fine hand for Hindi script is just as bad as any other. In some places, it is the seeping monsoonal rains that have done the damage; just as the eye is following some lovely sequence, it may all come to an abrupt halt in a patch of mold or a blank space on the wall where the paint has peeled and fallen to the floor, and it is as though someone had snatched a book from your hands at the very moment when it was most engrossing.

On a veranda outside Cave 17, there



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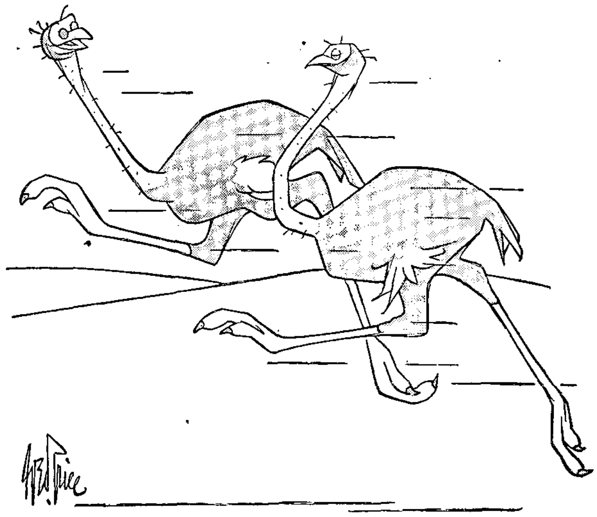

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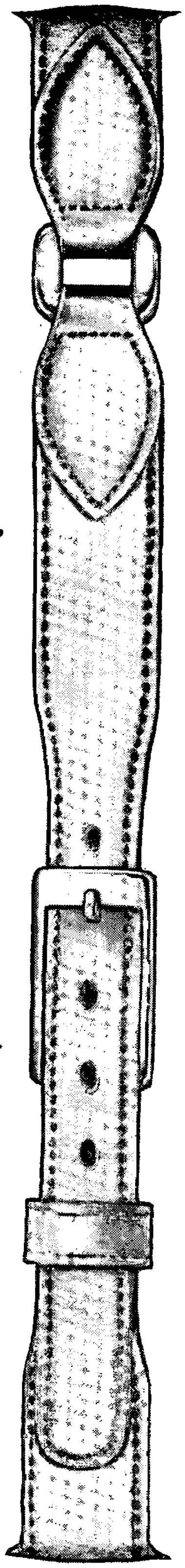

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has been great destruction, but by some freak of providence one girl's head has been preserved. A chic little hat is poised on her built-up coiffure; there is something quick and birdlike about the expression of her face, which is rather haughty and detached, and since she is supposed to be flying through the sky, her pendant earrings and sapphire necklace slant back behind her in the wind. There she is, this bright little Paris mannequin, with nothing but the peeling wall around her, nothing younger than a thousand years, and it is infuriating that one can see no more of her, or know where she is going, or understand why she should have that groomed and sophisticated air of the *haute couture* from the latest issues of the fashion magazines.

The wild creatures—the sacred geese, the sinister white owl (the harbinger of destruction), the elephants, the panthers, and the rest—are almost always drawn in free, sweeping outlines, and there are no animal studies in India comparable to them. I can't say I liked the dwarf figures—half man and half bird or beast—nor did I much care for a panel showing a full-breasted woman with a horse's head, a sort of female centaur, but the others are superb. As for representations of plant life, some of the floral designs in the ceiling panels are much finer than any of the ones at Pompeii (to which they have a vague likeness), and there are enough of them in Cave 1 alone to serve as models for a revolution in design in the textile and pottery industries of India and the East. Up to the present, however, the curse that is supposed to light upon anyone making reproductions at Ajanta seems to have acted with peculiar virulence upon commercial copiers. In one or two spinning mills in nearby Aurangabad, I saw some attempts to reproduce parts of the frescoes on souvenir pieces of silk and tapestry, and they were not very good. Everything that in the originals is so effortless and so gay seemed to have degenerated into vulgarity; most of the imitations reminded me of the highly colored bawdy postcards that are sometimes sold at holiday places by the sea. Even the posters advertising Ajanta, which are at least more patient studies, make a stain on one's memory of the real thing.

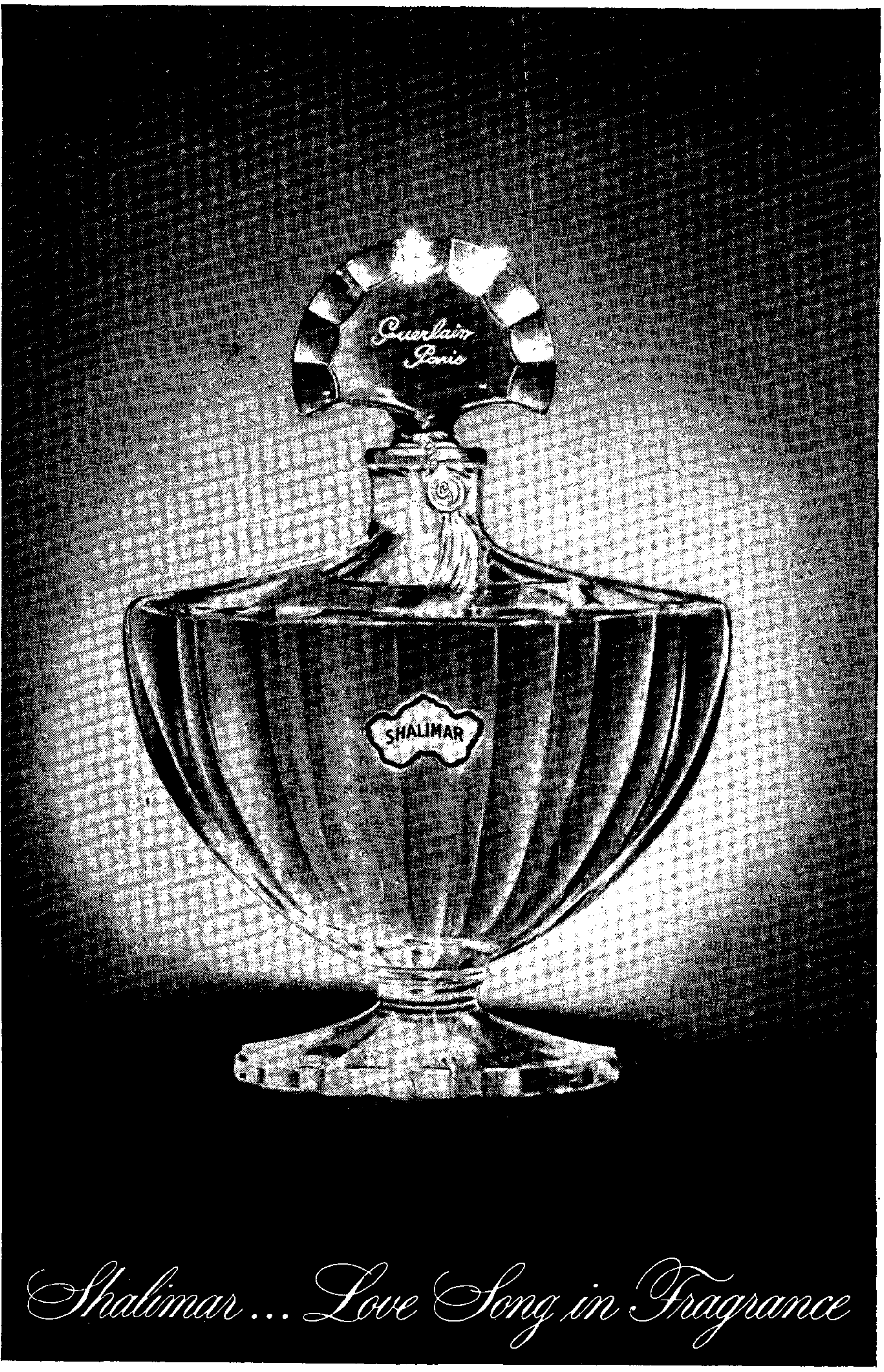
Anyway, it is doubtful whether the texture and the color of the originals can ever be exactly reproduced commercially, for the monks had a special and elaborate technique of their own. After chipping away at the walls and the ceiling until they were quite flat, they prepared a clay made of pulverized rock, cow dung, cornhusks, and vegetable fibres, and plastered it on as a facing. Then the whole was covered with lime the thickness of an eggshell. When the actual painting began, an outline in red ochre was first done of each figure, and finally the color was blocked in with washes. The artists may have obtained their blacks from burnt ivory and their blues from lapis lazuli, brought from Persia; most of the other colors they obtained from varieties of flowers that still grow in the ravine—notably the crimson amaranth, which in classical tradition is the unfading flower and emblem of immortality. In one of the caves, the artists achieved one very curious effect—a kind of *trompe-l'œil.* This is in the "Botticelli group," so called because the women, with their slender, willowy forms—oddities at Ajanta—bear some slight resemblance to the Botticelli nymphs in the Florentine paintings. They are painted in the palest oyster browns, and stand in a dark recess to the right of a statue of Buddha. If, after you have been looking at the group for a few minutes, you switch off your light, the figures stand out in the darkness like solid statues of luminous ivory. It is a little startling, too, to find that if you tap one of the pillars close by with your hand, it emits a low, reverberating moan.

The work is, of course, uneven. Moving from the earliest caves to the latest, you can easily trace the development of the painting up to its climax in the sixth century, when the artists worked with a mastery that was never repeated. In the caves completed after Cave 1, the quality declines rapidly, and the very latest caves, dating from the seventh century, were left half finished. In these, only the rough forms of pillars and doorways have been hewn out of the rock, and it almost seems as if the workmen had simply dropped their tools one day and gone away. As one progresses from the crude carvings in the earliest cave to these forlorn scrapings eight centuries later, one feels there could hardly be a more revealing illustration of the Buddhist conception of the wheel of life—the eternal cycle that is supposed to bring all things back to their beginnings. For the most part, visitors tend to concentrate on just a few of the caves, and, in fact, by seeing Caves 1, 2, 10, 17, and 25 one can get a fairly good idea of the rise and fall of the Ajanta civilization. Personally, I discovered after the first morning that it was pleasanter to wander at large without a guide, using a pocket flashlight of my own. At intervals of half an hour or so, I would emerge to smoke a cigarette on a parapet outside, with the kites flying overhead and just the distant echo of voices in the silence; then, picking another doorway at random, I would head into the darkness again.

Nearly everyone who visits the caves finds that among so many hundreds of scenes and groups of figures there are two or three that he particularly likes and remembers. My own list would include a group of lovers and the figure of a dark slave girl who is kneeling in front of a rajah, apparently imploring his forgiveness for some indiscretion. (According to one version, she was sent to seduce Buddha and failed.) Among the statues, the best, to my mind—or at any rate the most spontaneous—is a small group outside Cave 19. A Naga king and queen, visitors from the underworld, with the traditional hooded cobras coiling over their heads, sit on a parapet, agreeably surveying the valley and the passersby. Almost as an afterthought, the queen has propped her left foot on a stone ledge, and she is so confiding and so much at ease with her husband that it is impossible to believe she did not once exist. These two have been sitting there, quietly absorbed in one another, for the past fifteen hundred years.

LOOKING back now over a period of twelve months or so, I can see that the thing that really took me to Ajanta was the notion that I was going to experience some sort of revelation there. It was not just that I was caught up by the strange history of the caves and the undoubted beauty of the paintings; the place really had an oracular quality for me, and in some odd way this was mixed up with my memory of the refugees I had seen in New Delhi and the vision of the new India that was expected to come into flower with the departure of the British—the tragic fact and the beguiling dream. Ajanta was for me a demonstration that there had once existed a composed and steady civilization in India under native rule, with a native art of its own and a religion that was a part of everybody's life.

The presumption in 1947 was that as soon as the British left India, the country would begin to throw off the influence of the West and return—as Gandhi had so often urged it to—to its own culture and its own way of life. And, indeed, there has been in the last few years a tremendous enthusiasm



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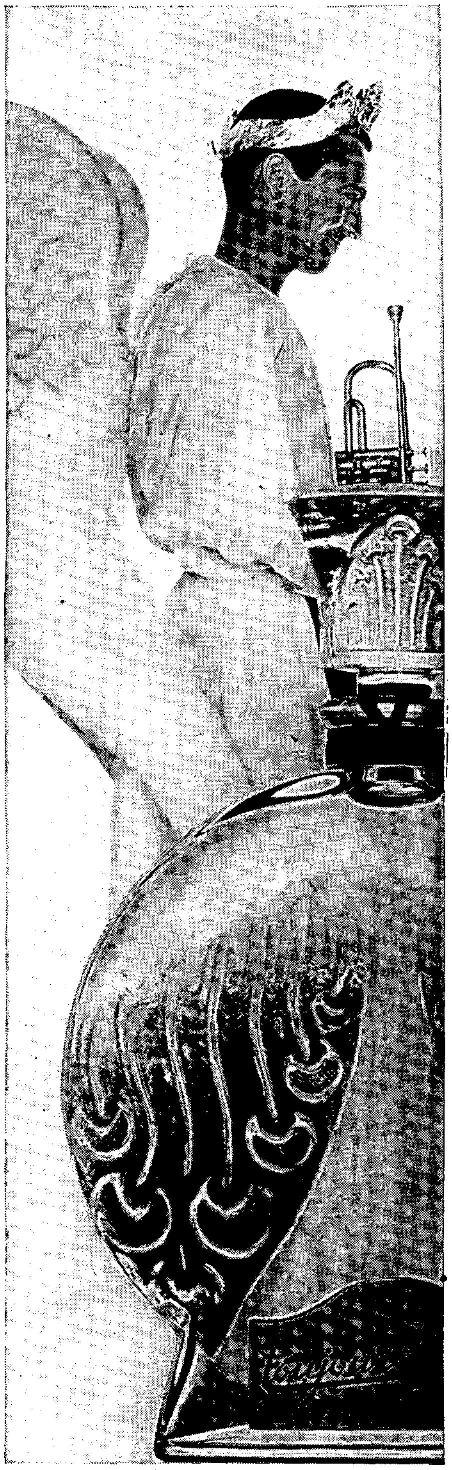

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among Indians for all things Indian. Something like twenty-five thousand tourists, mostly Indian students and pilgrims, visited Ajanta last year. During my stay there, I used to enjoy watching these visitors arrive. They were mostly young people—both men and women, and both Hindus and Moslems—and it was evident that many of them had saved for this trip for months, or even years. They arrived by motorbus, in horse-drawn tongas, and even on foot, and they hurried up the steps to the entrance looking, in their bright cotton coats and saris, like flocks of butterflies moving against the dull surface of the rock. They did not appear to have made the journey in any great spirit of reverence, but unquestionably they were responding to something in the paintings that was very much wanting in their lives, and perhaps they saw things there that were hidden from me. Most of them were too poor to afford the five rupees for the guide and his electric light, or even to buy a flashlight of their own, so they had to make the best of the gray light that filtered in through the doorway. But this did not deter them in the least. In the half-darkness, one could constantly hear them calling to one another in their high-pitched voices: "Come and look at this—and this—and this."

However, I suppose that one can read a good deal too much into this enthusiasm. I know that in my own case I moved about in a warm glow of imagination the whole time I was in the caves—a glow that returns whenever I think of them now—but that no genuine revelation ever arrived. Instead, in the end a sense of separation intervened; when I was actually looking at the frescoes, I managed to experience a sense of living in another world. But once I was outside again, in the hard sunlight, the spell was broken off like a receding dream at the moment of awakening, and no matter how hard I tried, I could not bring it back.

This sort of experience makes one realize how deeply one is enmeshed in the present. The cotton mills and office buildings of Bombay and Calcutta are, in reality, much more typical of India now than these solitary temples, and the old phantasmagoria of maharajahs and tiger hunts is rapidly becoming a myth. I doubt whether these young twentieth-century Indian tourists at Ajanta would have thought very much of the Buddhist idea that success is an illusion and that worldly ambition and desire can lead only to misery, and possibly to violent death. In the way they talked and held

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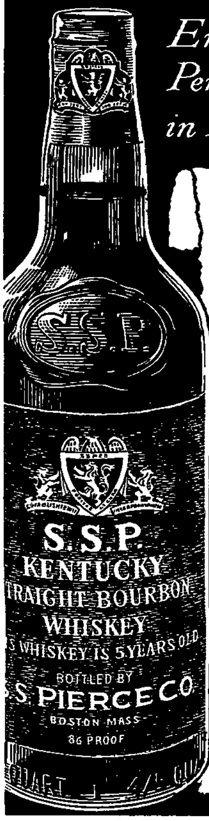

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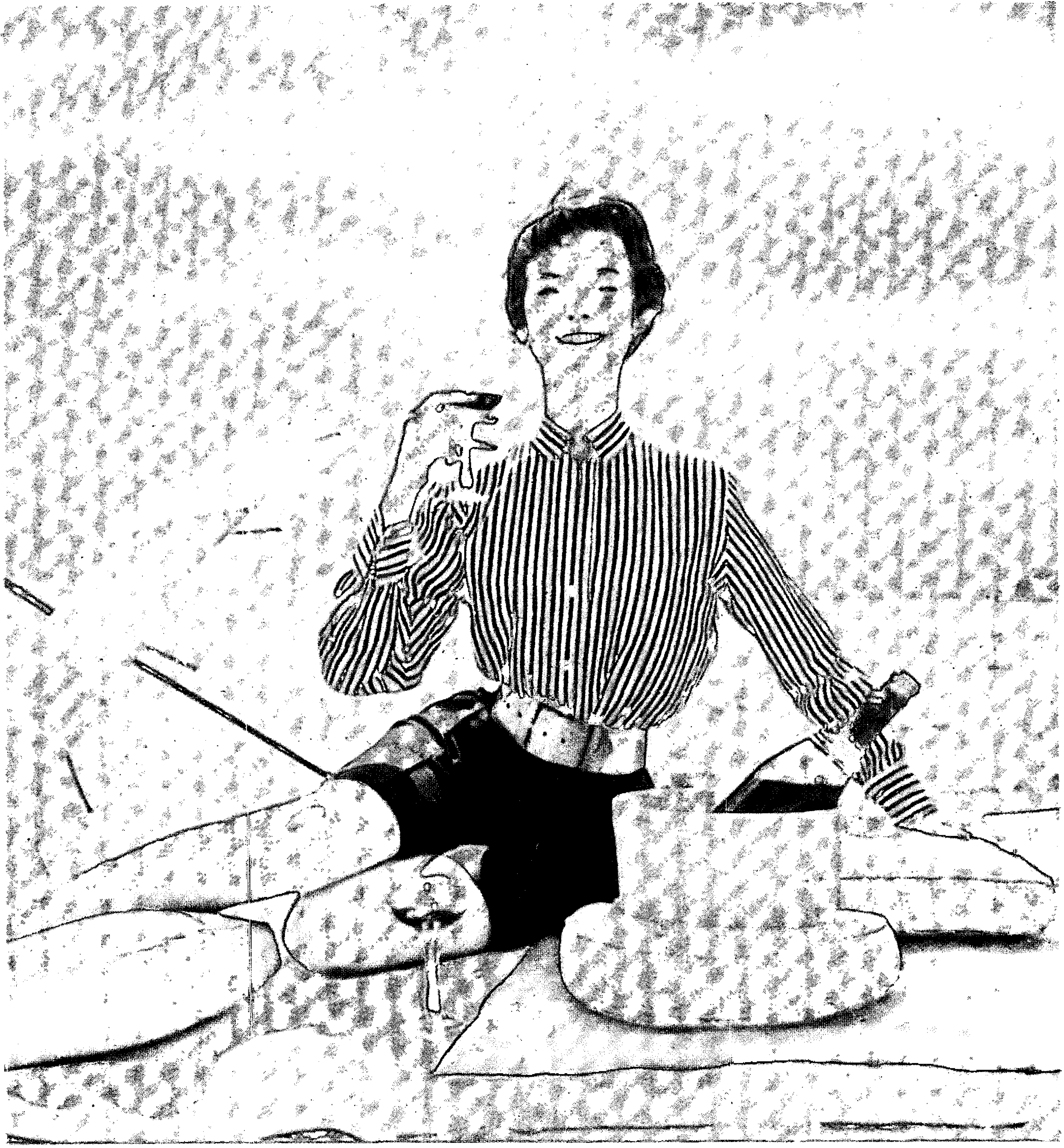

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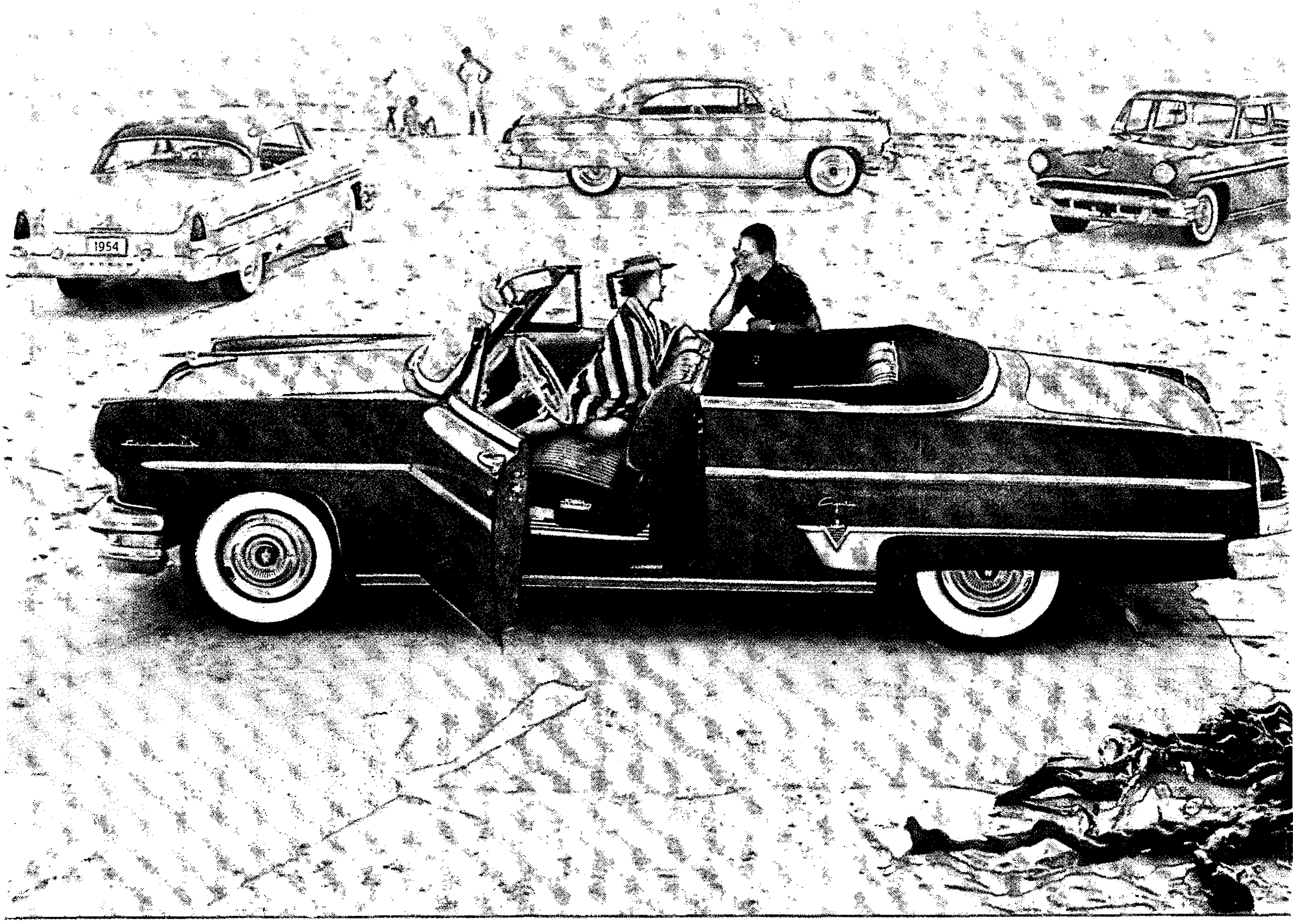

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POWERED FOR MODERN DRIVING

themselves it was apparent that they were already very much involved in the Western idea of progress, which is not a revolving wheel but an arrow shooting off into the blue.

One day when I was alone in Cave 2, I came on a young Hindu girl standing before one of the most famous paintings there—a princess leaning casually against a pillar in the scene depicting the birth of Buddha. The girl was clearly engaged in doing something that any woman might do—comparing herself to the painting. And there was, in fact, a delightful resemblance. Since the fifth century A.D., the almond eyes had not changed, nor had the silver anklets, or the bangles around the wrist, or even the way the hair was bound in a chignon at the back. Only the white sari of the modern girl was different, for the princess in the fresco wore only her jewels and a loincloth of gauze. Tentatively, the modern girl rested her back against a pillar, and at once her figure fell into the indolent lines of the princess, with the head drooping a little forward and one hand resting on her hip. Just for a moment she held this pose, and she was evidently quite captivated by some private dream of herself as she might have been in another age. Then, suddenly catching my eye, she smiled nervously, picked up her sensible, factory-made handbag of black patent leather, and hurried on.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

NEW YORK (AP)—Me have a great problem, me has.

The eye key on my typewryter ys broken. Thys may seem no great tragedy to you, but to me yt is utter desolashun.—*Hal Boyle in the Portland (Me.) Press Herald.*

Oh, yt is, is yt?

•

The Fifth Avenue Cinema, which will be reopened at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street on Sunday with "The Diary of a Country Priest," has worked out a link with Hennessy's Cognac to promote the film. The film is a French prize winner, as is the cognac.—*The Times.*

Talk about your tie-in!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Corona (Calif.) Independent*]

Los Angeles bus driver Dean H. C. Farris used to hide his $3,810 bankroll between the mattresses of his bed, but he doesn't anymore.

For applying eye make-up—
Our "Two-Faced" Mirror
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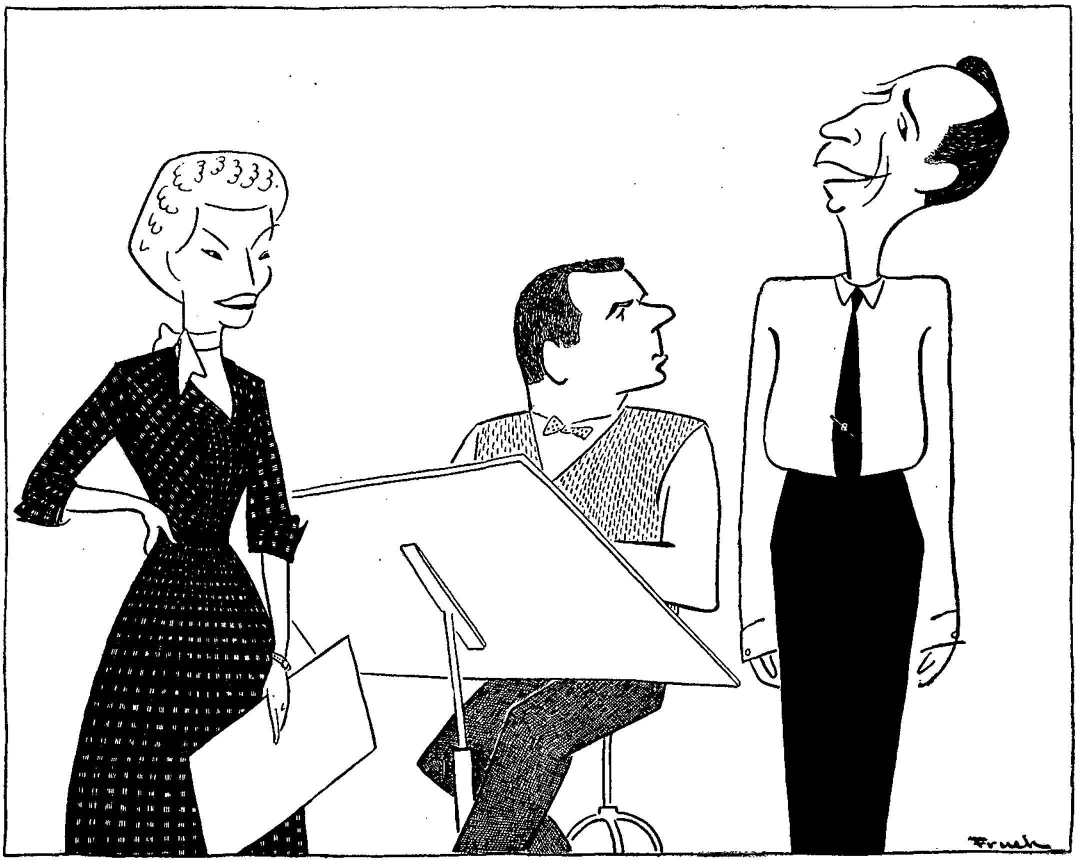
THE THEATRE

THE RIDDLE OF THE REVIEWER'S SPOUSE

AT some time during the now departed sleight-of-hand program offered by Milbourne Christopher at the Longacre, the gifted wife of a morning-newspaper critic disappeared abruptly from the auditorium. She was just two rows in front of me, and I am sure she was sitting there, morose but tractable, when the performer executed the Chinese string trick, but when I looked again, right after the colored balls had turned into an egg, she was gone. There was no puff of smoke, no smell of brimstone, no noise, no apparent mechanism, no visible passage up the aisle—nothing blatant or unladylike. She was simply there at one moment, and at the next she was absent, leaving behind her a husband still doggedly taking notes and beside him an admirable vacancy. It was the evening's most successful piece of prestidigitation, but I suspect that Mr. Christopher's part in it was purely inspirational.

Beyond this enviable vanishment, the bill had, I'm afraid, very little to offer, either to professional magicians, who were present in extraordinary abundance (Row E was solid with them, and their comments were generally polite), or to the laity, whose expressions, except for those of a few children here and there, struck me as resolutely indulgent. For about two hours, Mr. Christopher produced the conventional miracles of his trade, causing a variety of small objects to multiply or diminish, or shift from place to place, or change into something else; meshing and unmeshing the metal rings; pouring water from an inexhaustible container; extricating a stipulated card from the deck (it was the ten of clubs, and it is my considered opinion that the deck consisted of nothing but tens of clubs); burning up dollar bills; sawing a child of the progressive-school type in half; and, bound and manacled and placed in a cabinet, somehow managing to rattle a tambourine, ring a bell, and write a weather report on a slate. It was all ingenious enough (I am no connoisseur of these matters, but it seemed to me that Mr. Christopher showed really astonishing dexterity in flicking a rope into complicated knots), but it was also all fairly familiar and there were no effects in the grand style, reminiscent of such past masters as Thurston, Blackstone, Herrmann the Great, and Houdini. It was, on the whole, magic for a children's party, and I think it might have been wise if Mr. Christopher had kept it there.

The matter of personality and technique must also be discussed, and here, too, I have a feeling that the performance was uninspired. This wizard was a ruddy man, of middle years and size, wearing a gleaming smile and a dinner coat no more shapeless than the concealment of his apparatus must demand. He was, in other words, unusual in no particular, and this, I think, was a mistake. Warlocks *should* look strange, and preferably a little sinister. Tails and a silk hat are good, and so are white gloves and some bizarre arrangement of the hair upon the face. I like an accent, too, and, more than any of these things, I like an attendant blonde, a shapely girl, carefully trained to give an impression of absolute imbecility, upon whom I can speculate whenever sorcery begins to pall. Mr. Christopher employed no blonde, choosing to rely for assistance on recruits from the audience, who on opening night were all male and, though suspiciously talented, held almost no emotional interest for me. This, again, was unfortunate, because if ever a thaumaturgist in the long history of the game needed a blonde, it was this same



"KING OF HEARTS"

The study in self-enchantment on the right is Donald Cook, who represents a comic-strip artist in the comedy at the Lyceum. His companions, Cloris Leachman and Jackie Cooper, may seem to be admiring him, but they won't for long.

CHANEL
Nº 5
SAPONETTES
CHANEL

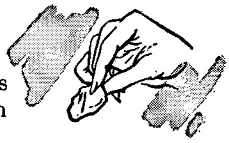
GUEST SOAP

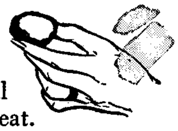
WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

Peregrinations OF A Gourmette★

Over the weekend we came across the cleverest cocktail ideas at a party . . . hors d'oeuvres that showed rare imagination. I'm one who adores a crunchy sort of snack with a drink . . . and was particularly impressed with the Cresca Clam Crisps—chips, you know, with a tangy clam flavor.
Then there were Cresca Holland Cheese Wafer Sticks —a tender sandwich filled with sharpish Gouda cheese. I found later these are just a few of the many delightful Cresca "crunchies" which stores carry. But among the other really unusual tastes, the Cresca Marinated Cocktail Mushrooms fascinated me . . . just spicy enough to be interesting. A divine bit, too, were the Jacob's Water Biscuits which our hostess had spread with marvellous Cresca Puree of Fois Gras Truffled. Exactly the kind of thing to make a party wonderful . . . and another Cresca treat.





★ Never heard of a Gourmette? Well, it's our designation for a lady who knows good taste . . . and where to find it . . .

Cresca OF COURSE!

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Mr. C. Even more unfortunate was the fact that the practitioner had decided that humor was a necessary adjunct to his art. In the course of one operation, he observed, "This knot represents a little green snake darting through the jungle. Those who don't indulge will have to use their imaginations." A little later, he said, "There are some who think mind reading is impossible. These are the unmarried." And so it went. The spell cast upon me was powerful but not agreeable. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

DEAR MRS. MAYFIELD:

My husband and I agreed that for birthdays and anniversaries we would give each other presents that would be mutually useful instead of throwing our money away on silly, superficial things like perfume, candy and flowers.

Well, last week was my birthday—and guess what my husband gave me. It was a deed (in both our names, of course) for a cemetery lot!

I suppose he was within the letter of our agreement, all right, as certainly such a lot should be "mutually useful," but doesn't it strike you as a rather macabre present? Truth is, when he gave it to me, I thought it was a joke at first and then when I realized it wasn't, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

I'm afraid I made no bones about not being especially pleased, so the dear boy explained to me he thought we might enjoy the plot when spring came, as we could landscape it and start planting flowers and shrubs. As he put it, "it will be a sort of garden away from home."

He said that when either of us was nervous and harassed at home and had that "must get away" feeling, we could always go out there and meditate. He says he plans to build a small arbor and have a bench under it.

Frankly, I can't think of anything worse than sitting in said arbor and contemplating the very spot which some day will hold my mortal remains. It makes me feel as tho the day of doom is just around the corner—and who likes to think that?

Now, my husband's birthday is next month, and he has already suggested that I give him a substantial payment down on a marble "marker" with our name on it and space left for our individual names to be inscribed later. It is his idea that when our anniversary comes around in July, he will make the full payment and have it set up in our little "garden away from home."

All I can say is "ugh" to the whole thing. What is your reaction?

CELESTE.

DEAR CELESTE:

My reaction is definitely "ugh-ish," too. It's all very well to decide on practical gifts between you, I suppose (I hate practical gifts, myself), but a cemetery plot, a marble marker, heavens! It's almost as bad as tho he had given you an attractive urn for your ashes to sit, say, on the mantel. Or maybe given you a set of shrouds to choose from. Or had your obituary printed up for you to read.

—*Washington News*.

Well, they did that for Hemingway.

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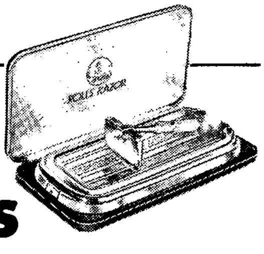

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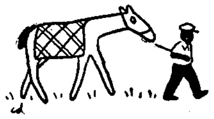
THE RACE TRACK

Shoemaker, to Win



ALMOST everybody who saw Correlation romp off with the Wood Memorial Stakes at Jamaica last Saturday has marked him down as the probable winner of the Kentucky Derby. Even the trainers who have colts running against him at Louisville this weekend say he'll be hard to beat, and the philanthropists who make that future book at Caliente have cut his odds to 8–5, the shortest price since Citation's. (In the opening line, Correlation was 20–1.) Of course, there will be the usual spate of last-minute rumors and tips, and we'll all be as busy as bees collecting misinformation about Determine, the little gray who ran so well at Santa Anita last winter; Goyamo, who won the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week; Tuosix, who's named for a street number in Louisville; and at least half a dozen even darker horses. Despite all that, I expect Correlation will go to the post the favorite. As for me, I'm going to pick a jockey—Shoemaker, who, as I'm sure you know, will ride Correlation. And speaking as one who plans to see the race from the roof at Churchill Downs, I hope the weather is clear and the track fast. (By way of statistical reassurance, let me point out that the track has been fast for forty-nine out of the seventy-nine Derbies, that thirty-seven favorites have won, and that no gray ever has.)

THERE was nothing uncertain about Correlation's victory last weekend. In fact, the ease with which he disposed of Fisherman was pretty impressive. But Shoemaker's smoothness and skill in handling him was a sheer delight to watch. Correlation was not hurried in the early part of the race; rather, Shoemaker appeared to be waiting until Fisherman, who dropped behind in the first half of the mile and a furlong, came along. Which he did, in high gear, at roughly the same point where he started his winning dash in the Gotham Stakes the previous Saturday. Shoemaker must carry a rear-view mirror, because he had Correlation going at top speed, too, before Fisherman could pass him. It was a beautiful bit of timing. After the two horses raced together for nearly a furlong, Shoemaker drew his whip. "I hit him once, and he took off" was the way he put it later. And "take off" Correlation did. In a few strides, he was lengths in front, and he went on to win by three and a half. Fisherman finished just about the same distance in front of High Gun, and the others were down the course.

Once more Fisherman was unlucky. This time, he stumbled slightly at the start. (His rider said the ground broke from under him.) As this is written, his stable hasn't decided whether or not to send him to the Derby. If he doesn't go, it'll be just as well, for he's had a lot of racing. Another disappointment was Palm Tree, who I thought was going to be one of our better three-year-olds. He came in seventh. To get back to Correlation, he is by Free America, a onetime running mate of Citation (they ran one-two in the American Derby at Chicago in 1948), and is owned by Robert S. Lytle, a Californian. Right here a nice problem arises for the big delegation of rooters that always comes from the Coast: Determine is also owned by a Californian, Andrew J. Crevolin, but Correlation was bred in California and Determine was bred in Kentucky. Which do you suppose will get more cheers when they parade to the post?

IT'S a little too early in the season to clap hands for the two-year-olds. Of the ones I've seen under colors, Summer Tan, who won the Youthful Stakes at Jamaica last week, may be above average. I certainly liked the way he finished out that last furlong. And I venture to say that High Voltage, winner of the Rosedale Stakes earlier in the meeting, is a first-class filly. However, now that we're at Belmont Park, the more fancied youngsters from the big stables will be coming out. Anyway, it's always a pleasure to go racing at Belmont. This weekend, stay-at-homes can drive out there to see the Swift Stakes and the first race on the flat over the turf course (it isn't a new course, just the old one with the hurdles removed), and, if they're spry about it, get home to their television sets in time to see the Kentucky Derby. Some people have all the luck.—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE BURBLING BROOK

Boiling in the dark, the burbling
Brook glistens with stars,
Which shine down on, fall
Into it, and babble away—
Making light conversation in the dark.
—EMMA SWAN

B.H.Wragge
pictures a
summer day

Perfect cooling system: deep U-neck, bare arms, fan-fan pleated skirt . . . in Southwind linen. Water-lily lavender, bonbon pink, dawn-gray, cornflower-blue, white. Sizes 8 to 16. $79.95.* At **BONWIT TELLER,** New York; **J. L. HUDSON,** Detroit, and most fine stores throughout the country.

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

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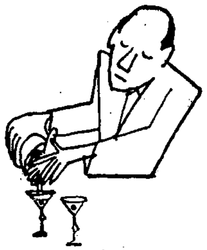
TABLES FOR TWO

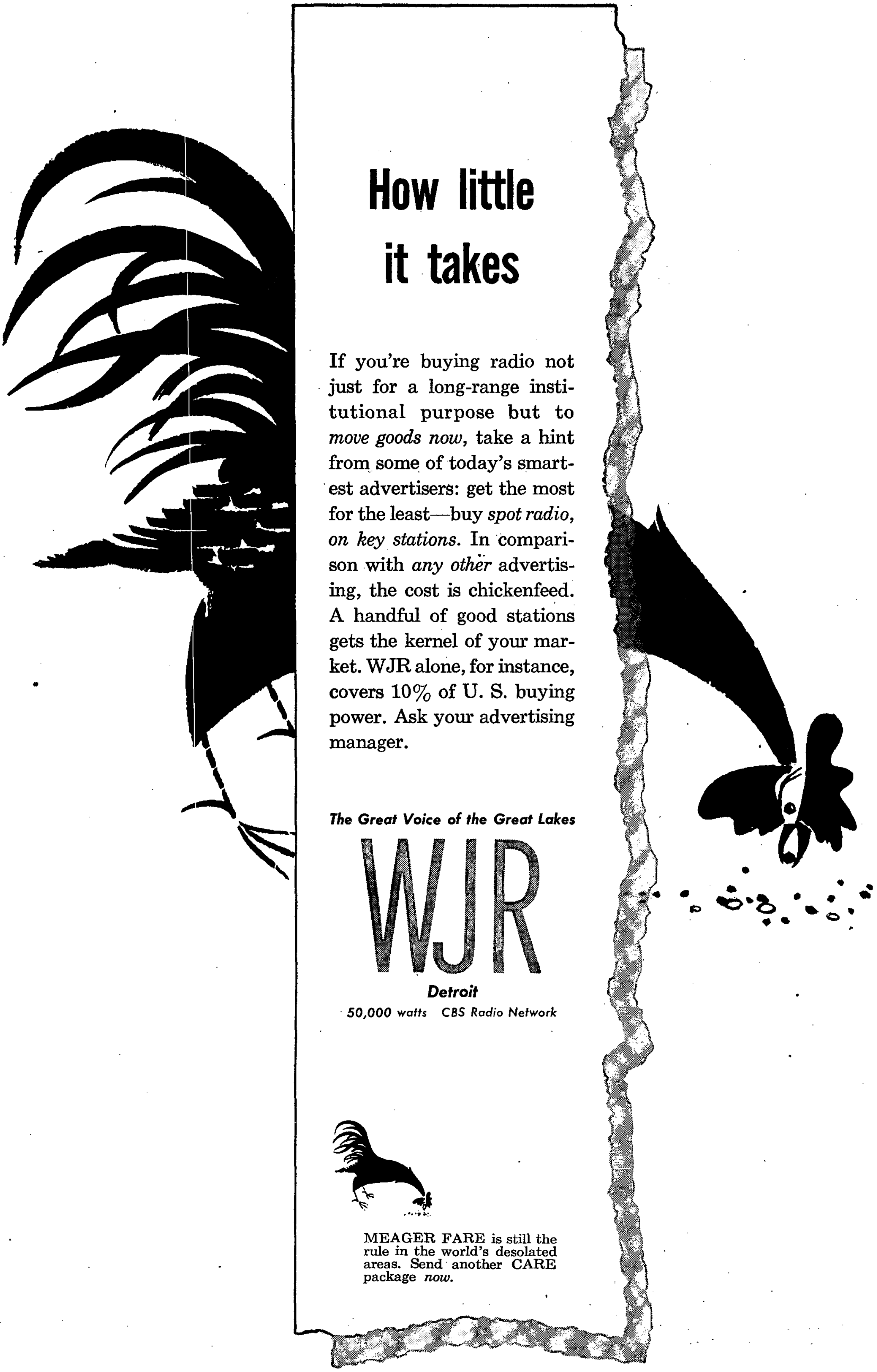
A Little of Everything



FOR some reason I have never been able to divine, husbands and wives who team up as performers get garrulously appreciative of each other the instant they confront an audience. Eddie Albert and his wife, Margo, a pair of individually experienced entertainers who are appearing in an elaborate act—their first together—in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, are no exception. "That's a lot of woman," Mr. Albert confides, cryptically but admiringly, to the audience after Mrs. Albert has fetched him a glass of water. I suppose this sort of public acknowledgment is based on the somewhat shaky proposition that if all the world loves a lover, it will be deliriously enamored of a pair of married lovers. The Alberts aren't left decently alone with each other in the Empire Room, however; two grinning guitarists assist them on the floor, and one of those extra-aware young musical directors who are always to be found in the background of an act like this doubles as pianist and conductor during the Alberts' special arrangements. But the Alberts are the main figures, and fortunately their talents, though limited as to quality, are far-ranging enough to provide a pleasantly varied evening's entertainment. Songs and patter, dancing, and acting are intermingled in a carefully planned presentation filled with minor changes of costume and lighting. While Margo dances around him, Albert, resurrecting an agreeable Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz number from "Revenge with Music," sings "Never Marry a Dancer;" the lights come up, the guitarists strum wildly and yelp, and the Alberts sing and strut to the measures of a Tin Pan Alley calypso piece called "Man, Man Is for the Woman Made;" Mrs. Albert quits the scene for a bit, and her husband half recites and half sings "September Song;" Margo returns with a shawl draped about her shoulders and has her whack at the living theatre as, in a blue light, she delivers to a baby a somewhat embarrassing speech mined from an old play. And so on. They work long and hard and, for the most part, engagingly. The act nevertheless is no more than a studied substitute for genuine inspiration, for neither of the Alberts is a very accomplished singer, her dancing is a bit rusty and his is more good-natured than professional, and their acting ability is of a modest sort. They are in love, though, and don't you forget it.

DESPITE the fact that he has been in and out of our more resplendent supper-club rooms for the past couple of decades, I never happened to see Russell Swann, a monumentally distracted magician, until the other night in the Cotillion Room of the Pierre, where he is appearing on the same bill with Dorothy Sarnoff, the singer. On the chance that you are as ignorant of Swann's act as I was, let me tell you that he ridicules his calling to such an extent that though for all I know he is a second Houdini, he can more properly be classified as a comedian. His fumbling attempts with rabbits, cards, and ropes serve merely as excuses for him to indulge in byplay with two pretty blond assistants and to get cozy with the customers. Everything he does in his professional line—I recall that he spent a lot of time patiently trying to hypnotize a rabbit—he does in an alarmingly irrelevant manner. This element of simple innocence about his performance proved so ingratiating on the night in question that by the time Miss Sarnoff came on, the room was filled with a carnival spirit. Singing popular songs of all descriptions and—since she has a voice of some considerable proportions—sailing into Puccini's aria "Un bel dì vedremo," she topped the evening off very neatly.

ELSA LANCHESTER, the English actress, is making one of her occasional appearances here, at the Blue Angel. She is a gifted music-hall comedienne, as you probably know, and she has a fey appeal. I had the feeling that her audience got a little restive under her strange spell the night I saw her, but I hope I was mistaken, for I thought she was fascinating. Wearing a green satin gown that contrasted violently with her red hair, she sang, among other things, a couple of pieces—"He's Nice, He's Clean, He's British" and "It May Be Life"—about neglected young ladies, artfully recited "The Song of the Jellicles," one of T. S. Eliot's moonstruck poems about cats, against a piano background composed by Ray Henderson, and did her slightly bawdy but also touching "When a Lady Has a Piazza." There is a desperate quality about her art; in some curious way, she takes her



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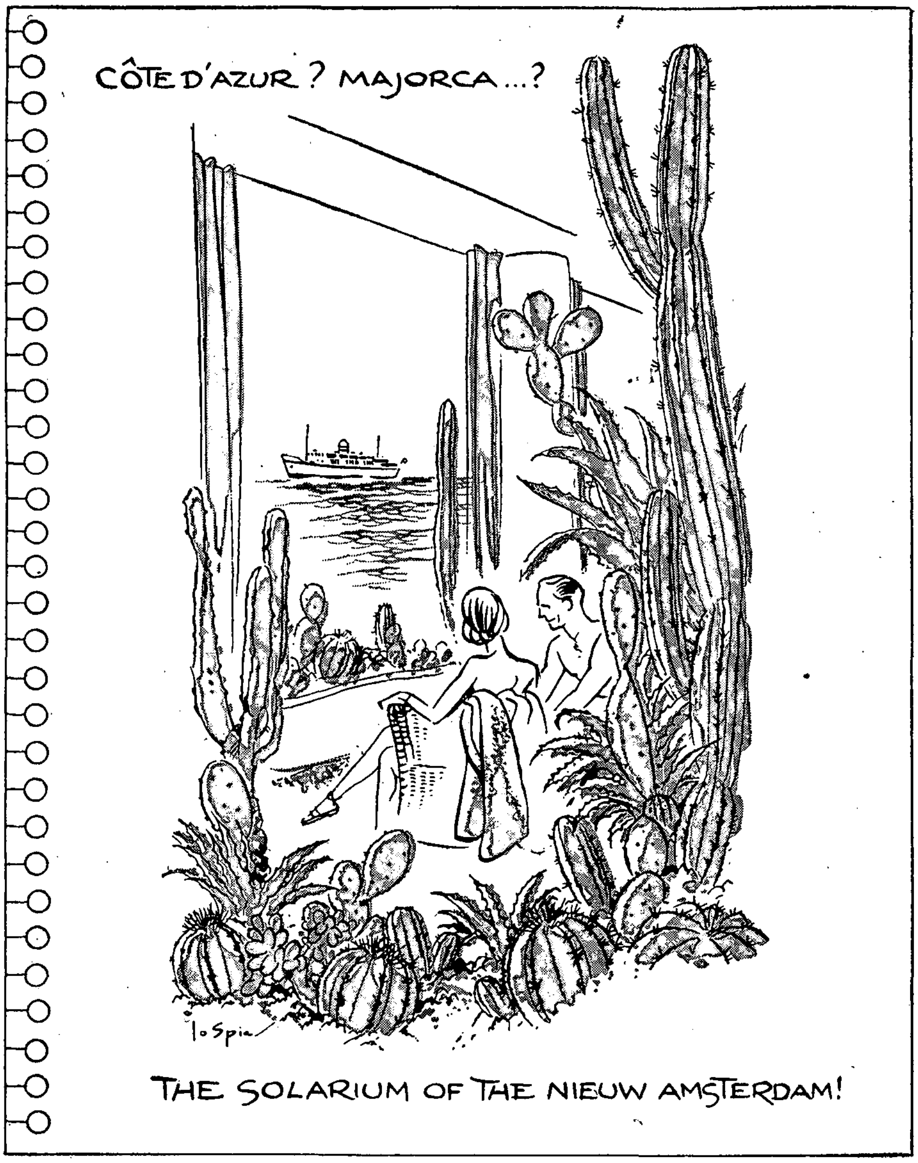
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A PLACE IN THE SUN

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listeners out of a close, tidy world and into a disquieting place filled with sharp winds and unsteady laughter.

A SLIM, unbending girl named Trude Adams, who has an attractive mezzo-soprano voice, sings beguilingly in the show at the Village Vanguard. Her repertoire is made up in almost equal parts of some of the better standard tunes, such as "Someone to Watch Over Me" and "Come Rain or Come Shine," and polished songs composed by her husband, Norman Martin, who accompanies her at the piano. Among the latter are a sprightly thing called "I Like My Love Romantic" and a winning one that pokes fun at the current vogue for tiny sports cars and is called "You Can't Go Too Far in a European Car.". . . A ravishing young blonde named Connie Towers is the current mannequin in the Maisonette of the Hotel St. Regis. With small, delicate features and a creamy complexion, and with her soft hair falling gracefully down the nape of her neck, Miss Towers doesn't have to do anything more than stand quietly before her audience for a prescribed length of time. She is not, of course, content to do no more than this, for she has a substantial soprano voice, and to display it she has memorized many pretty songs. Now and then, an impish mood strikes her and she tries her hand at a rhythm number, but most of the time she sings longingly about love, God bless her.

—D. W.

●

STEVENS ARRIVED WITH A PLATOON OF AIDES. HE TOOK HIS SEAT AT THE COMMITTEE TABLE FLANKED BY TWO OF THEM—LT. GEN. LYMAN LEMNITZER, DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF FOR PLANS, AND MAJ. GEN. ROBERT N. YOUNG, ASSISTANT CHIEF OF STAFF FOR PERSONNEL.

ADAMS SAT BEHIND THEM, GRIM-LOOKING AND APPARENTLY NERVOUS.

STEVENS AND THE GENERALS LOOKED SERIOUS BUT POSED SMILINGLY FOR THE ARMY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

HENSEL, WHO WAS ALONE, TOLD A REPORTER HE WAS PREPARING A FORMAL STATEMENT OF REPLY TO MCCARTHY'S CHARGES BUT HAD NOT COMPLETED IT. HE SAID HE DID NOT KNOW WHEN HE WOULD BE ASKED TO TESTIFY.

ASKED IF HE HAD COUNSEL WITH HIM, HE LAUGHED, "I'M BIG ENOUGH."

ON DISPLAY FOR THE REPORTERS WHO PACKED THE CONFERENCE ROOM WERE THE ASSASSINATION WEAPONS—TWO SPECIALLY SILENCED, ELECTRICALLY-FIRED PISTOLS AND TWO BIZARRE "CIGARET CASE" GUNS WHICH FIRED POISONED PELLETS OF POTASSIUM CYAN[IDE]—*U.P. news dispatch received by the Washington City News Service.*

Steady, now, U.P.!

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

AT a traditional English celebration there is no nonsense about having a good time. Having a good time would be out of place; a tradition is a serious matter. At a typical celebration, which is conducted with the dignity and solemnity of a public funeral, the mayor reads a proclamation by Queen Elizabeth II, the oldest alderman reads a proclamation attributed to King Alfred, and the R.A.F. Band, Hinksey Station, plays "God Save the Queen." Shops are closed, traffic is halted, children are hushed. Nothing stirs but bewildered small dogs, rushing backward and forward among motionless utility trousers and brown cotton stockings. Retired Army men, wearing old tweed jackets in which they have never felt quite at home, stand at attention in front of the South Midlands Travel Agency ("Special Excursion Rates to Bournemouth"), listening, perhaps, to a faraway bugle from the Afghan hills.

The oldest of all English traditional festivals are what used to be, in a dark and backward past, lurid pagan revels; they are now, through the efforts of a determined people, resolutely respectable. One of these is May Morning, which is celebrated with staunch fidelity every year on the first of May, and two years ago, when I was studying at Oxford, I went to it.

The celebration is held at dawn, which has been found to be the coldest and most uncomfortable time of the day. On that May Morning two years ago, the sun rose in Oxford at four-thirty-nine, and four of us who were sharing a flat—two Canadians, another American, and I, all studying at the University—rose in time to observe it.

DIRECTORY
LÁSZLÓ

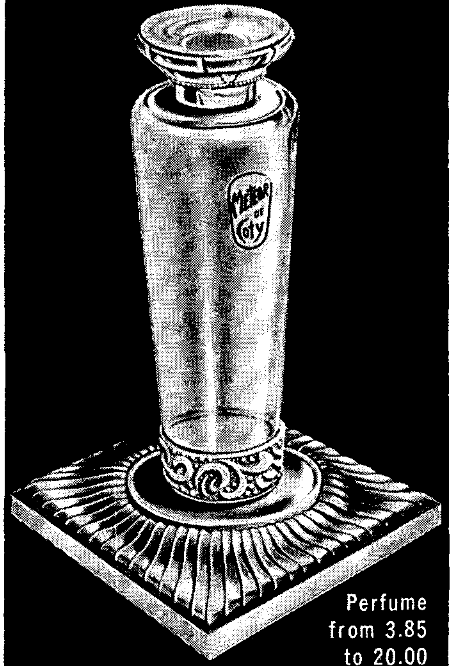
The sky was so overcast that it was impossible to tell whether the sun was rising at all. Somebody said he had a headache. We had coffee. It seemed important to wash the cups before we left the flat, but we couldn't manage to light the gas hot-water heater. We washed them in cold water. Outside, up and down the length of St. Margaret's Road, there was not a sign of animate human life. But all around us birds were singing, not sweetly but loudly and in disorder, without ceasing. It was a sound I had never heard before that early, and to my jangled nerves there seemed to be something ancient and terrible in it—a cruel, primitive discord.

We drove downtown toward Magdalen Tower, past identical Victorian red brick houses inhabited by dons and clergymen of a gentler religion and a greater reasonableness than their ancestors. At a booth on a corner, someone was trying to make a telephone call, the door shut against the noise of the birds. There was a cold gray light in the street, and a damp chill, and then there was a vast silence; the birds had stopped. We came out into Woodstock Road. The first bus was passing, and the milkman from Job's Dairy was pulling his red cart behind him with no other sound than the domestic jingle of milk bottles.

May Morning celebrates the coming of spring. We passed a number of silent people walking in the same direction and staring straight ahead, unsmiling. They were going to the celebration. We picked up an American couple we knew, who said that their baby had kept them awake all night; the husband had brought a camera, but he said he had forgotten the film. After that, none of us said anything.

The celebration was to begin at Magdalen Tower. When we arrived, there was already a considerable crowd of celebrants waiting on the bridge over the Cherwell, with the countenances of prisoners in a detention camp. Some were townspeople and some were undergraduates; other undergraduates were in punts on the river, and two undergraduates, in tails and white ties after an all-night party, were leaning against the railing of the bridge, their faces miserable but indomitable. Three girls were on horseback, looking over the heads of the crowd with the expressionless calm of the aristocracy in the early morning. An old man was adjusting an aged box camera, which clearly could take pictures only on beaches in bright sunlight. People stamped their feet and rubbed their hands in the chill, and occasionally they uttered monosyllables. There were policemen at several points, in case the approach of spring should cause a riot.

At the moment when the sun, if there had been any, would have struck the top of Magdalen Tower, we heard a faint and distant sound, the frail voices of children. The crowd



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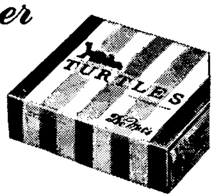

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stilled. "What is it?" a little boy asked loudly. "Hush," said his mother. "Up there, look," said somebody else, and a whisper ran through the crowd. At the very top of the tower, the Magdalen choirboys were singing a Christian hymn.

That brave and delicate sound ended. The crowd stirred and coughed. Nine young men grouped themselves self-consciously in an open space near the foot of the tower. Their leader gave a signal, another young man beat a tambourine, and then all the nine young men began to jump up and down, brandishing short wooden sticks. It became apparent that they were doing a morris dance. One of them, dressed as a woman, wore a green wreath on his head; the wreath and the sticks symbolized fertility. The young men's hair was brushed and combed, and their faces shone from shaving. They came from the automobile works at Cowley and had been practicing the fertility dance for some months in their recreation hall.

A stout woman with five children at the skirts of her overcoat watched with interest. A laborer on a wobbly bicycle, with a lunch pail on the handle bar, pedalled slowly through the middle of the dance, looking neither to right nor left. Another team of nine young men appeared, this one from the University, to do a similar dance. These young men carried sticks and wore sprigs of green and horn-rimmed glasses; the sprigs also symbolized fertility. The crowd regarded them with the polite attention of an audience at a cricket match. Occasionally one of the young men, with some embarrassment, shouted. Occasionally a young man's glasses fell off.

After a few minutes, the two teams of dancers, with the crowd following, began to dance slowly up the High from Magdalen Tower toward Carfax. Somebody struck up an accordion, and the dancers showed more enthusiasm. We reached Catte Street, a narrow alley between All Souls and St. Mary's, which leads into Radcliffe Square, and we pushed and squeezed into it, with the dancers leaping in our midst. The accordion and the tambourine mingled in confusion, the dancers lost their steps, the bells of St. Mary's crashed around our heads and rang between the walls, and, at last, the dancers and the crowd cried out in a wild, happy abandon. The ancient and gaudy festival had found and liberated its meaning, for in that moment in the alley the cries of the celebrants were like the noise of

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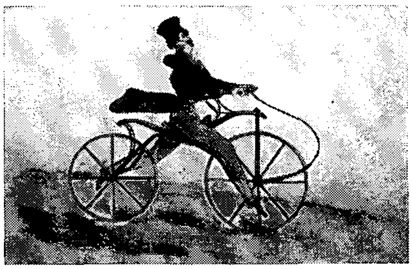

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the birds—the shrill, cruel disorder of fertility.

Then we came out into Radcliffe Square, under a gray English sky, on English cobblestones, surrounded by the monuments of English reason, All Souls, Brasenose, and the Radcliffe Camera. The two teams of bacchants stopped for breath and wiped their faces with English utility handkerchiefs. The crowd waited once more—shopkeepers and their thin, tired wives, nervous undergraduates, aged dons with kind, drained faces, workers on their way to Cowley—all determined, on a cold gray morning in what is spring in any other country, on a day that was a wild festival in another time, to celebrate an English tradition.

Beside me, a little girl said, "Mummy, what are those sticks they have in their hands?"

"Fairy wands," said her mother, setting her face into that firm and magnificent line that conquered and baptized half the world. —Geoffrey Bush

•

WHAT MAGAZINE D'YA READ?

Mechanical Translation Is Now in Sight

International Business Machine Corp. recently demonstrated a keyboard machine that translated Russian into English. The machine is "fed" by a punched IBM card. The answer comes out, at a rate of two and a half lines per sec., on an automatic printer in English. More development work on the method will eventually permit the rapid mass translation of literature.—*McGraw-Hill Digest, April, 1954.*

Translation Trouble

Experts on mechanical brains are fascinated by the problem of designing a translating machine. A few attempts have been made, but the only "language" translated so far is a few words of artificial baby talk.

In the *American Scientist*, Dr. Yehoshua Bar-Hillel, lately of M.I.T., now of Hebrew University, Jerusalem, explores the difficulties of true mechanical translation and finds them enormous. He gives up all hope that any machine will be able to make an acceptable translation of a real work of literature.—*Time, April 5, 1954.*

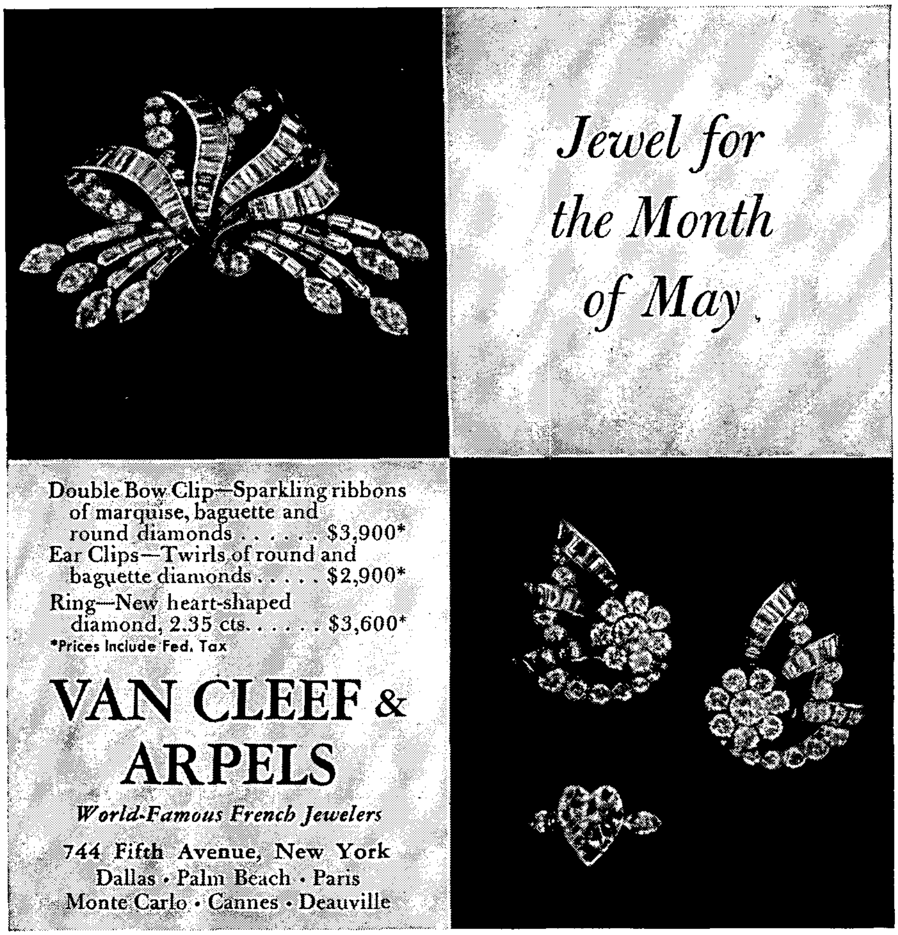
•

The sportswriter said there is one fight in every pug's career that changes him. I wanted to know about the second fight with Ray Robinson. He had been stopped the first time in 12 rounds. The second one lasted 15 rounds and was close.

"Confidence," he said. "I got confidence."

He looked at the steak, dark-jawed, sallow-complexioned, half-bald with a fluff of hair, impassive.—*Jimmy Cannon in the Post.*

Imagine gaining confidence from meat like that!



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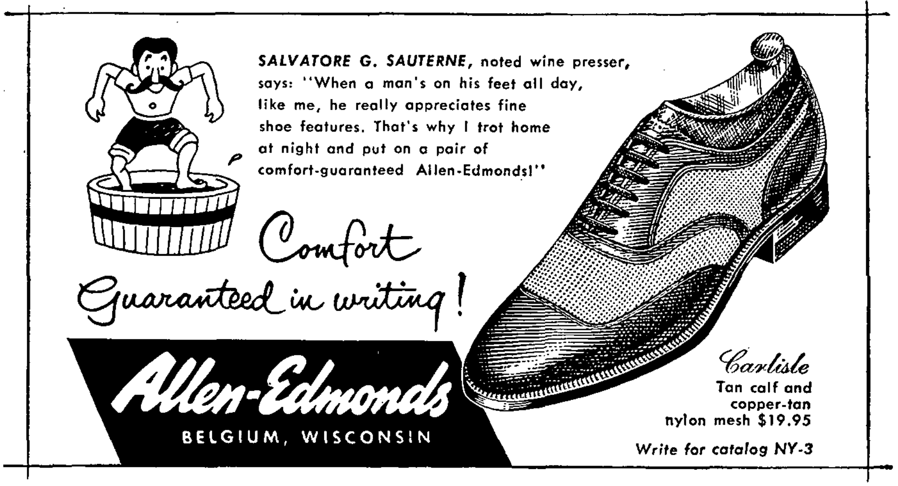

SALVATORE G. SAUTERNE, noted wine presser, says: "When a man's on his feet all day, like me, he really appreciates fine shoe features. That's why I trot home at night and put on a pair of comfort-guaranteed Allen-Edmonds!"

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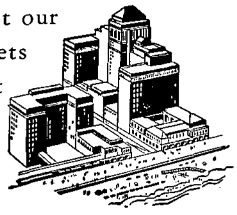

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BACK IN THE BIG LEAGUE

SOMETIMES when I'm reading the newspapers, I get the impression, no matter how I try to keep my spirits up, that things are becoming worse and worse, and that everybody is in something of a jam. Then I begin a kind of search, going through the newspapers again. I don't look for jokes or for those pieces that set out with fierce determination to be lighthearted and cheery. I look for a piece that will reaffirm my conviction that not all the fun is leaking out of everything. Or has leaked out already. That's what I was doing one day a couple of weeks ago when I came across a news dispatch that said, in effect, that Baltimore was going slightly wacky, and doing so over something that will have no influence at all on the course of history. That is the return of Baltimore to the American League of Professional Baseball Clubs after an absence of fifty years or so.

In the midst of all the other news, that sounded good. I called the Baltimore & Ohio, Oxford 7-3434, and ordered a ticket and a chair for Baltimore, to get in on the carryings-on.

I TOOK a cab from Mount Royal Station to the Lord Baltimore Hotel. Baltimore has many small regal touches like those names—names that have a silky sound to them. Here and there the city is shabby, and here and there it is lovely, too, but all in all it is old, and, like the old, it has its own way of doing things. During the short ride, the subject of the baseball club, the Orioles, naturally came up, and the cabby said, "They're going to have to *do* something before I go nuts about them. Not that I ain't perfectly willing to go nuts like everybody else, but this is a game you got to beat *somebody* at least, for God's sake, before you amount to anything. Right?"

I mumbled that I guessed he was right, but I wasn't really listening to this windy hackie, because I was looking out at the street while we were stopped for a traffic light. In the window of a department store, the Hub, was a sign that read:

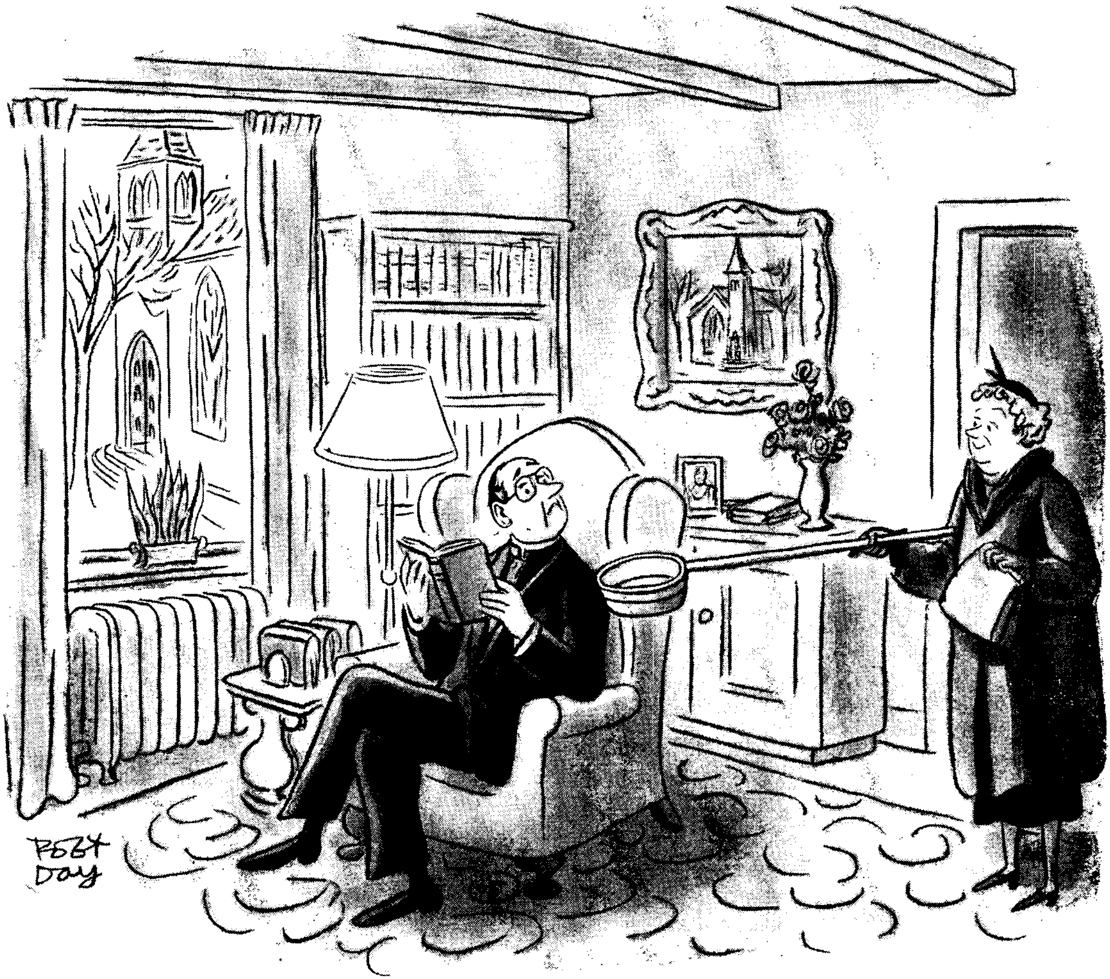
> FIRST PITCH INTO OUR GREATEST ADVENTURE—BALTIMORE'S RETURN TO THE AMERICAN LEAGUE!

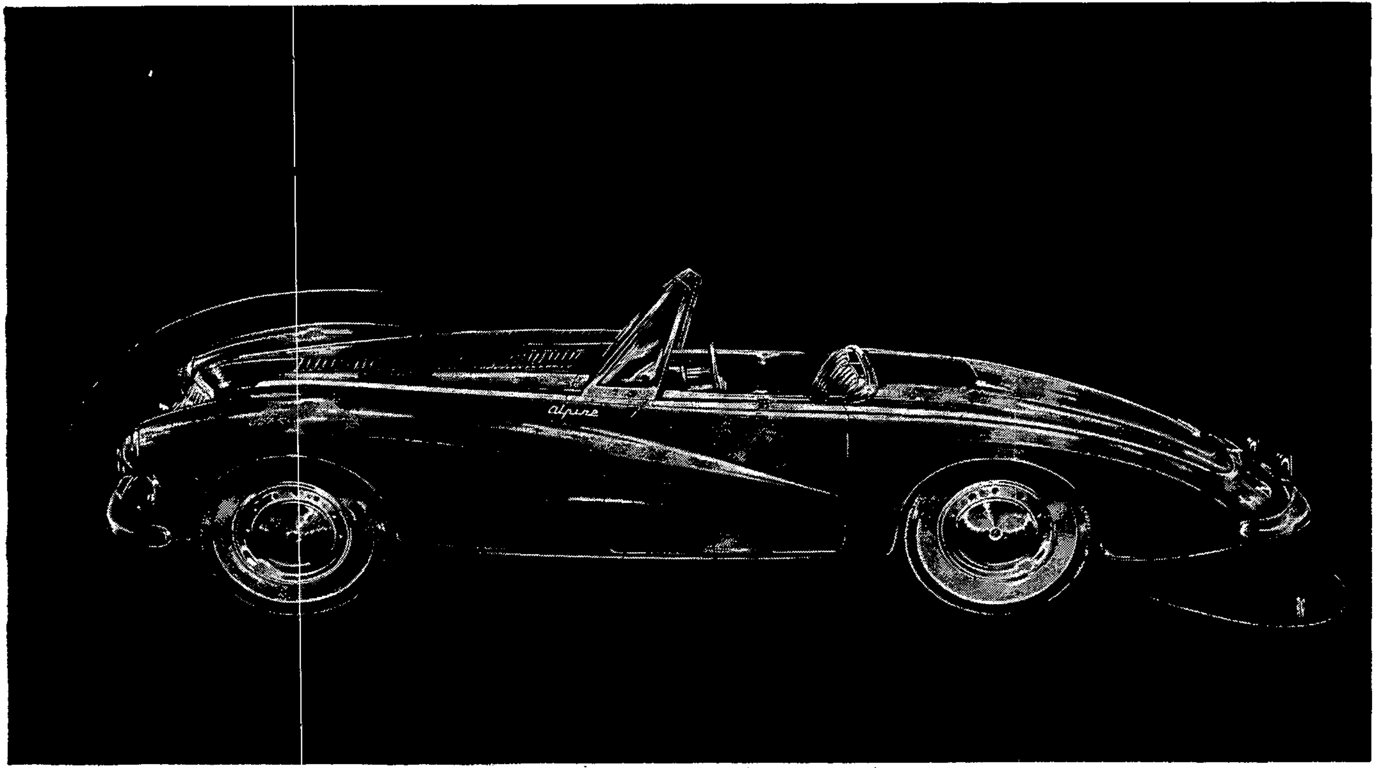
This was the Monday before Easter, the beginning of a week when most store windows have nothing but Easter finery in them to dazzle the passersby. In Baltimore, the Easter finery was there, but it took second place to baseball. In the windows of Hutzler's department store were a glove worn by Babe Ruth, a Baltimore boy; shoes once worn by Bill Dickey, the great catcher of whom Yogi Berra, the present Yankee catcher, said, "He learned me all his experiences and helped me;" a glove worn by Rabbit Maranville; and other such items. Most of these memorabilia had nothing directly to do with the Orioles, but they were baseball.

I picked up the latest Baltimore papers in the lobby of the Lord Baltimore, and went to my room. The grim news of the world was backed up in them; the big headlines were all baseball, and the theme was always the same happy one—"BACK IN THE BIG LEAGUE." The lead editorial in the *News-Post* read, in part:

> This year let us make it Our Orioles all the way, in defeat and victory, in jubilation and disappointment. Now is the time for such a resolution as we stand on the eve of the Great Day we have anticipated so keenly, when the lid is ripped off big-league baseball for Baltimore for the first time in 52 years. Yes, tomorrow, in Detroit, our Orioles start playing for keeps. The period of training-camp experimentation is over, and now comes the acid test for the players—all-out battle upon the diamonds.... We knew we were not acquiring a team calculated to be an immediate pennant contender. That takes time, so we must be patient and loyal over a period of at least two or three years.... We are confident the fans will give forth in the spirit of the Old Orioles, of John McGraw, Hugh Jennings, Willie Keeler, Wilbert Robinson, Joe Kelley, Steve Brodie, and the other immortals whose "never say die" brought them and their city the plaudits of the nation.

The *Evening Sun* also shoved everything else down on its editorial page to give first place to baseball. An editorial





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headed "Down to Business" started out:

So now they start playing for keeps. The Yankees cease to look upon Oriole victories with charitable tolerance, the Cubs relinquish their role as friendly sparring partners, and that gratifying little table showing the Birds hovering around first or second place suddenly goes blank. Whatever the moving finger writes on the baseball scoreboard is now going to stay writ.

THE reason everybody in Baltimore says "back" in the big league is this: In the eighteen-nineties, there was only one big league, the National, and in 1894, 1895, and 1896 the Baltimore Orioles were its champions. Oh, they were a murderous, anything-goes, you-got-to-win baseball club, the ancients say. They either invented or perfected the bunt and the squeeze play and other such stratagems. In 1899, when the number of clubs in the league was cut from twelve to eight, the Orioles were dropped. Then in 1900, the American League was started, and by 1901 the Orioles were in it. The manager was John J. McGraw, later to be invariably identified with the National League in general and with the New York Giants in particular. He had fellows under him like Iron Man Joe McGinnity and Mike Donlin, to mention only a couple. On September 30, 1902, the Orioles lost the final game of the season to Boston, by a score of 9–5, and wound up at the bottom of the standings. That was the last big-league game played in Baltimore for almost fifty-two years, because at the end of the 1902 season the club's franchise was moved to New York. The next season, the team was renamed the New York Highlanders. (It was called that because it played in the comparatively mountainous uptown part of New York.) Later, the Highlanders became the New York Yankees. Baltimore was furious at being shunted out of the big league in 1902, and, with anger seeping down from fathers to sons, it was furious all those fifty-two years. During the whole time, Baltimore hated New York for taking its ball club away, so to speak. And it hates the Yankees to this day. Nowadays, this oft-proclaimed hatred has more than a tinge of the ridiculous about it, since no baseball expert—no ordinary fan, even—in this whole nation regards the present-day Orioles as genuine rivals of the Yankees for top place in the league, and the Yankees themselves look upon the Orioles with condescension.

Anyway, being out of the big league has galled Baltimore without cease

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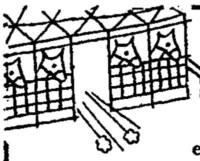

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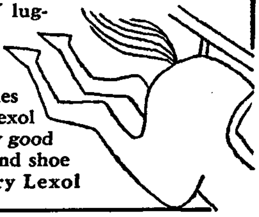

(*Advertisement*)

this half century and a little more. (Nobody counts 1914 and 1915, when Baltimore was in the Federal League, a supposedly big-league outfit that folded up.) The city has been in the International League, and has won championships in it, but that's a minor league. "Baltimore's an overgrown country town," a stranger said to me during a hotel-lobby gab. The way he said it, though, managed to convey a double pride—pride that the place is overgrown and pride that it still retains some of the warmly simple attributes of the country town. A couple of wars came along, the stranger said, and in the last one the Glenn Martin bomber plant and the shipyards out at Sparrows Point were among the busiest and most gigantic in the country, and Baltimore sure did grow. After all, he went on, Baltimore has ranked sixth among the nation's cities in population for some time, and until this year it wasn't in the big league, while Cincinnati, which ranks eighteenth, has been in the big league since God knows when. (Baltimore has a city population of 949,708 and a metropolitan population of 1,337,373.)

Over the years, Baltimore has kept trying to edge into one big league or the other. When the Boston Braves, of the National League, were looking for a new home, the city made a try at getting them and lost out to Milwaukee. Then Baltimore turned its attention to the St. Louis Browns, of the American League, which were in trouble financially, athletically, and, one might say, spiritually. The club owed something like seven hundred thousand dollars, and last year wound up at the bottom of the league, forty-six and a half games behind. The 1953 attendance, around three hundred thousand, was pretty near as low as a big-league ball club can go. Two men in Baltimore seem to have furnished the main motive power for the drive that finally got the Browns' franchise for the city—Clarence W. Miles, a noted utilities counsel and now the president of the Orioles, and Thomas D'Alesandro, a former representative in Congress and now mayor of Baltimore. There were others, but it appears that these two made the major push to get the money together.

This is an industrial country for sure, and so if any game gets big enough, it turns into an industry. If the game of Old Maid got big enough, it would turn into an industry; what the hell, there's a game called Scrabble—putting letters printed on wooden blocks together to make words—that has turned into

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an industry worth a couple of million dollars. Baseball is, of course, an industry. The fan knows it, but he prefers to brush that knowledge aside and watch the ball game and, if the incentive is strong enough, go nuts about it. What the fans never forget is that baseball is a good game. Mr. Miles and Mayor D'Alesandro used a persuasive industrial argument to get the money together; they pointed out what the transfer of the Braves had done for Milwaukee. The first season there, the Braves drew an attendance of 1,826,397—a record for the National League—and, best of all from an investor's point of view, the presence of a big-league ball club in Milwaukee caused the spending there of almost five million dollars. According to municipal authorities, that much money went to hotels, restaurants, clubs, stores—everything like that—from visitors who came to see the games.

About thirty Baltimore men—hotel owners, businessmen of all sorts—put up the money and got the St. Louis Browns for $2,475,000. This sum also bought them a ball club the Browns owned in San Antonio, Texas, and a stadium there. For a while, the New York Yankees—whom Baltimore has hated for nearly fifty-two years—voted against the transfer of the franchise, and it looked as if Baltimore would lose out again. But last September the Yankees changed their vote, the deal was made, and Baltimore was back in the big league. That is, it was back on paper, for not until Thursday, April 15th, two days after the opening of the official season, were the Orioles to be back in the big league in what Baltimore considered actuality—right there on the city's own diamond, with flags flying, fans yelling, and one man with a baseball in his hand that he is trying to throw past another man with a bat in his hands. Someone once remarked that throwing that ball past a batter is often as difficult as throwing a pork chop past a wolf. As I said, whether the man does or doesn't will never alter the history of the world. But it's fun to watch him try.

THE office of the Baltimore Orioles, Inc., is located—fittingly enough, considering the present spirit of the community—on Eager Street. The building is an old-fashioned two-story brick affair, and on the one white stone step outside the door is a rubber doormat with "WELCOME" on it—the country-town touch. On the morning of Tuesday, April 13th, Carle A. Jackson and David F. Woods were franti-

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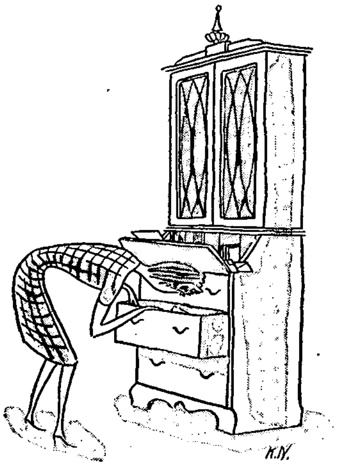
cally busy in there. Mr. Jackson, a tall, handsome, strapping man, who is a former polo player and a former lieutenant in the Merchant Marine, and whose father, Howard W. Jackson, was mayor of Baltimore for sixteen years, had been named grand marshal of the Oriole Homecoming Parade, to be held on Thursday, the day of the first home game. Mr. Woods had been named executive vice-chairman of the Parade Committee. The City of Baltimore had allotted ten thousand dollars to welcome the Orioles. There were to be twenty-two bands, Mr. Woods said, and various business enterprises were to furnish floats portraying some aspect of baseball and the notable history of "our Orioles." "It'll be a hell of a parade, that's certain," he told me.

"Yes," Mr. Jackson said, "and everybody wants to get into the act. A diaper-service company just telephoned and wants to put in a float. I had to turn them down. Just didn't seem right for a baseball parade."

I asked how ticket sales were going, and Mr. Woods informed me that well over eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of season and single-game tickets had already been sold.

"You may think I'm crazy," Mr. Jackson said, "but with a good break in the luck, this ball club could finish fifth. And with a really remarkable turn of luck, we could be fourth." In all the time I was in Baltimore, this was the most optimistic prediction I heard from anybody. Practically everybody else I met spoke of "shooting for sixth." That seemed really noteworthy to me—a whole city aiming for sixth place out of eight in a hundred-and-fifty-four-game season, and hoping for the semi-miracle of fifth.

In view of the general tension in Baltimore, it seemed a trifle odd that there was so little excitement that Tuesday afternoon about the actual opening game of the Orioles—against the Ti-



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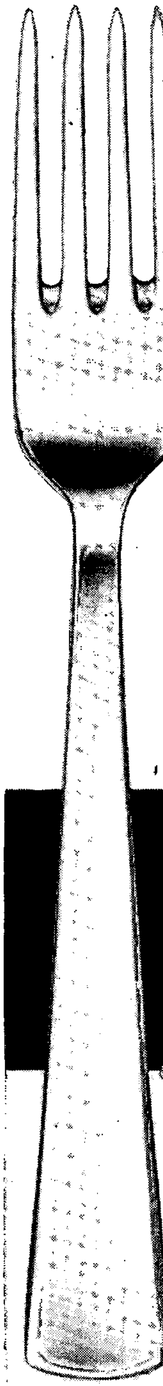

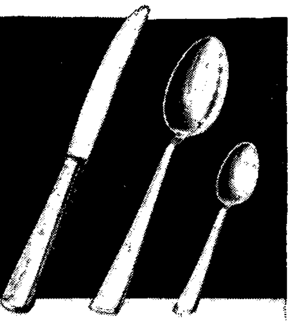

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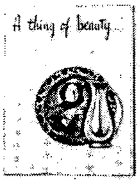

gers, in Briggs Stadium, Detroit. That is, it seemed odd until I got a somewhat fuzzy but probably basically accurate explanation. I had wandered out to East Baltimore, one of the less elegant sections of the city, and was in a bar on Broadway, which leads to the docks. The game from Detroit was coming in on television. Don Larsen was pitching for the Orioles. A man opened the door and stepped in and stood there. One glance at him was enough to tell that it was not the first bar of the day for him.

"What's all this?" he demanded of the small gathering inside.

"Opening game," a patron replied, without taking his eyes off the screen.

"It's not the opening game, no such a thing," the newcomer declared, still standing just inside the door. "That'll be Thursday, the opening game.".

The man at the bar turned around toward him. "I'm telling you this is the first game of the season," he said. "It's in Dee-troit."

"Well, it's not the opening game—that's Thursday!" the visitor shouted.

"In Baltimore, yes," said the man at the bar, "that's Thursday."

"Goddam it, that's what I'm trying to tell you," the newcomer declared, with a show of long-suffering patience. "This year it don't count until they get to Baltimore!" Then he went out, and the patrons turned their attention back to the screen. A batter swung at a bad one and missed. "Cripes!" one man said. "Four foot over his head and he swang at it!"

At the end of the first half of the fifth, the announcer said, "And so, as we go into the bottom half of the fifth inning, the score is Detroit one, Baltimore nothing." Down the bar, a scholarly-looking man with glasses—a man of about fifty or so—said, "Geez, that's funny. It sounds good anyway. Even when the guy says Detroit one, Baltimore nothing. Long as Baltimore's in there somewhere at last. It sounds good. We're back in the big league."

The Orioles lost that one in Detroit, 3–0. Every score came on a home run. Later, in the Lord Baltimore lobby, and in Miller Brothers Restaurant (the Chincoteague oysters there are about the size of banjos), and in the coffeepots, nobody seemed disconcerted, possibly on the theory that "this year it don't count until they get to Baltimore." "Three home runs!" the man behind the counter in a coffeepot on a side street said to me. "What the hell can you do about three home runs? What can you do? He pitch good game, Larsen boy, for us. They hit three home

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runs, one at a time, nobody on, what the hell can you do? Could happen to anybody."

I agreed that a home run is a hopeless thing if it isn't yours. All you can do is stand there and watch it sail.

"Main thing, we got a hustle ball club," the counterman said. "We going to beat Philadelphia. We going to beat Detroit. We keep on, hustle, hustle, hustle, we maybe beat somebody else. Could be we be fifth with a hustle club."

The counterman, like everybody I talked to except the first garrulous hackie, used "we" when talking of the Orioles. Many a time in New York I have noticed that no matter how ardent a rooter for a club a man may be, he seldom, if ever, uses "we" in talking about it. Ask him about his team and he'll say, "They're doing real good," or "They're having a little slump"—something like that. If he's a Polo Grounds man, he'll call his team the Giants or the Gi'nts; if he's a Brooklyn man, he'll call his team the Brooks (rarely the Dodgers or the Bums). At any rate, never "we." In Baltimore, it's practically always "we."

MORE than forty-six thousand tickets for the opening home game on Thursday had been sold months before, the ball club was due in from Detroit early Thursday morning, Baltimore was for sure back in the big league—and on Wednesday there was still the far from little matter of a place to play in. The municipally owned Memorial Stadium was not yet finished. I went out to see it around noon that day. It's about fifteen minutes from downtown, in a tidy, comfortable residential district. There was scaffolding all around the outside, and the brickwork was weeks away from being done. Inside, hundreds of men were working. But the seats were in and the playing field looked sweet and green and clean. What's probably the biggest scoreboard in the world thrust its way up beyond center field. "It's sixty-five feet high, counting the clock on top, and seventy-five feet wide," a workman said when he saw me looking at it. "Some scoreboard! Wonder what we'll put on it tomorrow, eh?" A man I identified as Mr. Miles, the president of the Orioles, came in through a passageway and took a look around. "It's going to be a dead heat between the stadium and the folks coming in," he said. "But we'll make it."

The stadium has been worked on for seven years, more or less piecemeal. In the beginning, it was to be a football

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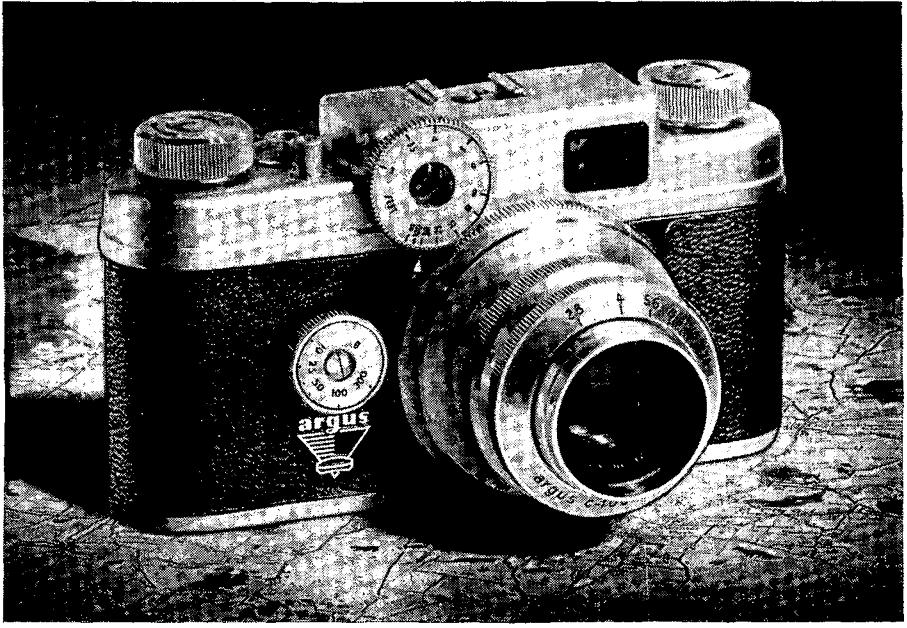

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stadium, and in some ways, according to knowledgeable sportsmen, it still is. When Baltimore got its big-league hopes up again, its nature was altered, as far as possible, to accommodate baseball. When the urge to have a topnotch stadium in Baltimore originated, it was to be called Babe Ruth Stadium. Babe Ruth, who died in 1948, was born in Baltimore in 1895, learned baseball at a reform school there, played with the old Orioles as a pitcher, and was sold to Boston in 1914 for twenty-nine hundred dollars by Jack Dunn, the Orioles' owner. And, as every schoolboy from Tierra del Fuego north knows, he went on to become the greatest figure baseball has ever seen. But then the name of the stadium was changed, in tribute to Baltimore's war dead.

THURSDAY morning, in Thompson's Restaurant, opposite the Lord Baltimore, I shared a table with another man. We got to talking, and he told me his name was Samuel Cascio. He said he was twenty-nine, worked for the Free State Transfer driving trucks, and wished he could see his way clear to taking the day off for the opening game. The Orioles had won in Detroit the day before by a narrow squeak—3 to 2. "Everywhere I go, the fellows say they're going to take off no matter what anybody says," Cascio told me. "Wish I could, but I can't. That game yesterday, my wife told me she got frightened stiff in the eighth and ninth, watching it on the TV. My wife said she even said a couple prayers for them, she was so scared."

"Something could have happened all right in those last couple innings," I said. "Well, today's the big day."

"Yes," Cascio said. "Big parade, ball game, everybody happy. Except one man, and he's the one I been thinking about. Sorry for him."

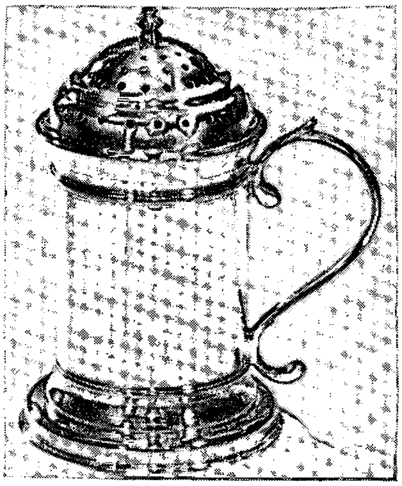
"Who's that?" I asked.

"Tommy D'Alesandro, the Mayor. You know about him?" Cascio said.

"A little. Not much," I said.

"He's sick in the hospital, and he wanted Baltimore in the big league probably more than anybody," Cascio said. "I'm sorry for him; he can't even go to the opener."

Later that morning, I went out in the street to watch the parade. I got there in time to see the Army Field Band come by, playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and marching in an alignment that would shame the Rockettes. Connie Mack, now ninety-one, rode in the parade, and so did Vice-



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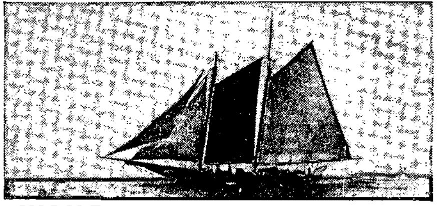

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President Richard M. Nixon and his wife. The parade marched three and a half miles, and the drum-major girls danced and pranced nearly all the way. There was a papier-mâché Babe Ruth about twelve feet high, bat in hand, rotating on a pedestal. The crowds on the sidewalks cheered even a papier-mâché Babe Ruth.

THE game was to start at two-thirty, and at twelve-thirty it was raining—not too heavily, but raining, and windy—and the crowds were going into the stadium. They walked through cement rubble and climbed over boards, and they were happy as larks. The mustard for the hot dogs (twenty-five cents each) was in a barrel; a turn of a handle on top of the barrel spread the mustard over the hot dog held underneath. Very modern stadium, very modern mustard. Big-league mustard. All the flags were flying in the rain. A vast tarpaulin, brand-new, covered the infield, never played on by anybody. Red-faced men in their best suits and with their big hands sticking far out of their sleeves were coming in holding dainty plaid or pastel umbrellas—obviously men who had never owned an umbrella in their lives and had been sent out from home so equipped for this day only. Best of all were the fathers and sons. A father, dressed either country-club style or workingman style, would be leading his son to their places. And as they walked together, the father would lean over a little toward his son and say, "Now, Bobby, you're going to see your first big-league ball game." The boy would gleam. If I heard it once, I heard it five times.

The rain quit at two-twenty, and from then on it was merely gray and windy. Bob Turley, a young fast-ball man, pitched for the Orioles. In the third inning, Clint Courtney, the catcher they call Scrap-Iron, got the Orioles' first home run. At 3:20 P.M., April 15, 1954. Also in the third, Outfielder Vic Wertz was at bat for the Orioles, with two men on and two out, and in response to no signal whatever, at least forty thousand handkerchiefs came out and were waved wildly in the air.

"What in the world's going on here?" I asked the man next to me.

"This is the Baltimore Farewell," he said, laughing. "It's only for pitchers. When they're weakening. Get them rattled." I suppose the seasoning of a young pitcher includes learning how to ignore forty thousand handkerchiefs being waved as a derisive adieu, but it must be quite a job of ignoring. In any

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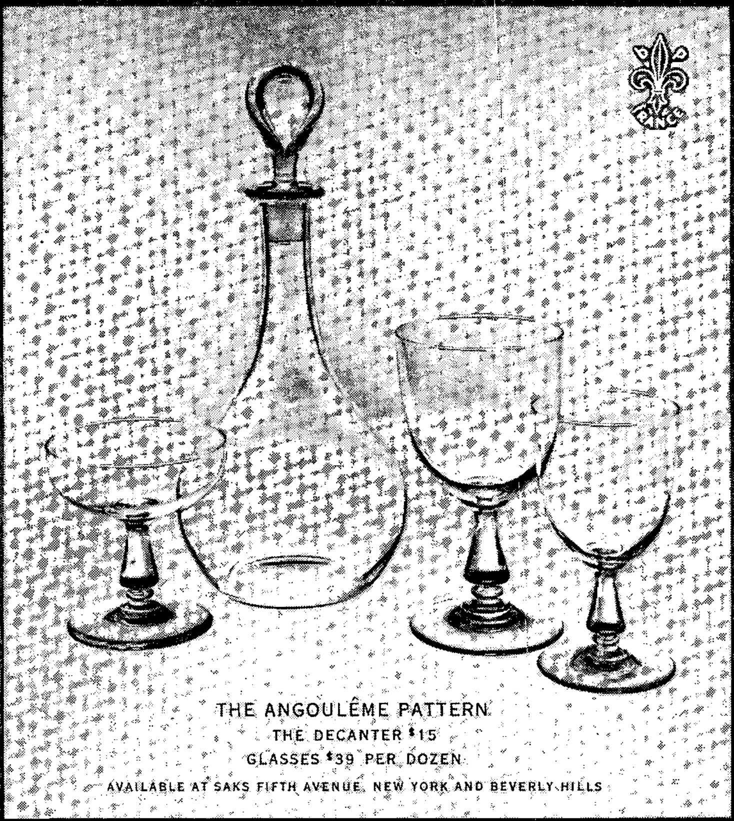

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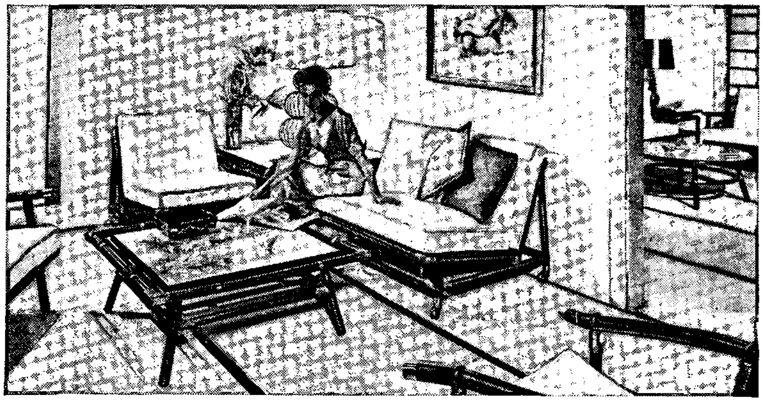

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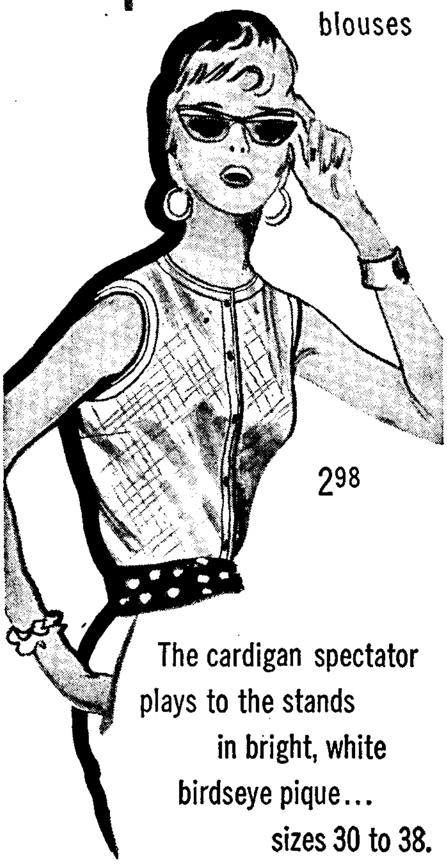

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case, Wertz walked. But the next man up forced him.

In the fourth inning, Vern Stephens got the Orioles' second home run. In the seventh, the Orioles' first baseman, Eddie Waitkus, laid down a bunt that was as close to perfection as a bunt can be. It seemed to me that the crowd of 46,354 shouted louder and went daffier over that bunt than over the two home runs—maybe because this was Baltimore, where, as I said, they either invented or perfected the bunt more than sixty years ago.

Baltimore won, by a score of 3–1. The people were happy going home, and they were happy that night around town. But they weren't dancing in the streets or throwing furniture out of hotel windows. They seemed surprisingly restrained, in fact. Then I remembered that the victory wasn't the big thing for them. It was just that they were back in the big league, win or lose.

—JOHN MCNULTY

•

Marshal Juin has been dismissed from his French military posts by Premier Joseph Laniel because he failed to submit his speeches for approval and then failed to appear when summoned by Mrs. Laniel to explain.—*The Herald Tribune, April 7, 1954.*

Labor is gaining at the by-elections, and, if there is a general election this fall, as is freely forecast, the party may be the next government in Britain. In that event Mr. Attlee, who is now three-score years and 10, may have some difficulty in obtaining the prime ministership. Both possibilities—the Labor Party's success and Mrs. Attlee's surrender to Mr. Bevan—are related in no small measure to the course of Anglo-American relations.—*Washington Post, April 17, 1954.*

Relations would pick up if women could be kept in their place.

•

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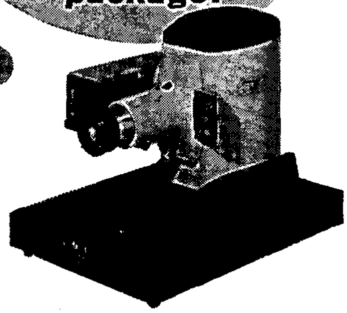

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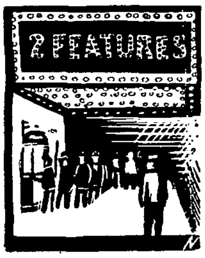

THE Ceylonese elephants in "Elephant Walk" have nothing in common emotionally with lovable hulks like Babar. They are all sore because a crusty tea planter has thrown a mansion slightly larger than Mount Vernon across their favorite route to a water hole. The interfering planter dies before the elephants can give him his comeuppance, but they have quite a time making things miserable for his heir, an ill-tempered type who treats his new bride from London with very little consideration and spends most of his weekends carousing with his friends. When all hands are sufficiently gone in liquor, this fellow likes to organize indoor polo games with bicycles used for horses. What with the guests wheeling uncertainly about the main hall and the elephants stomping angrily about the grounds, the girl from London soon gets fed up with colonial life, her husband, and his friends. In her despair, her eye lights on one of her husband's assistants who has a touch of sensitivity, and it's not long before she gives evidence of being mad about the boy. But before anything can come of this extramarital excursion, a cholera epidemic brings her husband to his senses, and he puts away his bicycle and bottles and proves that he is a rather good sort. More or less in passing, the elephants succeed in pushing over the mansion, which turns out to be a good thing, for the place was the symbol of all the arrant wickedness of the planter's sire. As one who has never before seen a crew of elephants take over a job of house wrecking, I must say that I was impressed by their enthusiasm.

One of the unfortunate aspects of "Elephant Walk"—and there are many—is that while the Ceylonese backgrounds are interesting to look at, the foregrounds supplied by Hollywood mostly aren't, for the screenplay, written by John Lee Mahin and based on a novel by Robert Standish, is a tedious confection. As for the actors, they never rise above their material. Peter Finch is dreary company in the role of the planter, and his sudden access of nobility in the closing reels seems highly unlikely. As his put-upon bride, Elizabeth Taylor is frequently so pouty that I began to hope he would take a hairbrush to her, and as the sensitive gentleman who tries to see her through her difficulties, Dana Andrews is overweeningly proper. The picture, which was directed by William Dieterle, represents a kind of salvage job, since it originally had Vivien Leigh in the part now played by Miss Taylor. Miss Leigh took sick before she finished the assignment, and the producers used pasteup methods to save whatever they could of the previous footage.

"CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT" presents Bob Hope as a tailor who is mistaken for the great lover and employed to explore the firmness of a Venetian beauty's virtue. A completely witless enterprise, it features, along with Mr. Hope, Joan Fontaine, Basil Rathbone, and Arnold Moss. Primo Carnera is also visible in it. He was better off when he was wrestling. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

I wasn't even sure myself—that is, at first. What had she said? What had she admitted? Her eyes flew wildly to Gordon. Oh, Gordon, oh, darling, forgive me; don't judge me too harshly. I know now it was wicked not to trust you, and I don't understand how I could ever have thought for so much as a split second—

He was smiling at her. No accusation in his eyes. Only compassion. I didn't know, his eyes were saying to her; I had no idea. Darling, I asked you, and you said—

I know, her eyes replied, desperately beseeching, but I couldn't be honest with you; I couldn't tell you the truth. It would have been too awful—I didn't even dare admit it to myself. Can't you see, can't you understand, that if I refused to— Well, what you don't put into words is never so real, is never so final, as what you do.

Yes, his eyes assured her, yes, I can see that. But you poor kid, you poor little devil, walking around believing a thing like that and not daring to come straight out with it. Oh, Bunny, oh, darling, what a wretched time I've given you, and I never meant to; I've never wanted to make you anything but happy.

I know that, her eyes acknowledged; oh, I know that, Gordon, I really do.—*From a story in Good Housekeeping.*

Those eyes are going to be mighty hoarse tomorrow.

•

Spring and blossoms we find in every mouthful. The vegetables are cooked separately and added to the soup with diced pieces of the meat and slices of the marrow. With the soup goes finely cut parsley and freshly grated Parmesan cheese and toasted French bread. When the little rafts of toast are launched with their cargoes of Parmesan, and the spoon dips it up, does it matter the cost is $6.50 a quart?—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

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by
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President
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Established 1849

The old Irishman may be right—"*All* whiskies are good, only some are better than others." But why *pay* more without knowing which is which?

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Cling Test. Fill a jigger half full. Swirl the glass and watch the driplets slowly gather. The fuller-bodied the whiskey the more it adheres to the sides.

Empty Jigger Test. Empty the jigger used above. Without wiping, let it stand a few hours. If the whiskey is well made, note the richness of bouquet still filling the empty glass.

Nose Test. Pour a few drops in your palm. Rub hands together, then cup them over your nose. A quick sniff gives you the *full* bouquet.

Taste Test. Sip half whiskey and water without swallowing. Tip it back on your tongue. "Chomp" on it to force-draft the vapors to the olfactory nerves which help you taste.

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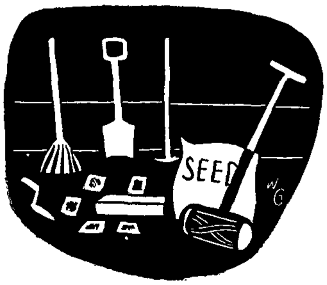
IT'S NOT THE SAME THING

IN my family, my wife takes care of our modest contributions to worthy causes. She studies each appeal closely, writes the little checks, and rejects the chisellers. That suits me fine, and the charities probably fare better at her hands than they would at mine.

I have a friend who handles his donations personally, making them in response to impulses that, he acknowledges, come to him infrequently. Not all these impulses are obeyed, either, and some that are shouldn't be. For example, a man once asked him for a dime for a cup of coffee, and he gave the man a dollar for the drinks he obviously wanted, just so he wouldn't have to cadge ten cents from each of ten persons. That was wrong, my friend later decided, because he *thinks* a man should expend a reasonable amount of effort for his pleasures.

As I said, these compulsions come to him seldom, but one night last fall he felt a strong one, he told me recently when we were discussing income-tax deductions. He had finished, as usual about midnight, his daily chores on the morning newspaper where we both work, and, as usual, he was about to take a taxicab to a tavern in Greenwich Village where he goes to meet friends. (Sometimes I join him there, after I finish a later shift, but generally I prefer a bar closer to the office.) The ride down to the Village costs a dollar with tip, and my friend's taking a taxi was an indulgence, because near the office is a subway that would get him there for fifteen cents. It had not been difficult to rationalize his extravagance when he formed the taxi habit, he said, but that night last fall it *was* difficult, because as he stood on a corner looking for a cab, he recalled reading, earlier in the day, a news story about a worthy cause.



So, there came the impulse. Why, he asked himself, *did* he spend a dollar for a taxi ride to the Village when he could duck downstairs and ride the subway for fifteen cents? True, he would doubtless have to wait for a train, as they did not run often at that hour, but he realized that taking a cab would give him, at most, only fifteen or twenty additional minutes—barely time for one extra drink—and a doubtful sense of luxury. By taking the subway each time, he figured, he could lay aside the dollar saved—he knew that it would actually be only eighty-five cents—and by the end of the winter he would have accumulated enough money, fairly painlessly, to buy a couple of weeks in the country for some poor city kid. (He would do this by contributing to the Fresh Air Fund, the worthy cause he had read about that day.) He glowed with virtue, he told me, thinking of some city-grimed urchin revelling in rural surroundings next summer. A vacant cab came along then; my friend ignored it and sturdily descended to the subway platform. As he did so, he folded a dollar bill and tucked it into an inside breast pocket of his overcoat; the pocket, on the left side of his coat, was one he had never used before. He chose this unfamiliar repository, he said, on the theory that any money secreted there was not likely to become mixed with his spending funds. Stashing away the dollar made him feel almost noble, he added.

IMPULSES are, by definition, of short duration, but that one persisted throughout the winter. My friend didn't claim that he invariably gave up the cab and rode the subway; he admitted that sometimes he was too tired, or too impatient, or too thirsty. But when he didn't ride it, he felt guilty.

Once he had tucked a folded bill into the pocket inside his overcoat, he forgot about it. He insisted, despite my skepticism, that he was never tempted to borrow from the cache when he ran short of money. He didn't keep score, he said, but in time the slight bulge on the left side of his coat told him that his personal Fresh Air Fund was reaching respectable proportions. He really began to enjoy saving the money, he said, and on nights when he just missed a train and had to wait seventeen minutes or so in a bleak, cold station for another, he would pat the little swelling in his coat and visualize the day, come spring, when he would mail to the Fresh Air Fund an envelope containing all the folded bills. He confessed that he even thought of enclosing a little note hinting at the privations he had suffered to make the contribution possible, but quickly rejected that notion. I contended that it was quite possible to make

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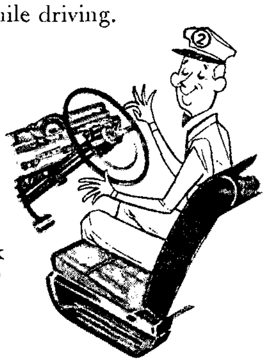

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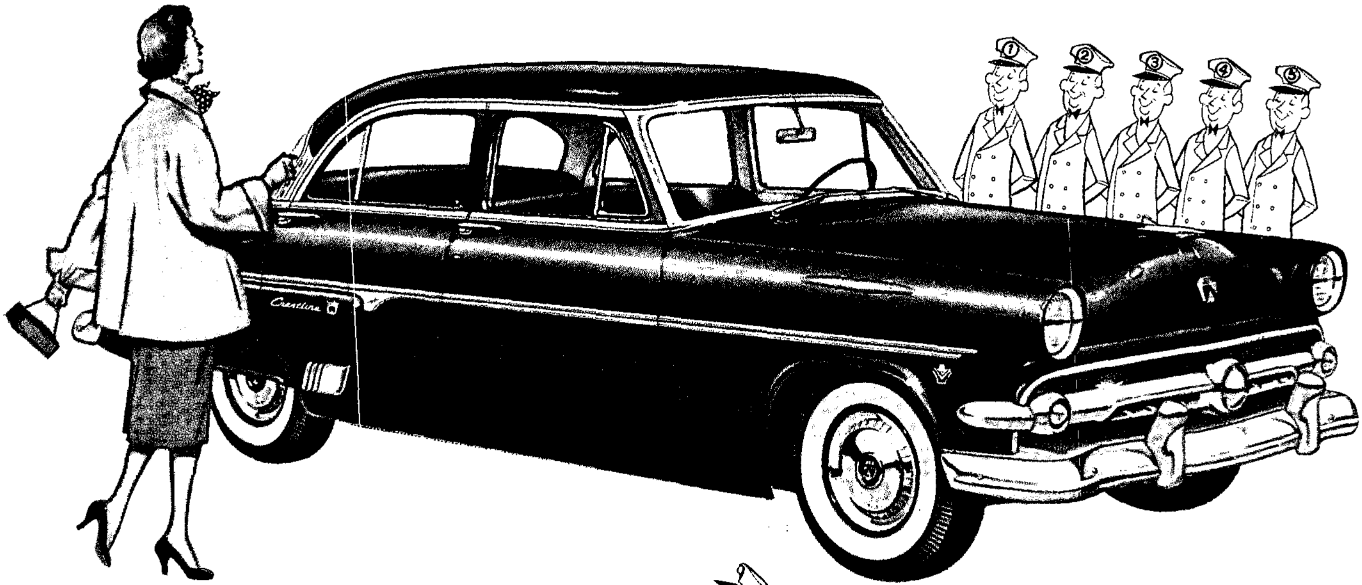

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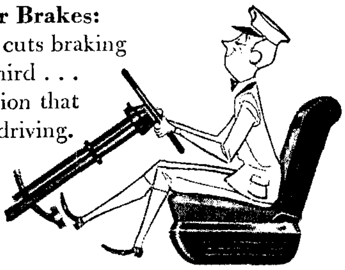

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a case for subway riding as a privation, but my friend shook his head. About one thing, though, he was determined: The offering would be in the form of the original, saved dollar bills. That would make it a personal thing, sacrifice or no.

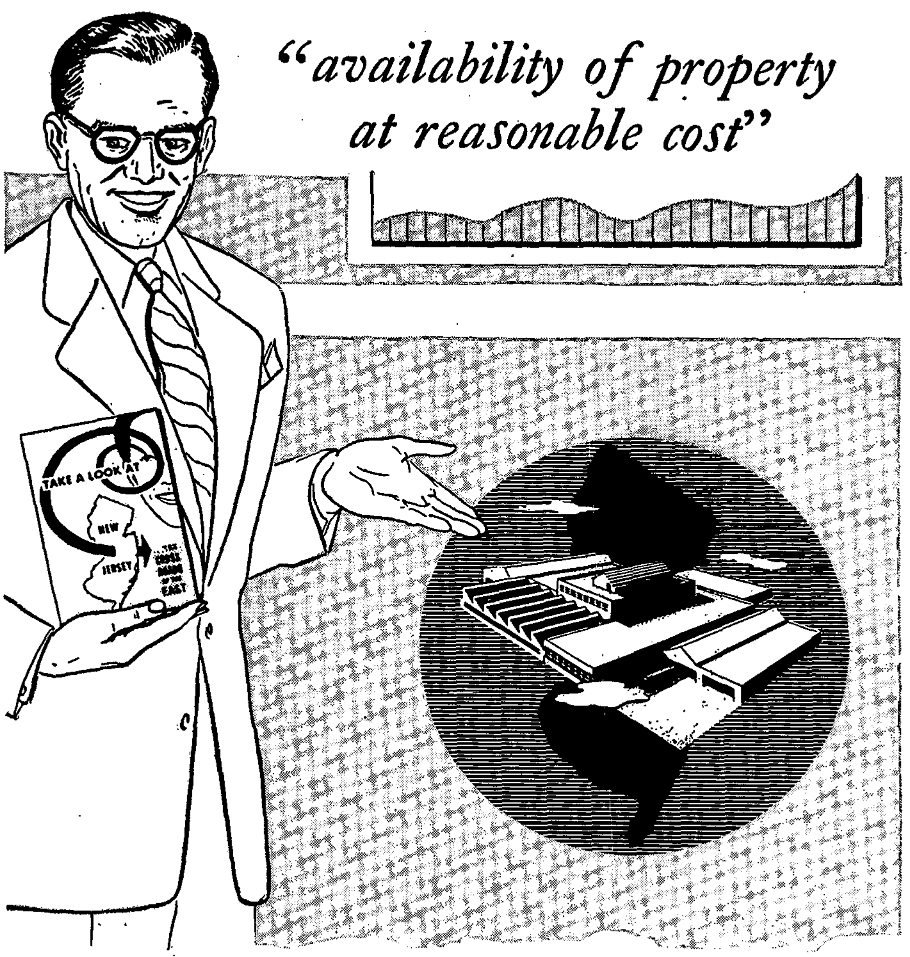
ONE night, as he left the Village tavern and headed for the subway—he always rode it to his home in Brooklyn—he realized that the overcoat he was wearing was not his own. It was the same size and weight and was almost indistinguishable from the one he owned, a gray herringbone of the kind so common that it was almost a uniform in our social stratum, but this coat was definitely not his. For one thing, he discovered, the metal hang-up chain at the nape of the collar was missing. For another, the chapstick he always carried in winter for cracked lips was not in the usual outside right pocket. Finally, there was no reassuring bulge on the upper left side. In fact, there was no pocket there at all.

There was no point in going back to the tavern then, he said, because he recalled that the only other garment hanging on the rack when he left was a blue raincoat. The owner of the coat he had on had apparently taken my friend's coat—by mistake, he hoped—and departed earlier. The label gave no clue to his identity, and there was nothing in the pockets.

My friend went down to the Village tavern every night for a week—by cab. The bartender said no one had been in to report a mistake and ask about his own coat. Each night, my friend kept his eye on the coat rack, and on the one-drink casuals who didn't shed their coats. Then, on the eighth night, he became absorbed in a discussion at the bar and forgot his mission. When it was time to go, he put on the only gray coat on the hooks—and immediately it felt familiar. He thrust a hand into the outside right pocket. There was the chapstick. He then reached hopefully into the inside left pocket. It was empty.

WELL, that was that. Several times thereafter he saw coats that looked like the one he had worn for a week, but, he asked me, what could he say or do? Nothing, of course, I agreed.

He said he felt frustrated, because he didn't know, and now would never know, how much he had squirreled away in his winter against some boy's summer. He also was angry over the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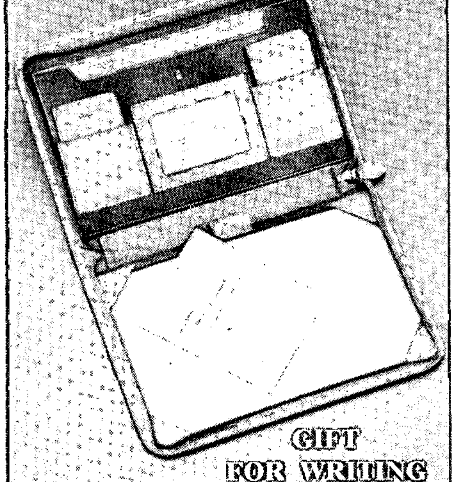

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robbery of that boy, which was the way he saw it, although I pointed out that the thief couldn't have known about the boy and possibly needed the money more than he did. My friend nodded glumly.

And what, I asked, had he done about the Fresh Air Fund?

"Oh, I sent a check," he said. "Estimated the number of subway rides I had taken. I was too stubborn to let it slide. But I tell you," he said vehemently, "the check just didn't mean the same thing to me as that pocketful of wadded bills."

"The kid will be just as happy," I assured him. —M. C. Blackman

•

[LAUGHTER] ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Douglas. The rabbit is a favorite animal of the Republicans, because the Department of Agriculture has just published a pamphlet entitled "How To Cook Rabbit," so people will know how to do it. [Laughter.]

Mr. Millikin. That is not so bad as some other pamphlets which have previously been published, such as the Lovelife of a Watermelon. [Laughter.]

Mr. Douglas. The only difficulty with the pamphlet on rabbits, which the Republican Department of Agriculture has published, is that it does not tell us how to catch the rabbits.

Mr. Millikin. There is no facility in government that I know of, or the Senator from Illinois knows of, which tells a person how to catch a rabbit if he does not have the peculiar attainment necessary to do it.

Mr. Douglas. If we do not enact a positive antideflating program, so many people will be chasing rabbits in the near future that they will have great difficulty in cooking rabbit a la king, according to the recipe.

Mr. Millikin. That is a part of the Senator's gloom and doom theory, to which he would not permit even an interruption. He wants to wallow in gloom and doom.

Mr. Douglas. Is the Senator an apostle of zoom and boom? [Laughter.]

•

"It's almost too much excitement for one day," exclaimed Phyllis Sigmund, Wilfrid Ave., last night on being handed the $200 she had just won in The Star's Baby Quips contest.

"I can hardly believe it. I just didn't think I'd ever be that lucky," was her reaction to the news.

Miss Sigmund's rewarding brainwave was written beneath the maliciously gleeful countenance of a young man who she presumed had just made his will. "Heh, heh, heh. Now read me the part again where I disinherit everybody," was her winning caption.—*Toronto Star.*

Well, it's a nice caption, and it was nice way back in 1940, when it appeared under a Peter Arno drawing in this magazine, issue of December 7th.

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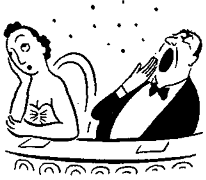
MUSICAL EVENTS

A la Mode



FOR a number of obvious reasons, some of which had only indirectly to do with music, the dominant influence on American musical thinking underwent a violent change at about the time of the First World War. Prior to that, this influence had been German and Austrian; subsequently it became predominantly French. The result of the change of influence has been a change in the aims of most of the music by American composers that has been heard in our concert halls. The French influence has given our composers greater elasticity and adaptability. It has encouraged them to write provocative, witty, and ingenious scores, and, I think, has improved our ballet music and our theatre music in general no end. It has not, however, contributed much to the structural side of American music—the side that is brought into play in the writing of symphonies and string quartets. Very few symphonies of any consequence have been written by American composers during the past thirty years, and this situation, it seems to me, has been due in large part to the fact that the technique of symphonic development—a purely Germanic contribution to music—has fallen out of fashion. I do not consider it a critic's function to tell composers what they should write, and I am not prepared to argue that well-built symphonies and string quartets are the only criteria by which one judges a nation's serious musical output. The Italians, for example, have been a great musical nation, and no Italian, to my knowledge, has ever written a very important symphony. But I can't help noting a few relevant points about the contemporary American musical scene: first, that American composers are writing a tremendous number of symphonies; second, that most of these symphonies are not truly symphonic, by which I mean that their structure is episodic and uninteresting; and, third, that I suspect the reason for this is that their tradition derives from Debussy, Satie, Ravel, and Stravinsky, who were not, properly speaking, symphonic composers, rather than from Brahms, Bruckner, and Mahler, who were. In the same connection, I note that quite a number of successful symphonies have been written recently by such Russian composers as Prokofieff and Shostakovich, and that the tradition behind these symphonies is to a great extent Germanic.

I was reminded of this situation while listening to Frederick Converse's orchestral fantasy "The Mystic Trumpeter," which was unearthed from the library shelves and performed by Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic on Thursday evening of last week. Converse, though he lived until 1940, had been for me merely a name in the musical dictionaries, where his chief claim to importance is reported to be something called "The Pipe of Desire"—the first American opera ever to be performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. After hearing "The Mystic Trumpeter," I am convinced that it ought to be put back on its library shelf, for I found it a work of fairly commonplace inspiration. But the thing that interested me about it was how foreign it sounded in comparison to what we customarily think of today as the American musical idiom. It might have been taken for the work of some minor German romanticist. It echoed, without much originality, the mannerisms and technical machinery of Wagner, Strauss, Brahms, and perhaps Tchaikovsky—a collection of masters who greatly influenced such American contemporaries of Converse as Edward MacDowell, George Whitefield Chadwick, and Horatio Parker. I haven't much to say in defense of Converse's fantasy as a work of art. Its themes and harmonic sequences are, as I have observed, pedestrian and derivative. Nevertheless, the musical language in which it is written is far more genuinely symphonic than that of many present-day American symphonies. This is true, I think, largely because "The Mystic Trumpeter" makes its appeal through dramatic structure rather than through sensuous sound effects or adroit feats of technique.

Because I had commitments elsewhere during the evening, the only other work on Mr. Mitropoulos's program that I heard was Chopin's early and not very Chopinesque Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2 in F Minor, in which the solo part was played by Lélia Gousseau. Miss Gousseau did not succeed in making its rather dull first movement interesting, but later, in the more congenial slow movement, she revealed considerable fluency and a sympathetic feeling for the fairly obvious sentimental features of the music. Mr. Mitropoulos conducted both the

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WHAT kept me away from the first part of Mr. Mitropoulos's concert was a recital at Town Hall by the inimitable veteran Maggie Teyte, who enthralled her audience with an eloquent demonstration that great singing can be done with hardly any voice at all. Miss Teyte's peculiar art lies in immaculate musical taste, a vast range of inflection and color, a wonderful sense of the dramatic content of a song, and a very rare personal quality that seems to make everything she sings a form of intimate communication with the people who are listening to her. In the portion of her program that I heard, I liked best two little folk songs, "L'Amour de Moi" and "Offrande," and a humorous aria, "Air de la Femme-Médecin," from Gluck's "L'Ile de Merlin." Perhaps this was because the simplicity of these items permitted the maximum display of her wit and charm while making no pressing demands on her purely physical equipment. But it was also amazing to witness the experienced craftsmanship with which she projected more vocally taxing items, like "La Lettre," from Massenet's "Werther." I left the hall with the conviction that a well-modulated squeak from Maggie Teyte is worth more than a dozen luscious cadenzas from most of the singers I am familiar with.

ON Tuesday evening, Eugene Ormandy brought the Philadelphia Orchestra to Carnegie Hall and performed, with his usual efficiency, a program devoted largely to very well-known compositions by Brahms. I have heard both the "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" and the First Symphony played with more penetrating insight, and it seemed to me there was nothing particularly memorable in Mr. Ormandy's interpretation of either work. The "Four Serious Songs," Opus 121, I found more rewarding, mainly because I had never heard them before with orchestral accompaniment. William Warfield sang them with great earnestness and considerable beauty of tone, though I thought his voice somewhat lacking in variety of color.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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[*Headline in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

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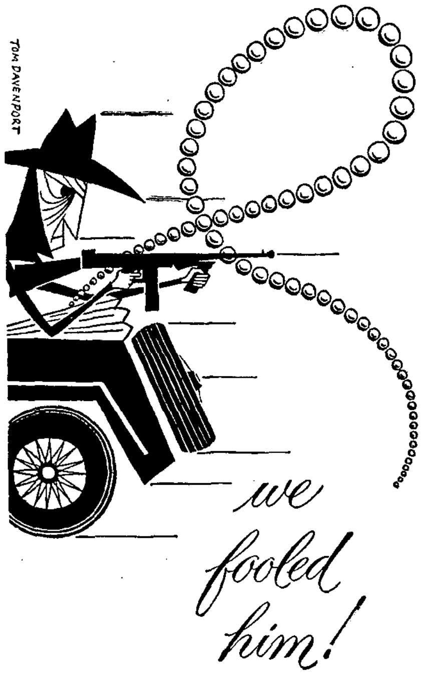

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BOOKS

The Captains and the Kings Depart

“THE REASON WHY” (McGraw-Hill), the latest of Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith’s brilliant studies of life in Victorian England, takes its rather awkward title from one of Tennyson’s worst and most popular poems. Tennyson’s carpet-warrior streak had manifested itself as early as 1833 in his famous and ridiculous lines about Sir Galahad:

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure. . . .
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies’ hands.

By 1854, when the Crimean War broke out, Tennyson had installed himself on the Isle of Wight, in Farringford, one of the most happily situated small houses in England, sheltered by dense thickets of pine, elm, holly, and laurel on land that was carpeted with wild flowers in spring, looking out over the quiet beauty of Freshwater Bay, and within a mile of the gleaming, peregrine-haunted white chalk cliff of High Down. On stormy nights, the wild music of the surf rolling in on the strand could be heard in the house, and on calm ones Tennyson often went out with the fishermen who worked off the beaches in open boats and set their nets in the vast shadows of the cliff. It was a perfect home and a perfect life for a romantic poet. Tennyson wandered over the springy turf of the downs and through the lanes by day and read enormously in the evenings. According to his wife’s diary, he read aloud to her from Homer, Virgil, Aeschylus, Euripides, Plato, the Bible, Molière, Goethe, Dante, Theocritus, Catullus, Chaucer, Gray, Coleridge, Shelley, Thackeray, and Hazlitt, and studied the works of Spinoza, Berkeley, Kant, Schlegel, Fichte, Hegel, and Ferrier. The fruit of all this was a passionate jingoism and absorption in the Crimean War and a flaming hatred of the peace party that had tried to keep England out of her shoddy alliance with the Sultan of Turkey and Napoleon III. On December 2, 1854, when the *Times* arrived with the first account of the battle of Balaklava, Tennyson was in a fit state of excitation to be inspired, and within a few minutes of reading it had churned out that enduring piece of rubbish “The Charge of the Light Brigade.” Its second verse, from which the title of Mrs. Woodham-Smith’s biography of the Crimean War and some of its principal figures derives, runs as follows:

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Someone had blunder’d.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

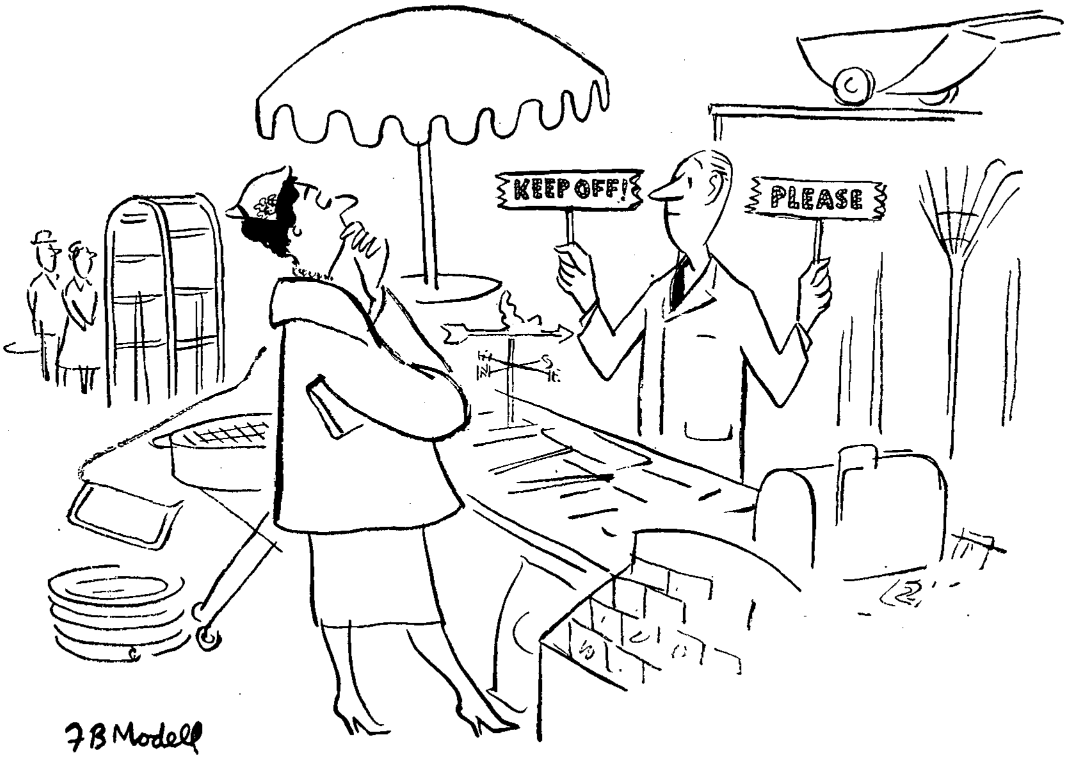
The rocking-horse heroics go on for another three verses and then come to a conclusion:

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made! . . .

Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

This gammon went straight to the hearts of the British people, and it became in time their equivalent of the ballad of “Barbara Frietchie.”

The Light Brigade, led by Lord Cardigan, had indeed played an odd role in an unusual battle. The British Army in the Crimea had established its base at Balaklava, and had then set off on a march of two or three hours to besiege the Russian naval base of Sevastopol. Balaklava was surrounded by a sketchy defense line, three miles long, of small forts, guarded by eleven hundred Turkish troops, thirteen hundred British cavalrymen of the Light and Heavy Brigades, five hundred and fifty men of a Scotch regiment, and twelve hundred Marines. On October 24th, a Turkish spy brought in a fairly complete account of a Russian attack planned for the following day: twenty-five thousand Russians with thirty-eight guns were to move on the British base soon after dawn. Lord Raglan, the commander of the British forces, despised foreigners, and above all Turks, so his reaction to this report was to say, “Very well,” and to take no action whatever. As a result, three fortifications in the center of the defense line, held by the eleven hundred Turks, were overrun by eleven thousand Russians in the early hours of the morning. By ten o’clock, the remaining Turks had had enough and were running down into Balaklava clamoring to be taken aboard ship. The eleven thou-



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sand Russians had broken through the defense line and, led by three or four thousand horsemen, were slowly bearing down on the British base. There was nothing to stop them but the Scotch regiment, the twelve hundred Marines, and the two brigades of cavalry. At this moment, the Heavy Brigade of five hundred men charged the three or four thousand Russian cavalry in two waves. The first wave, led by General James Scarlett, threw the Russians into disorder, and the second wave broke them. The Russians began to stream backward in rout. Scarlett's charge, uphill, and against odds of six to one, is one of the great feats of arms in military history, and it had a shattering effect on the morale of the entire Russian force. The shock travelled through it, and the attack ground to a standstill.

Lord Raglan and his staff had now reached a vantage point where they could see the whole battlefield, and they knew at once that it was a moment in which any action by the British would have a decisive effect. Below them they could see the Light Brigade drawn up in perfect order and seemingly anchored to the ground. It had watched Scarlett's charge. It had watched while Scarlett fought the Russians, five hundred yards away, and now it watched as the Russians streamed off. Half an hour went by and the opportunity presented by the mob of flying Russian horsemen was lost. Now Lord Raglan realized, because they had brought up horse teams to haul away some captured guns, that the shaken Russian infantry were getting ready to give up the positions they had taken in the British defense line. He sent down an order to the cavalry below him to attack the Russians and prevent them from carrying off the guns. The cavalry commander, Lord Lucan, a not especially intelligent man, did not understand the order. He took it to apply to a body of Russians who were arrayed, with their artillery, a mile up a valley both sides of which were in Russian hands. Although it was inconceivable that cavalry would be asked to advance through a cross-fire to make a frontal attack on artillery batteries in position, Lord Lucan ordered the Light Brigade to do just this. Lord Cardigan boggled at the incredible order, then squared his shoulders and took the Brigade to destruction. As his squadrons trotted after him, an officer who had brought the order down through the chain of command from Lord Raglan, apparently recognizing that the troops were moving on the wrong objective,

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galloped diagonally across their front, pointing in the right direction. Lord Cardigan saw him but paid him no attention. Before the officer could do anything more, a bursting shell stripped open his side and bared his heart. Uttering an unearthly scream, the officer rode on across the front of the Light Brigade, rigid and still pointing in the right direction, until he fell dead from his saddle. The Brigade rode on over his body. Twenty minutes later defeat had been snatched from the jaws of victory. Five hundred and five of the seven hundred men in the Light Brigade were dead, and most of the hundred and ninety-five survivors were wounded. Five hundred of the horses were killed. The British Army was stunned, and the Russians withdrew with their captured guns unmolested. Lord Cardigan still was in a fury at the officer who had attempted to interfere with his attack order and who had screamed like a woman when he was hit. It was nothing to him that the Brigade was shattered; he had done his duty. Within a month, he completed the destruction of the Brigade by administrative inefficiency, leaving it encamped on high ground to face the full severity of the Russian winter and making no provision for feeding its horses. They starved or died of exposure. As there was nothing left to command, Lord Cardigan obtained sick leave and went home, where, thanks to Tennyson's poem and the newspapers, he was received as a national hero.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith's fascinating study describes the ascent of this hero to his moment of greatness. He was an aristocrat and of noble blood, a member of the great family of Brudenell. The qualities that bring men to the top are not always obvious, and the ways blood will tell exercise theorists a good deal. There has been much talk lately of a finer sense of honor, of a deeper sense of social responsibility, and of an innate selflessness that mark the aristocrat from the bourgeois, particularly by the authors who are concerned with repudiating the corruptions of egalitarian liberalism. There is, luckily, very plain evidence of the special qualities that separated the Brudenells from the common run of men. The first Brudenell to acquire a title presented five thousand pounds in cash and a promissory note for a thousand pounds to the Duke of Buckingham, the King's favorite. Shortly after that, Charles I became aware of the unusual gifts that entitled Thomas Brudenell to the rank of baron. A further display of loyalty and devo-

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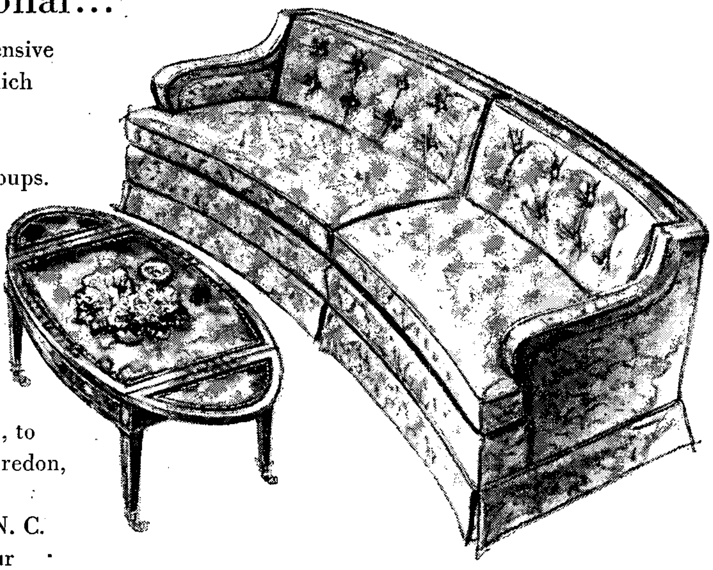
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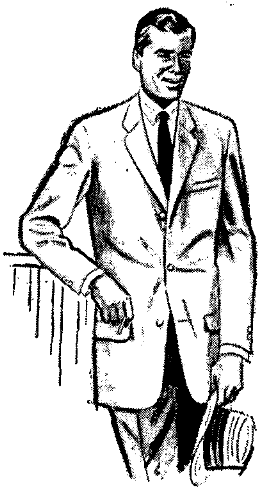

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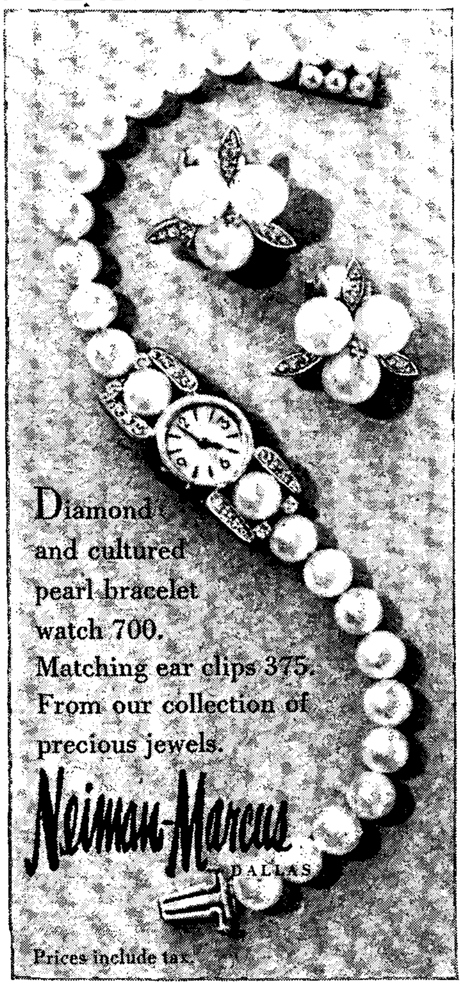

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tion, in the form of a loan of a thousand pounds to Charles, secured the family an earldom. This family capacity for having large sums of cash on hand at the right moment was united with one for falling in love with young women of property, and by the time the hero was born the Cardigan estates ran to forty thousand acres and the Earl's income was the equivalent of a modern million dollars a year (after taxes). What effect being brought up as the heir to all this, and the only boy in a family of eight children, may have had on the Earl is uncertain, but he was thrown on his head by a horse when he was fourteen, and that had a considerable effect on his intellectual powers. When he was twenty-eight, he married a notoriously promiscuous lady, who was described by her first husband as the "most damned bad-tempered and extravagant bitch in the Kingdom," and when, at the age of twenty-seven, he entered the Army, he was known for his vile temper and as a bully who delighted in provoking duels. When he was thirty-five, he was allowed to purchase the command of the 15th Hussars. He instituted a remarkable system of getting secret reports on the officers under him from the sergeants and enlisted men, habitually lost his temper with his officers and insulted them in front of each other for not being so rich or well bred as he was, and persecuted those of them who, unlike him, had been on active service. After two years, he was removed from his command. This would have been the end of a mere mortal's Army career, but as this man was of noble stock he was again in command of a regiment, the 11th Light Dragoons, two years later. This time he rapidly made himself popular by having a man flogged on Easter Sunday, after the church parade, in the building in which the religious ceremony had taken place, and by attempting to murder an officer he disliked, Captain Harvey Tuckett, on a duelling ground. Captain Tuckett used the conventional smooth-bore duelling pistols of the time, but the Earl preferred to rely on French guns with rifled barrels. Cardigan shot Tuckett through the body, and when the news spread the enormous number of people who detested him eagerly waited to see him carried off to prison to do his time on the treadmill, which was what persons convicted of duelling could expect. But Cardigan belonged to that powerful trade union called the peerage, and rather than see justice done to a fellow-member, the peers were prepared to swear their honor away. Cardigan was

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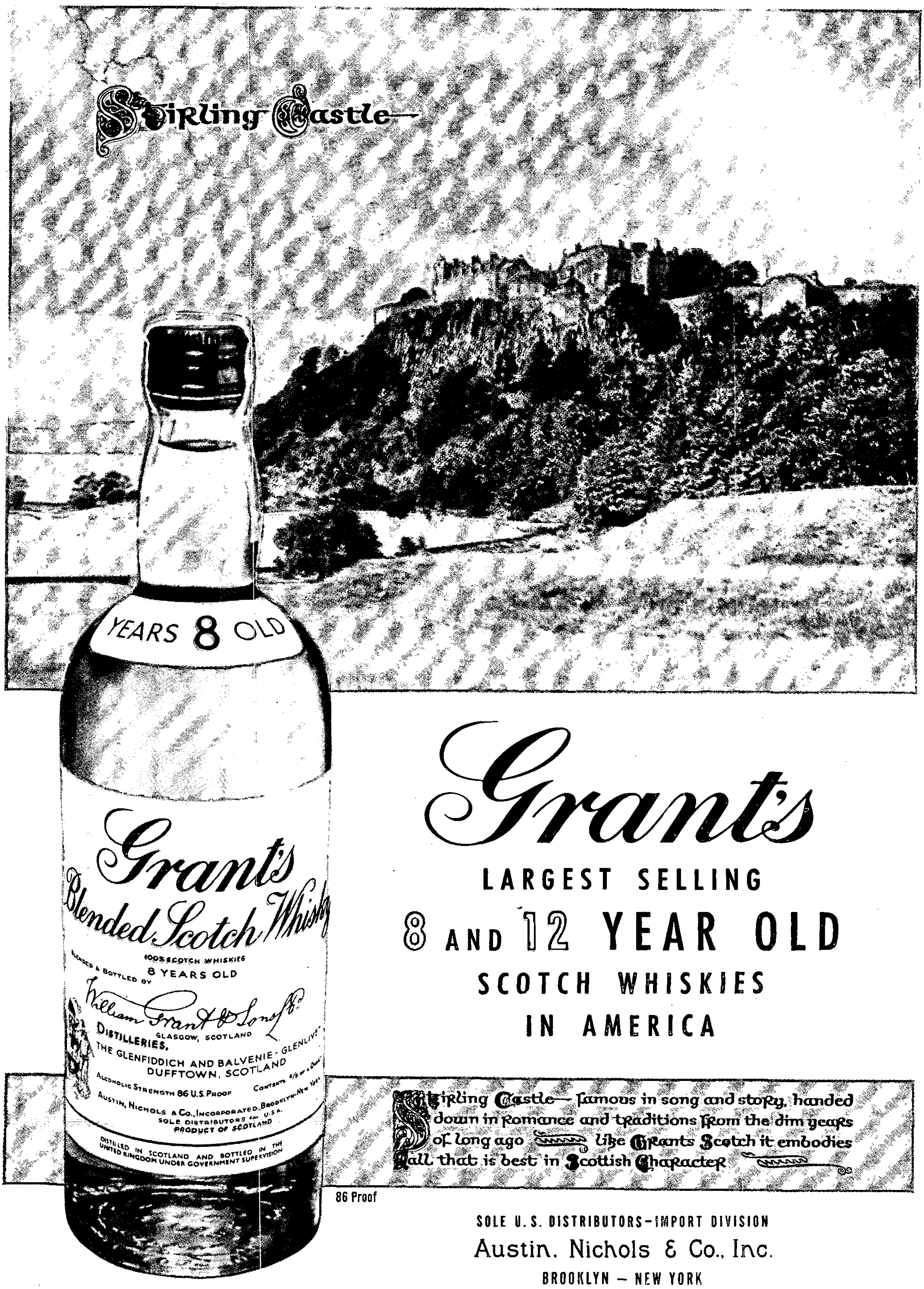
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My favorite uncle is Uncle Ralph. He's sick in the hospital with cancer, and people say that he is going to die because they found out about it too late. They say that only a miracle can save him, and you can't expect miracles.

But my father told me about an Uncle *he* had once (did you know fathers have uncles, too?) And this uncle was supposed to die for sure because he had something called diabetes. But he's alive now, though he's very old and lives in St. Petersburg, because they found something called insulin.

Maybe somewhere scientists will find something that will save my uncle. Dad says they're trying all the time and they're making lots of progress, but they need more money.

Last year, he says, people gave the American Cancer Society enough so they could spend almost $5,000,000 to try to find new cures for cancer. Dad says that is more than ever before, but it is less than four cents a year for each American. That doesn't seem like much, because I get more than that for gumdrops, in just a week, when I'm good.

I thought if all the other uncles knew about this, then they would send more than four cents—lots more. Won't you—? Please.

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wangled off the treadmill by one of the most ignoble legal quibbles that have ever disfigured a court of law. He had been arrested with a smoking pistol in his hand while Tuckett was lying on the ground before him. But who was Tuckett? He was known to everyone as Captain Harvey Tuckett, but the defense argued:

> The prosecutor is bound to prove the Christian and surnames of the person against whom the offence is alleged; if he fails in either, he fails in the proof of his case. Every count in the indictment contains the name of Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. There is no evidence to show that the person at whom the noble lord shot upon the 12th September was Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett . . . there is nothing to connect this Mr. Tuckett with the person who is said to have been on Wimbledon Common on the 12th September.

The Chief Justice, Lord Denman, agreed; everyone concerned knew that Captain Harvey Tuckett had been on Wimbledon Common on the morning of the duel, none of them knew that Captain Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett had been there. The solemn farce then proceeded with the Chief Justice asking each peer in turn, "How says your lordship, is James Thomas Earl of Cardigan guilty of the felony of which he stands indicted, or not guilty?" And all but one of the peers of England, with their hands on their hearts, answered, "Not guilty, upon my honor."

The next phase of Lord Cardigan's life was largely occupied with nonmilitary matters. There was an exceedingly public scandal about his adultery with Lady Frances Paget, and another when his wife left him for Lord Colville. Cardigan took to spending less and less time with his regiment and more and more in Paris and on board his splendid yacht, the Dryad, in the ambiguous company of a Mr. Hubert de Burgh. Mrs. Woodham-Smith politely remarks that he frequently acted on the Earl's behalf "in negotiations of delicacy." He seems to have been a kind of pander.

When the Crimean war broke out, the Earl of Cardigan, now fifty-seven, was aging rapidly, suffering from chronic bronchitis, and under treatment for an irritating bladder complaint. The British cavalry at that time was well officered by men in their thirties who had learned their trade in hard fighting against the Marathas and the Sikhs in India. It was only natural that when a general for the Light Brigade should be looked for these men should be passed over and the Earl of Cardigan should be appointed. It was as natural

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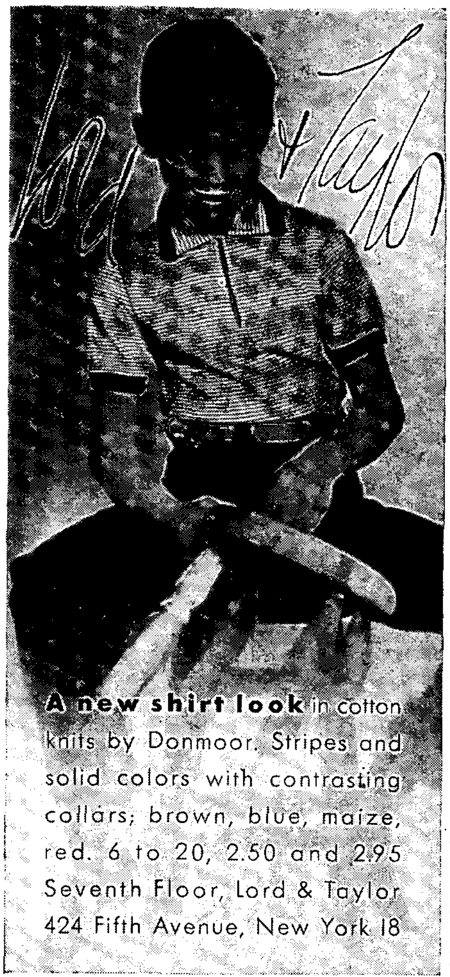

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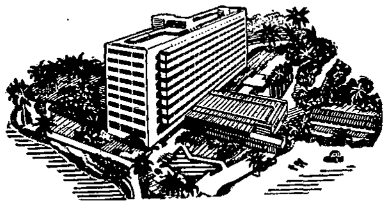

to appoint Lord Lucan commander of the cavalry division and Lord Cardigan's immediate superior. Lucan's temper was worse than Cardigan's, and he had not been in command of troops for seventeen years. He was fifty-four, he had been on notoriously bad terms with Cardigan for a considerable time, and it was widely believed that only the intervention of the Duke of Wellington had prevented them from fighting a duel. From the moment of their appointment, every officer in the Army knew that disaster impended. The disaster was the destruction of the Light Brigade. Whether Mrs. Woodham-Smith intended it to be so or not, the fascinating background story of the death in action of this splendid fighting unit is a forceful indictment of aristocracy and the aristocratic principle.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book describes the pathetic self-liquidation of Lord Cardigan as a national hero. His bombast, his insatiable appetite for greater recognition, his determination to keep old feuds going, in the end destroyed him in a fire of pitiless publicity. Tennyson came to see that he had blundered and that his "perfume and flowers" had been delivered at the wrong address. He talked the whole thing over in 1881 with his friend Brigadier General Sir Edward Hamley, the author of "Operations of War," and with Alexander Kinglake, the author of "The Invasion of the Crimea." They persuaded him that it had not been the Earl of Cardigan at Balaklava, not at all; it had been Scarlett's day. So the rocking horse was mounted once again and a new poem was dutifully produced, this time called "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade":

For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout
And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field
And over the brow and away.
Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

But the times had changed. By now the American Civil War had been fought; the world had heard the contemptuous Confederates shouting, as the Federal cavalry lined up to charge, "Here come those damn fools with their sabres!" And the newer, nastier battlefields were dominated by the ugly, tearing sound of the first machine guns firing their bursts. When two emissaries from America brought one of Mr. Edison's astonishing new machines to Far-

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ringford to record Tennyson's voice, he was able to roar "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" into the speaking tube "in a voice of amazing power," but it was too late to get the message through. The age of Galahad, glittering and jingling on horseback, had gone for good.
—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

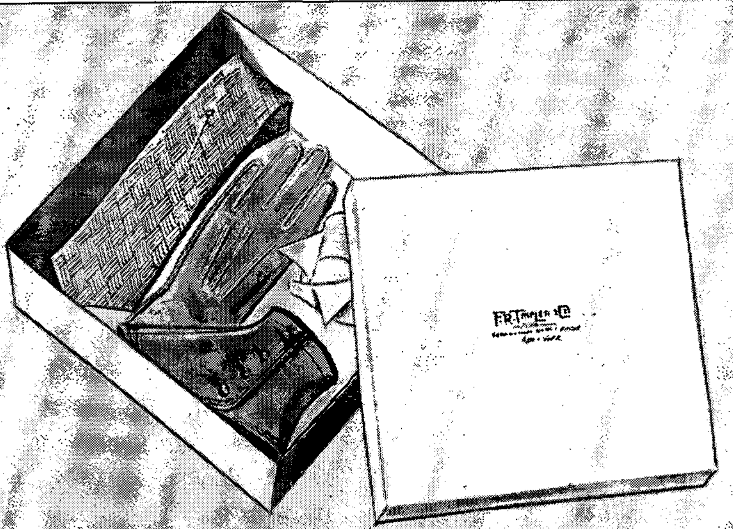
FICTION

THE DOLLMAKER, by Harriette Arnow (Macmillan). Gertie Nevels, a courageous and unselfish Kentucky countrywoman who has a talent amounting to a passion for whittling small objects out of wood, is forced by the war to leave the happy, although poverty-stricken, community where she has spent her life and go to Detroit, where her husband has found work in a factory. The meanness, squalor, and lack of privacy of her new surroundings, and the debasing effect of the city on her husband and on some of their children, oppress her, but she maintains her integrity and her faith in her fellow human beings. Although Mrs. Arnow tries very hard to introduce a triumphant note into the final pages of her story, it remains a depressing picture of human defeat and bewilderment, and it is much too long.

CRY OUT OF THE DEPTHS, by Georges Duhamel (Little, Brown). Felix Tallemand, a cold and conscienceless Parisian, destroys business associates, friends, and all the closest members of his family by design and without remorse, and records these deeds and his reactions to them in a journal. This is a sketchy book, written as though M. Duhamel had made some notes about villainy and had published them without troubling to create the character, personality, and heart that might have turned his work into a novel.

A BED OF ROSES, by William Sansom (Harcourt, Brace). An ugly, useless, and quite mechanical tale about the kind of love affair that, thriving on excitement alone and temporarily depleted, turns to the destruction of outsiders until the distress they suffer has titillated it back into life. The lovers in the affair Mr. Sansom describes are named Louise and Guy, and they are both English. The scene is Spain.

JORDAN COUNTY, by Shelby Foote (Dial). These seven stories light up the history of a fictitious county in Mississippi, from 1797 to the present



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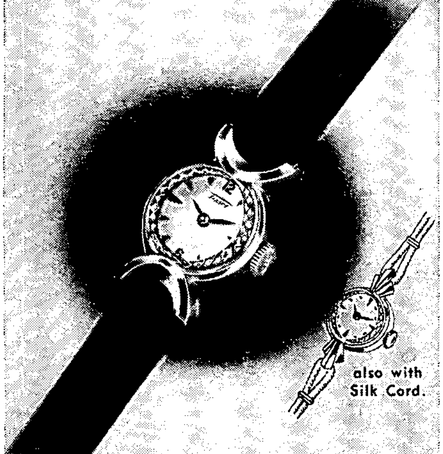

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day. Chronologically, the order of the stories is reversed, so that we read first of a young veteran of the Second World War running amuck with a gun in his native town, and gradually travel backward in time, through varying scenes of violence, despair, and macabre humor, until we reach the last episode, a bloody account of Choctaw Indians fighting for survival in the wilderness that is to become Jordan County. Mr. Foote's angry, muffled tone seems to promise a great deal, but the unfortunate fact about these stories is not that they lack life but that the life in them is stale.

GENERAL

THE SPANISH TEMPER, by V. S. Pritchett (Knopf). An introspective, not to say psychoanalytical, travelogue. Mr. Pritchett, who spent much time in Spain before the Civil War and after it, attempts to define the essence of that least European of Western nations. Among the witnesses he calls to the couch are the Church (Saint Teresa, Loyola, and some somnolent priests, fat and yawning, in modern Almería), the state (Philip IV, the Escorial, and Franco), the people (Goya, Belmonte, and Queipo de Llano), the myth (Don Quixote, Don Juan, and the Cid), and the land (Navarre, Andalusia, and the harsh Castilian plateau). If the result, perhaps inevitably, is somewhat inconclusive, it cannot be denied that we emerge from our rarefied journey refreshed, stimulated, and satisfied.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Allan Nevins (Macmillan). Professor Nevins, who is at present engaged on a full-scale history of the Civil War, has made a brief critical summary of the issues and personalities involved in it, which he delivered as a series of lectures at the University of Virginia. He is an intelligent scholar who has covered every aspect of his field, is not afraid to come to conclusions, and knows how to present his conclusions in a lucid and succinct form. It would be difficult to find elsewhere an exposition of eighty pages that throws so much light on this complicated subject—to which so many pages have been devoted—as this concentrated little essay. It may well become a classic.

THE OLD COUNTRY STORE, by Gerald Carson (Oxford). This unusual book is not, as its title almost inescapably suggests, another nostalgic recon-

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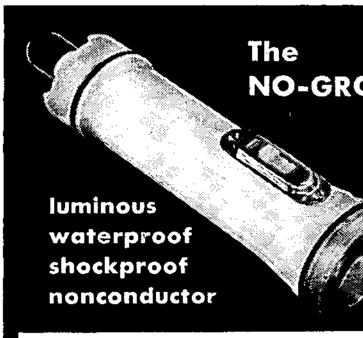

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struction of the spit-and-whittle forum. It is, rather, a lively but surefooted socio-historical study, the first of any consequence that we have had, of a uniquely American commercial phenomenon. Mr. Carson believes that to a large extent the country store made possible the spectacular westward expansion of the United States between the Revolution and the Spanish-American War, and he develops this reasonable thesis with a most engaging combination of scholarship and geniality. Along the way, he gives us a lock-stock-and-barrel portrait not only of the classic general-merchandise emporium but also of the backwoods trading post from which it evolved, the moribund "fill-in" shop into which it has now degenerated, and the rugged travelling salesman who accompanied its rise and fall. Contemporary drawings and prints.

THE SPLENDID CENTURY, by W. H. Lewis (Sloane). Thirteen stylish, not to say elegant, essays on life in seventeenth-century France. Among the subjects to which the author, a worldly brother of the eccentric Anglican theologian C. S. Lewis, applies his polished talent are Louis XIV ("his heart was ever filled with a generous warmth of emotion at the sight of self-sacrifice in others"), Versailles ("a bleak and comfortless splendour"), the vagaries and violence of the Church (Jansenism, Quietism, Gallicanism, and the Huguenot pogrom), country gentlemen ("peasants who wore a sword and paid no *Taille*"), Paris (narrow thoroughfares "carpeted in filth . . . choked with dung, entrails, litter . . . [and strollers in] scented gloves"), and literature (to Mme. de Sévigné, Racine was "a craze which would pass, like that for coffee"). A rewarding book. Illustrated with contemporary engravings.

THE HEART OF AFRICA, by Alexander Campbell (Knopf). A long, jaunty, anecdotal ramble through the trou-

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COLUMN
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MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

THINGS ARE SMELLING better, anyway. Soon our secretaries will be using perfumed typewriter ribbons and aromatic pencils. Our mates will be stepping out from their morning showers with shower curtains that will send out a pleasantly perfumed odor. Mimi Webster, wife of a New York perfume expert, had a group of us not long ago trying to name a new scent she was readying for the market. Among the suggestions were these: Closer; Oh, My; Mmmmm; U-Huh; Does It; Shame; Manslaughter; Wallop; Try, and Ooooo. Apparently we wasted our time. Mimi called her new perfume, "Till Then." She gave me some notes on perfume. Most popular odor through the years has been rose—there are 200 kinds of rose odors and it takes a ton of roses to yield 10 ounces of rose oil. Best place to try perfume is inside your wrist, but the best place to wear it is any place the pulse beats—on your wrist or neck or on the inside of your knees. Best way to put it on is with an atomizer.

★

A FORMER PRESIDENT of the American Medical association said this: "If Americans would eliminate overweight and prolonged exhaustion, the death rate of people from 40 to 75 might be reduced 50 per cent. The drive for material success creates in men and women a state of depression and anxiety which is currently the most widespread American disease" . . . A redesigned golf ball will hit the market soon—give you greater driving distance. The new cover will have improved aerodynamic qualities with tiny diamonds replacing the standard cover pattern. The new cover is said to keep the ball in the air a quarter of a second longer which should add roughly 10 yards to your drive.

★

AMONG MY LITTLE claims to fame as a newspaperman, I've never included prophetic powers or a trained eye for the crystal ball. But right now I'd be willing to make a wager. It is that a lot of the important economic headlines in the next 25 years will spring from our Upper Midwest area. We have some really exciting new developments here in oil, taconite and Missouri River basin development—which in turn are creating new refineries, pipe lines, dams, industrial plants—even entire new towns. Believe me, there's spectacular economic growth ahead for this already prospering 3⅓ state region—so I don't think I'm sticking the Adams neck out when I pass on this little prediction: the next 25 years belong to the Upper Midwest. And I hope we'll both be on hand to compare notes 25 years hence so I can say "I told you so!" You can put down as a sure bet, too, that playing an important role in the progress ahead for the Upper Midwest will be the area's favorite newspapers: the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 620,000).

★

MAY BE SOME HOPE on the horizon. Insurance safety officials have been critical of some automotive engineering in recent years and now the two factions may get together around a conference table, anyway, to mull things over. The safety boys are going to strive for these recommendations: Stronger car frames without increased weight, with roll-over bars built into the body frame. Stronger wheel mountings. Recessed dash knobs and door handles. Stronger roof structure. Safer windshield and window glass. Firmly anchored seats. Better exhaust and ventilating systems. Elimination of rear ledge to prevent articles from being propelled at the occupants in case of abrupt deceleration. Two spoke steering wheel, horn ring recessed beneath the steering wheel and the steering post built with a shear pin device. Larger and better cooled brakes and a better hand brake. Nothing there you wouldn't like, is there?

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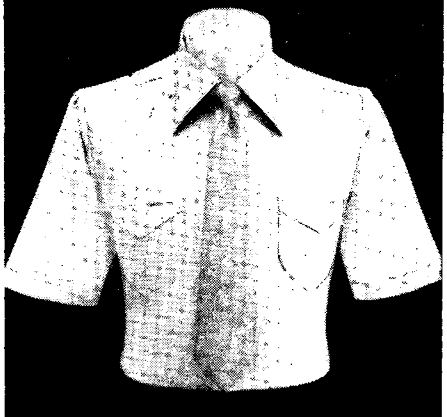

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bled lands south of the Sahara, where the prickly but still profitable doctrine of white supremacy is making its last, nightmarish stand. Among the horrors that the author—a Scottish journalist who has lived in the Union of South Africa since 1937, and currently heads the *Time-Life* bureau at Johannesburg—gives us a lucid look at are the neo-Fascism of Dr. Malan and his bully boys, the pink-gin and six-gun antics of the planters of Kenya, and the powerhouse paternalism of the Belgian bureaucracy in the Congo. He also includes, if only to make the journey supportable, a hopeful glimpse of the experiment in self-government that is taking its first faltering steps on the Gold Coast and in Nigeria. On the whole, an illuminating book, though marred at times by pretentious nonsense ("Low over Egypt was a large crescent moon, as if all the sin in the world was hanging up there in the African sky") and a somewhat smart-alecky tone. Photographs.

THE MAN BEHIND ROOSEVELT, by Lela Stiles (World). A biography, though not a very penetrating one, of Louis McHenry Howe, Franklin D. Roosevelt's long-time friend, counsellor, and critic. Howe was a newspaperman covering Albany when he first took notice of Roosevelt, then a freshman senator and the leader of a "Young Turk" rebellion against the dictatorship of Tammany Hall. Howe was fascinated by the patrician senator and became friends with him. Almost from the first, he saw Roosevelt as one who had been tapped on the shoulder by destiny—in 1912 he addressed Roosevelt in a letter as "Beloved and Revered Future President"—and he dedicated himself to helping destiny do the right thing by his man. He was Roosevelt's private secretary in the Navy Department, and he masterminded the campaign for Vice-President in 1920, for Governor in 1928 and 1930, and for President in 1932. During the dark years when Roosevelt was fighting to come back after the attack of polio, Howe was his chief moral support and worked tirelessly to keep the Roosevelt name and achievements fresh in the voters' minds. Miss Stiles, who served as Howe's assistant for the last eight years of his life, does not disguise the fact that her "little boss" was also interested in furthering himself; he loved power, she says, although he cared nothing for its show. While he could be a brutally

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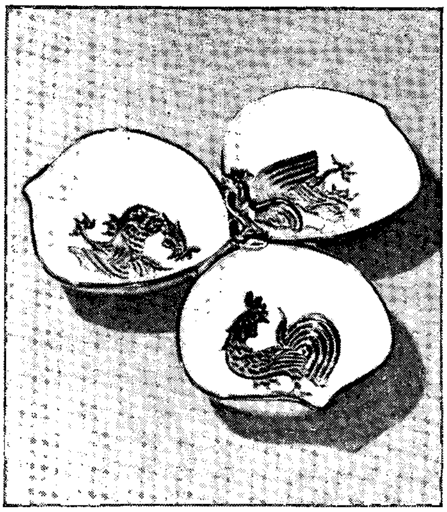

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frank critic of Roosevelt—he called him a damned fool whenever he thought it in order—there can be no doubt of the genuineness of his devotion and dedication. Photographs.

THE JOURNEY, by Lillian Smith (World). On a visit to the scenes of her Southern childhood, the author got to thinking about the people she met there, and the people she had once known, and this started her wondering about the meaning of life and other large abstractions. The stories of these people—a man who was conquered by fear, a spastic whose mind could never free itself from the prison of his body, two young parents who met the challenge of a devastating accident to their son, a sharecropper who educated himself and became a humanist, and another who, having educated himself somewhat differently, became an anti-humanist—set her off on a search for metaphysical truth. An inspirational book for the literate, "The Journey" shares with many other inspirational books an irritating fuzziness—not, in this case, of expression, for the author is a graceful and disciplined writer, but of mind. One gets the feeling that Miss Smith isn't quite sure what she is driving at.

NOTE: "Of Whales and Men," by R. B. Robertson, a chronicle of life aboard a present-day whaling factory ship in the antarctic, has been published by Knopf. Much of the book first appeared in this magazine, in somewhat different form. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

VERSE

'OEMS, by John Masefield, with a preface by the author (Macmillan). This complete edition, which includes five recent poems, appeared in Masefield's seventy-fifth year of life and his twenty-third of laureateship. It brings his work not only up to date but into focus. Out of fashion for many years, Masefield can easily be underestimated. The full body of his poetry makes clear several facts—that he is the only modern British oet who has kept a link with the Chaucerian tradition, that his conemplation of life's "hard realities" as been long and unflinching, that is diction and metre today are as resh and undated as when he broke rough the prevailing faded Georgin bucolics (circa 1912) with "The verlasting Mercy" and "The Vidow in the Bye Street," and that

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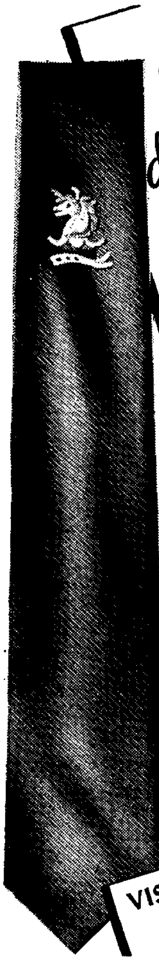

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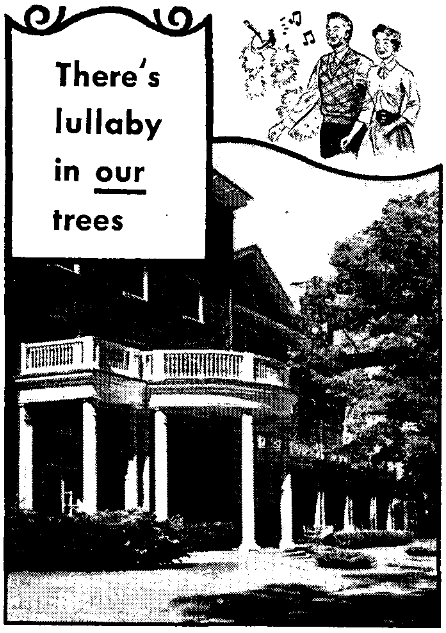

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he has stood up to the laureateship better than most. The preface is characteristically gentle and sincere.

THE TRANSLATIONS OF EZRA POUND, edited, with an introduction, by Hugh Kenner (New Directions). These translations, formerly thought unorthodox if not actually wrong-headed, are now gathered together in a volume long overdue. They prove not only that Pound, over the years, expended a tremendous amount of time and energy on breaking through language barriers but that he thereby succeeded in "permanently extending the bounds of English verse." The Japanese Noh dramas and renderings from the Chinese (published in 1916 and 1915, respectively) directly influenced Yeats' later style, while Pound's version of "The Seafarer" has become a sustaining pillar in the whole structure of modern verse. The original texts are given, in the cases of Cavalcanti (Italian) and Arnaut Daniel (Provençal), along with Pound's introduction to his edition of Cavalcanti, dated 1910.

THE GYPSY BALLADS OF GARCÍA LORCA, translated by Rolfe Humphries, with an introduction by L. R. Lind (University of Indiana Press). Mr. Humphries renders Lorca's economy of method, swift tempo, and flashing imagery so successfully (often in an exact reproduction of the form) that the reader is immediately aware of the power and color of the originals. Written at the height of Lorca's youthful brilliance, these ballads made the poet's reputation in Spain.

•

Now it may be the best move in this bewildered world to hit the Commies at once, now and with everything we have. Or if not that, at least let them know, cold turkey, that if they take one step across a line that we have drawn we shall promptly drop one of our late model H-bombs on top of the Kremlin. That move we leave to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

—*John O'Donnell in the News.*

There you go, O'Donnell, passing the buck again.

•

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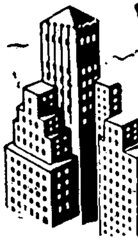

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